The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

JULY
1926
WINNIPEG, CANADA

EMERALD LAKE FROM CHALET VERANDAH

W. Hayes Scott *George Gibbs* *M. Wathen Fox* *Agnes C. McGregor*

Canada's National Birthday:—Prof. W. F. Osborne

10 CENTS

Next Month—SINCLAIR LEWIS' New Novel—"Mantrap"

At 8 A.M. Tomorrow

Treat the family to the great adventure of a change at breakfast

The most unique grain food known ....toasty, rare and tempting. It proves that food that is "good for you" can also be gloriously delicious.

QUAKER Puffed Rice is more than a rich grain food. It sharpens lazy appetites. It tastes good when nothing else does.

Grains of rice puffed to eight times normal size, then crisped like toast — crunchy and appetizing.

They taste like toasted nut meats—only richer. As tempting as confections. Children who ordinarily don't "take" to cereals revel in their flavour.

All the food value of the rice grain is there. Steam puffing makes these grains easy to digest, for every food cell is broken in this process, and quick digestion thus promoted.

So, in a delightful way, they tempt the appetite. They are delicious—so enticing that you eat them because you love them, not merely "because they're good for you."

Serve in many ways

You serve as a breakfast delight, a luncheon change, a bedtime snack that leaves nights free for sleep.

Serve with milk or cream. With cooked or fresh fruits, too—a rare delight.

Let the children have as much as they want. As a between meal tid-bit to take the place of sweets. With melted butter and salt, like nuts.

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT, too

The whole wheat grain puffed like the rice grains. Keep a package of each in the home. You will like both. The variety is delightful.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

These Motorists Know About Balloon Tires

The important part of this advertisement was written by people who have used Goodyear Balloon Tires.

Read what they say—and remember, this is but a tiny echo of a countrywide chorus of approval.

Please note that every desirable feature of tire performance is represented in their testimony.

And ask yourself, in the light of these facts, if Goodyear Balloon Tires are not the tires **YOU** want.

What a fine tribute, too, these letters are to the Goodyear celebrated **SUPERTWIST** Cord!

Most of the superior service qualities mentioned here can be traced to this extra-elastic, extra-durable material.

An exclusive Goodyear development, **SUPERTWIST** is now used in all Goodyear Cord Tires—balloon sizes and high-pressure sizes.

And they are sold by Goodyear Selected Dealers everywhere.

Moncton, N.B.
In 1924 I equipped my car with Goodyear Balloons and have since gone 11,000 miles. The tires show very little sign of wear and have given me perfect satisfaction.
F. P. Forbes.

Ottawa, Ont.
The set of Goodyear Balloons which I bought two years ago is still going strong. They show a mileage of between 28,000 and 30,000 and look good for 10,000 more. I use my car to demonstrate Lovejoy Shock Absorbers and I pick out the roughest roads. During the past year I have had two wheels broken and had my brakes re-lined twice—but no tire trouble.
Fred E. Lake.

Toronto, Ont.
We have been operating two Star Sedans on Goodyear Balloons and the original ten tires have delivered over 27,000 miles, are still on and look good. We have cut our overhead by reducing tire cost per mile and the extra cushioning has materially lowered our car depreciation, while the comfort afforded by Goodyear Balloons has increased our patronage.
Ernest Rankin.

Kitchener, Ont.
It has been decided to use Goodyear Tires on the fleet of cars operated by this company. Naturally, on this commodity, as well as on other supplies purchased, we try to get the best value for our money. Our records show that we have less trouble and get more mileage out of Goodyears than any other tires and for this reason the decision was made.
Geo. S. Ahrens,
The L. McBrine Co., Limited.

Milner, B.C.
I have driven the Goodyear Balloons on my Dodge Touring over 20,000 miles and two of them have never been changed. All are in good condition and they are certainly a great saving in car depreciation.
Dr. Jervis.

Montcalm, Man.
I have travelled over 15,000 miles on the first set of Goodyear Balloons purchased in this town and I have had no trouble. The tires have been used three years and when they are to be replaced, I can assure you that Goodyear Tires will be used.
Ed. Comeault.

Nanaimo, B.C.
In 1925 I equipped my Oldsmobile Six with Goodyear 32x4.95 Balloons. I drove them over the worst of the Island roads and got an average of 22,000 miles from them. The car rides splendidly and over the worst roads I never once used chains.
Dave W. Thom.

Scott Junction, Que.
For your reference I can advise you that I have been more than pleased with your Balloons. I have travelled over 14,000 miles with the same set without any trouble. These tires are still on my car and I expect to make from two to three thousand miles more with them.
R. Lebel.

St. Georges Est., Beauce, Que.
On the 14th of July 1924 I bought a Dodge Coupe which was equipped with five Goodyear Tires. To date I have covered more than 22,000 miles and of the five, three seem to be good for 4,000 to 5,000 additional miles.
J. W. Marcotte.

Winnipeg, Man.
In 1924, I equipped a Ford coupe with Goodyear Balloons bought from M. A. Cory of Medicine Hat. The car was driven through snow, ice and all kinds of roads in my regular work as travelling superintendent of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. I sold the car in February of this year and when I last heard of it the same tires were on it. I cannot swear to the mileage but the point-to-point distance I drove them is between 27,000 and 31,000 miles.
W. M. Mathison.

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MADE IN CANADA

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KOTALKO DID IT

Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair now. KOTALKO did it.

"My daughter was nearly bald," writes her father. "Although she had tried many things, her hair would not grow. We thought the roots were dead. "We **sent for KOTALKO** as a final test. We thought it would be like the other preparations she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using **KOTALKO** faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair as you will see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have thought it possible."

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If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald.

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Name .....

Full Address .....

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Designed upon the most modern principle of windmill construction. Gears run continuously in oil bath. Operates in lighter breeze than any other known type of mill. Automatically trips out of gear in violent storms.

See our General Catalogue for full description

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
WINNIPEG - REGINA - SASKATOON

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The Western Home Monthly

BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR
WINNIPEG, MAN.

TORONTO OFFICE
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LONDON, W.C. 2

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Great after smoking

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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Minard's is the supreme enemy of pain. Sore back, stiff muscles, ligaments or joints all yield to the influence of this "KING OF PAIN."

Recommended by physicians. 58

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The Same Middle Course

TO PUT it very briefly, we who are fortunate enough to live in Canada are charged with the responsibility of shaping the destiny of a great nation. It is not a responsibility that can be held lightly, nor one that can be discharged without expenditure of thought and effort. We have problems to face that have never been met by other people, and we cannot meet them by imitating nations that have gone before, nor by accepting the dictation of visionaries and irresponsible radicals. True progress is never the result of imitation nor of frenzied hatred, but it follows careful and thoughtful adaptation of means to ends. We cannot stumble into greatness, nor achieve it without earnest self-effort. For this reason we must refuse to be bound by the shackles of conservatism, and to be led astray by the wild utterances of adventurers and zealots.

Roughly speaking, our problems are two: the problems relating to our national heritage, and the problems relating to our people. It is with the latter only that we are concerned at the present time.

We have here forty or fifty distinct peoples, each with its history, its affiliations, its well-rooted customs, its language, its ideals, and perhaps its religion. The problem is to bind all these peoples together into a somewhat homogeneous whole, distinctively Canadian in spirit and sympathy. It is not the work of a day or a year, but of patient, earnest effort during this and succeeding generations. And all the way the sober-minded, cautious citizens are to keep an even pace, with the conservatives calling a halt, and the radicals applying goads and advising rash procedures. There are enough of British stock, however, to ensure that we shall accept the good Tennysonian motto:

"Not clinging to some ancient saw,
Not mastered by some modern term,
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm."

Conservatism

THE force of conservatism is very strong and it operates in every field. Two or three illustrations will suffice to indicate its influence in shaping our national life.

Consider, first of all, little personal customs, typified by dress, and tonsure. Here, without expressing any opinion as to the propriety of modern dress or the beauty of shorn locks, it is remarkable that some have made it almost a religion to berate all that is modern. Indeed, some whose costumes and coiffeurs are hideous, are loudest in their expostulations, and though good sense, sanitation and aesthetics justify present-day practice when followed in moderation, yet ancient use and habit prevail to such an extent that every departure from age-old custom is reckoned as a crime against decency and decorum.

So, too, in matters of manufacture. The world in fifty years has completely changed its ways. The factory has appeared, and with it has come centralization of wealth and of population. With it also has come specialization in industry, the breaking of home ties, the increase of crime and vice, the class conflicts growing more and more bitter with the years. On the whole, however, the new system is better than the old. At least we can never revert to the old, and it is useless for those who are conservative in spirit to urge a return to former conditions. The world moves.

In the political field there has been a great change in half a century. No longer do men fear the lash of the party whip. They are beginning to think for themselves. Yet there are those who are frantically shouting the old slogans, and calling up spectres of departed heroes to revive the spirits of their wavering followers. Here, again, without expressing an opinion as to the wisdom or unwisdom of two-party government, it is enough to say that we shall likely never have it again. With all Europe divided into groups rather than two great parties, it is not likely that Canada will cling to the system which seems to be so worn out.

Nor are the conservatively-minded more likely to succeed in combating the change in religion. It is doubtful if ever in the world's history men and women were more in earnest in seeking God and a higher life, but many have discarded older conceptions of life, death, hell, salvation, sin, and sanctification. It may be that the new interpretation is to be regretted. It may be that modernism attacks the very spirit of religion. Nevertheless men are thinking, and thinking for themselves, and striving to enter into personal relations with their Creator, and they are not going to take kindly to dictation from those who would terrify them by threats, or solace them with doubtful promises.

Conservatism within moderation has a great value, but when it is used to stand in the way of real progress, when it prohibits that freedom which the soul craves, when it prevents men from adopting new means to new problems, then it is dangerous in the extreme, and in Canada we must rise above it.

"MANTRAP"

A Great Canadian Novel

By

Sinclair Lewis

Commences in

AUGUST NUMBER

Our Own Problem

IF, THEREFORE, we do not heed too seriously the impeding efforts of the conservatives, and the annoying tactics of the radicals, we can surely afford to consider soberly and seriously the future of our land.

The first thing is to make our people—all the people—feel that this is their country. Anyone who is accepted as a citizen must be treated as a citizen. The time to be careful is when settlers are being admitted. The next care is to see that they are properly settled. We have carelessly allowed the immigration authorities to give us in some districts what is almost a Balkan state. The herding of nationalities, and particularly of religious sects should cease. This is our great menace.

There must be concerted action to see that all citizens receive an education, and particularly an education which develops head, heart and hand, and which is outstandingly Canadian in spirit. Every citizen should speak English, and should understand our system of government, and should be a friend of law and order.

Then all should have an opportunity to work, and there should be fair conditions of work. Give us these fundamentals, and with them give personal, social and religious freedom, and make provision for that good-will which is essential to progress everywhere, and there need be no fear for the future of Canada. Her material resources are inexhaustible, and her spiritual power, if developed carefully and sanely, will be equal to all demands. But we can be strong only in our own strength and not merely because of imitation nor coercion.

Radicalism

ON THE other hand there are the zealots for reform. Many of these have little but an itching craze for change, but nevertheless they are to the nation as gad-flies to cattle.

First there are the home-reform fiends, with their views on child education, vitamines, house-construction, and everything else of which one might speak. Yet with all their good advice it still appears that the old-fashioned mother never spoiled her child by singing it to sleep, and her old-fashioned cooking would be a treat in any home today. There are many things in the old-time home, such as reverence, affection, communion of parents with children, that cannot be dispensed with in any age, and that treatment which is termed scientific often lacks a soul.

So, too, the reformer in sociology often does more harm than good. He endeavors to impose upon the people a system of living, rather than to encourage them to work out a system suited to their needs and conditions. There is no reason at all why the class quarrels of England should be reproduced here. The relations of Capital and Labor are quite different. Nor should there be that close affiliation between classes in Canada and the United States which now exists. In this country we have our own distinctive problems to be solved in our own way. We do not want international bodies—either of capitalists or workers, to dictate in the settlement of our affairs.

Inevitable Conflicts

THERE are inevitable conflicts because of the reactionary attitude of the conservative element and the disturbing influence of radicals. It will break out or already has broken out in many forms. The following from the morning newspaper is typical of what is occurring in every field:

"One thousand Mennonites, members of a religious sect first established in Holland in 1864, began assembling in Kirchnerville today for the annual conference, faced with discussion over the modernist views of the younger generation. The delegates come from Canada and all parts of the United States.

"The sect has always adhered to the simple tenets enunciated at its organization—simplicity of dress and in living. The Mennonite fashion, in conformity with a simple religious belief, has always forbidden the use of buttons, favoring instead the hook and eye, and has denied the use of flowers, ribbons or feathers as adornment for the person. The younger element, however, has grown restless under the dogma of plainness and has demanded abolition of the hook and eye decrees, but the fundamentalist wing of the sect are offering spirited opposition."

Among other changes, the modernist group urge that the reading of newspapers, hitherto forbidden, be permitted, and that Mennonite adherents be allowed the use of automobiles. Today's arrivals came entirely by train, their religion frowning on the motor car."

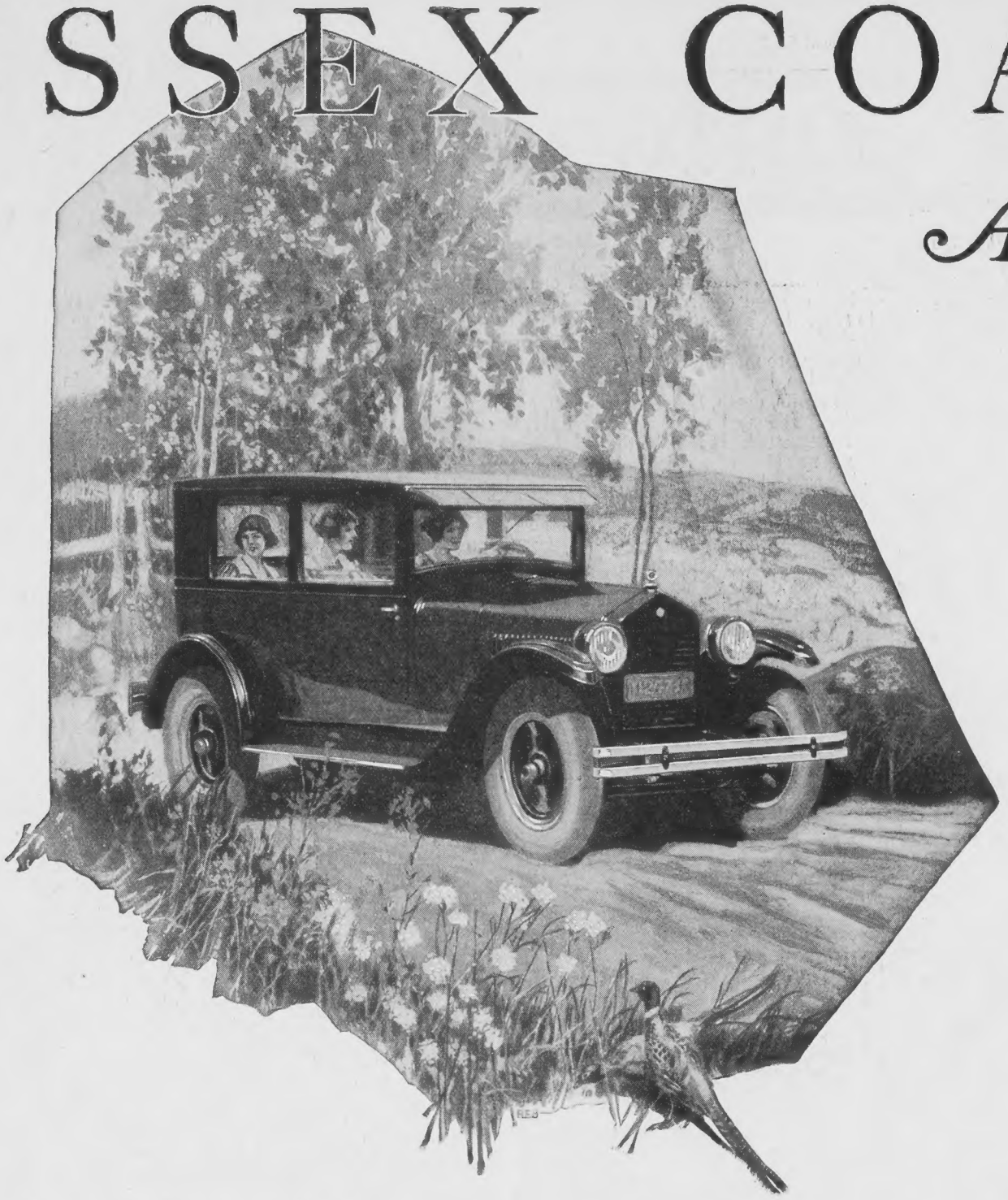
The Triumph of Christianity

THE following from the pen of S. Shiba in the "Japan Times" of Tokio is an unsolicited testimony to the work of Christian missionaries:

"Modern Japan may have been an apt pupil; but she has had her days of tutelage, and her tutors have been neither Buddhists nor Confucianists, but the Christians with their Christian civilization. Thirty years ago we had extraterritoriality removed, not because we had our own enlightened judiciary system, but because we went heart and soul into mastering and adopting the Christian system and ideas of justice. We are today received to all practical purposes (except, alas, in emigration questions) as equals in the most advanced centres of the world's civilization, and that not because we are the descendants of people of the highest bravery, with a noble code of chivalry, but because we have succeeded in assimilating the Christian standard of ethics and morality as well as Christian good manners.

ESSEX COACH

A "Six"



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With Nothing Else to Pay

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More than 300,000 owners have bought Essex for its Super-Six advantages in Performance, Riding Ease and Economy, with pride of ownership in a fine and beautiful car.

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Remember, Essex is an exclusive and totally different type. No other car can share its advantages. Its smooth, distinctive performance is combined with the riding ease of costly cars. Steering is easy. Economy is outstanding in fuel, tires and oil, but most important are the savings of trouble-free operation for thousands of miles at little or no cost for service.

It is the best Essex ever built, and because of its production and the constant development of economical and precision methods of manufacture, it is priced lower than ever before.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Let's Dance

By Agnes C. McGregor

Illustrations by K. Allan

"Arn't you ashamed of yourself—the minute their backs are turned—a strange man too?"

She could see that the Macraes were going to fare sumptuously. She also saw with a quick adventurous thrill that he was thoroughly enjoying their oddly domestic duet . . . "He's about thirty-five," she was thinking, "outdoorsy looking and not awfully happy, somehow, except when he smiles—interesting, though—and kind. I'm sure he's nice——"

Just then the proprietor, two hundred solid pounds of Christmas cheer, came up to her.

"Good evening, Mrs. Trent; Mr. Trent telephoned about half an hour ago and asked us to send over some grapes. They just missed the five-thirty delivery but I'll get them over as soon as possible."

"That's quite all right, Mr. Harper. Any time after dinner will do.

THE brown-eyed girl in the navy blue ulster of military cut dropped her ticket into the box and grasped a strap.

"Why didn't I walk," she thought as the conductor intoned the old familiar chant: "Move on down the car—move on down the car." Then she saw the twinkle in his eye reflected in the faces of her fellow-passengers and, succumbing to the general infection, smiled too. It was such a happy crowd which swung and swayed and guarded its precious parcels. Sturdy brown manilla and twine hobnobbed gaily with tissue paper and ribbon and seals. And there were endless bags and baskets, containing, she supposed, anything from jumping jacks to diamond bracelets.

Her professional looking black bag contained neither. Its orderly medley included a hypodermic syringe, a clinical thermometer, antiseptic soaps and gauzes, compact little scales for the weighing of new babies—silver nitrate to protect their eyes. Nor were her thoughts occupied with last-minute Christmas gifts. She was thinking of little Doris gaily hoarding mysterious parcels in the drum-tight bed where she was sentenced to stay until her heart grew strong again . . . of old Mrs. Murphy, purring like a happy kitten after her alcohol rub and secure in her faith that the Rotarian's basket was on the way . . . of Mrs. Blake clasping her tiny baby to her breast and radiant because her rather Micawberish young husband was at last holding his job . . . oh, yes, she had felt quite safe in wishing each one of them a happy Christmas! But the Macraes . . . she was worried about the Macraes . . .

Just then the car gave a sudden lurch and her bag came into violent contact with the knees of a tall man who stood just in front of her. She was quite well aware that her bag was both angular and hard and her apology was sincere. The tall man made a pleasant conventional acknowledgment and then, in the very act of turning away, paused to say:

"You are a nurse, aren't you—I mean a visiting nurse?"

"Yes," and her affirmative curved into a question mark—her face showed a little of the surprise she felt.

"Then perhaps," he explained quickly, "you may know some family needing a Christmas basket or something of that sort."

She hesitated for a moment and then said thoughtfully, "I do know one family which isn't being looked after. I was just thinking about them when I—when my bag——"

"When the car jolted," he smiled.

She smiled too and continued, "They are only temporarily hard up; awfully independent too. I'm not just sure whether they would like a basket. Still I believe I'll risk it; I simply can't bear to think of them going short tomorrow, they're such nice Scotch people. If you would really like to have it I'll give you their address," and she took out a little black notebook. "I'm getting off in a minute."

The man took the slip of paper. Then he hesitated. "I wonder if there are any shops near your stop. You see I'm rather . . . that is . . . I don't know much about shopping and I don't want to leave out the essentials. Perhaps if you could give me five or ten minutes . . ."

THE nurse was used to appraising human beings and the grey-eyed man with the clear tanned skin and the hint of heather in his accent measured up to her first keen scrutiny. So they crossed the crowded street together and entered the holly-decked shop with its heady scents of fruit and flowers, of spices and of coffee.

"Yes, certainly a turkey—seven in the family you said, didn't you? Oh, and isn't there some sort of tinned soup—and what about grapefruit? Suppose I go over the menu and you censor it for me?"

I'll tell Mr. Trent. Oh, and by the way, just send these things over too," she took a slip of paper from her pocket. "I almost forgot them."

As the grocer wrote her order she realized with sudden quick rebellion that she didn't want to go home. Charlotte russe to make—mayonnaise—hard sauce—fussy things old Lena couldn't do! Christmas dinner place cards to write—Aunt Mary—Uncle Bob—all the little Bests! Surreptitious last-minute stitches to knit in Dick's tie while he read her Mussolini's latest speech! And, heresy of heresies, she didn't want to tuck Peggy into bed or tell the story of the three bears . . . didn't even want to tip-toe around the fireplace while she and Dick filled the little stocking . . . Christmas Eve, her birthday too! She didn't feel a bit like that awful twenty-seven! She wanted to dance. Silver slippers—a froth of a frock! Dance with someone who would tell her things about her eyes and her hair and her lips—things she knew were true . . . "Yes, I think that is all, Mr. Harper . . ." Things it was no use knowing unless someone told you about them! But Dick wouldn't dance with her. He was probably putting on his house-coat and slippers—old brown house slippers——

When she turned back to the other counter her face was vivid—cheeks rose-flushed, eyes like stars. Why not?—people did things like that every day. He liked being with her, she could see that. He was probably lonesome too. Supposing she—if she liked——! But what nonsense! Of course she wouldn't. She wasn't that sort of a person. She didn't know him. This was just like all the rest of her little revolts—dead almost before it was born. But some day . . .

Then she saw that the stranger was looking at her oddly. The twinkle had faded from his eyes. He was finishing the order rather mechanically. Somehow the gaiety had vanished from their expedition. "I may as well go home," she thought.

"That basket is almost overflowing. You don't need me a bit now, and I've a million things to do

at home. Only don't be too reckless about the sweets—I'm giving Mrs. Macrae insulin treatments you know . . . "

"Can't I get you a taxi or something?"

"Oh, no thank you. I live just around the corner in Holly Street."

She saw him speak to the clerk in a quick aside, then he followed her to the door and gave her a great bunch of violets with a pink rose for a heart.

"Goodbye, Mrs. Trent," he said rather formally. "I hope you will have a happy Christmas."

"Goodbye," she said, surprised at the flowers and at his manner. "And ever so many thanks for the violets, they're lovely. I hope you will have a happy Christmas too. I'm sure the Macraes will."

A minute later, looking back from the crowded street, she saw him turn to the counter. How had he learned her name? Oh, of course, he had heard Harper speak to her about the grapes. She'd have to hurry or Dick would be fussing about his dinner. He hated to be kept waiting. She supposed he thought that Dick and she—but what difference did it make—she would never see him again . . . Christmas Eve and Peggy watching for her . . .

THE next morning in a comfortable old hotel David Gordon dallied over breakfast. The reflections which impeded old William's ministrations had nothing to do with turkeys or tinned soup or Christmas crackers for the little Macraes. "What the deuce am I going to say to Cottle tomorrow? It's about time I decided."

"Oh, I'll probably push him up a few thousand and accept."

"Probably! Then you aren't sure?"

"Well, practically. It's a perfectly legitimate proposition. They want a Canadian plant and a managing director who knows B.C. pulp and paper. If I take it on it means a mighty good thing for me and American capital for Canada."

"But Canada will get the capital anyhow whether they get your plant or not—in the meantime doesn't she need——"

Just then old William brought this mental monologue to a full stop with a silver covered plate of bacon and eggs.

After breakfast David got a paper and his mail, lit his pipe and neglecting the paper resumed his meditations. But this time his reflections had nothing to do with Mr. Cottle's proposition. He was remembering the sweet tones of a voice which had said very earnestly, "Oh, I'm so sorry"—the curve of dark eyelashes — brown eyes which had laughed so gaily at some of his preposterous suggestions for the Macrae's menu—the warmth of a friendly handshake—the sweet tones of her voice as she said: "I hope you will have a Happy Christmas."

Queer how she had bowled him right over from the first! He noticed her the minute she got on the car. Never would have dreamed of speaking to her if it hadn't been for that bag—took a lot of courage even then—he was a novice at that sort of thing. The basket was a sort of inspiration—queer tingling feeling of Christmas in that car! Glad he'd sent it anyway even if it hadn't got him anywhere. But it had though. He'd had those few minutes with her in the shop—minutes when he had begun to dream all sorts of things—and then that beast of a grocer burst the bubble . . . His pipe went out—people went to lunch—but he sat by the fire—at last he roused himself and went into the dining room.

"Try some of our Christmas beef, sir?" said old William. "The master carved it himself, sir."

"This is an old house, isn't it?" David asked

"It surely is, sir. Great times we've 'ad 'ere too, sir. Kings we've 'ad and queens——" and he moved off across the dining room, looking amongst the other waiters, David thought, like a fine old clipper ship surrounded by steam tugs.

In a few minutes he was back with the beef. "Yes, sir, kings we've 'ad 'ere—statesmen too—why, sir, they say Sir John A. Macdonald himself planned Confederation in this very 'ouse, sir," and the old man placed the horseradish beside David's plate as solemnly as though he affixed a seal of office.

"Fine old boy," thought David again, "straight out of Punch," but I've simply got to pull myself together and decide what I'm going to do tomorrow."

After lunch, however, he was buttonholed by a fussy little man in a red tie. "A Christmas present, I suppose," thought David, eyeing the tie and planning escape. But the dyspeptic little man hurriedly launched the old conversational bogey of annexation by the United States.

"Nonsense," objected David, yawning a lazy tribute to old William's devotion. "That's a dead issue years ago. Canada is satisfied with her place in the British Commonwealth."

Her key was in the lock but just as she opened the door she heard a quick rush of feet up the steps and his voice, breathless and a little husky.

The little man murmured something gloomy about automatic suction and ultimate swallowing—

"Rubbish again," and David struck a match. "They don't want to swallow us. Their diet is too mixed as it is. They've got sense enough to know that they couldn't digest us even if they could get us."

This seemed to remind the little man of his own digestive discords for he continued mournfully: "But look at our natural resources—they're greedy for 'em!"

"Well, that doesn't prove anything," said David impatiently. "The best of neighbors break the tenth commandment occasionally and covet one another's possessions." And then partly for sheer joy in arguing, partly because of growing conviction, he demolished the little man's arguments one by one until that gentleman, shaking him fervently by the hand, departed stationwards. As he disappeared David thought: "What the deuce are we staging here today anyhow—is this Christmas or a First of July celebration?"

Then he went quickly into the telephone booth and taking down the book turned to the T's. Yes, that must be it—"Trent, Richard J. r 35 Holly Street." He hung the book up and went out of the booth. In ten minutes he was striding along Front Street. The wind blew wisps of snow around the corners of the patient new station and sped after him as he turned north past departmental stores whose drawn blinds looked like tired eyelids.

He called himself a silly fool and a sentimental idiot and strode straight on. He wanted to see her street — her house — there was just a slim, gaunt ghost of a chance that he might see her. He smiled ruefully. Cats looked at kings—why couldn't a lonely dog look at a queen—he wanted to see her again. When he came to the big store where they had shopped dusk was creeping over the city with stealthy little gray feet.

A wrong turn or two, then Holly street. A short one-way street. A friendly little street.

It received him gaily. Houses snuggled cosily into big snowdrifts like pretty women in white fox furs. Blinds for the most part undrawn — windows like sparkling eyes. Lights — soft rose and amber-shaded lights—painted vague and lovely pictures on the canvas of white lawns.

Three — five — nine — it must be right at the end of the street. Watching the numbers he heard music, home-grown or radio imported, which danced from key holes and window chinks. Queer thing about music, he thought, international language, kids all over the world learn to read the same scores—but what did he care about music just now—he wanted to see her. Twenty-nine, thirty — three — yes, that must be it — that house with the shrubs in front—he wanted to see her . . .

. . . And then he did see her—framed by a broad, low window casing. Her hair gleamed warm red gold in the light of many candles. One round white arm clasped a child who held out eager little hands to a gaily decked Christmas tree. Just as she stooped to lay her cheek against the child's a tall man circled them both with his arm and kissed her lightly just where the glowing hair swept her forehead.

It happened so quickly

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Mama's Boy

By W. Hayes Scott

Illustrations by J. Procter

"SAY 'Mama's Boy'—'daddy' sent me out to tell you the 'woozle fly' is bothering the cattle. Ride into LaJunta right away and bring out some 'heel grease'."

The tall young giant straightened his back from his fence mending, while his laughing eyes rested on the pleasing sight of Omar Patten's daughter as she tried vainly to quiet the big roan she rode, meanwhile smiling down at this newest tenderfoot. Somehow one knew they were being appraised at their true worth when Percival Stimpson favored them with this look.

She loved to have men regard her so, not brazenly but with a quality in their glance which left a woman at ease in his presence. His eyes wandered from the neatly-spurred foot to the becoming cow-girl hat, then he spoke lazily as though it proved to be an effort on such an extremely hot day.

"You're the same young lady who sent me out among the men last week asking for the left-handed fence pliers. Now let's get this thing straight. You came out here to entertain yourself at the expense of the new tenderfoot. You are to understand, as well as the boys at the ranch, that the name doesn't please my ear. Call me that again and I'll pull you off that horse and spank you good."

"Sir!—please bear in mind that you are speaking to the daughter of the owner of the 'Double S' ranch, 'Mama's Boy,' and I——"

Within the next breath things began to happen. She found herself on the ground beside him. He still smiled, then suddenly as he swung her toward him, her riding-whip cut squarely across his face and the fight was on.

He had not noticed her pet collie since he had admired him and stroked his glossy fur as he chatted with his mistress. Now, as he drew her across his knee and proceeded to do just as he had threatened, he was reminded of the dog's presence by her frantic cry:

"My heavens!—the dog!"

As the first smacks landed, the dog's jaws closed on his left arm and as he turned, the bloodshot eyes told him that the spanking must be postponed to a more opportune time. Soon he was fighting for his very existence as the girl tried vainly to beat off the infuriated dog. Grasping the hairy throat with his free hand, he tried to loosen that terrible grip.

The girl was lending all possible aid but as she saw her collie suddenly loosen his grip she started forward screaming:

"Stop! you're killing him; don't you dare to hurt him!"

He felt a stinging blow just above the ear and as he sank across the body of the dog, it flashed through his brain that when she had thought he was killing her pet, she had struck him just as viciously as she had previously struck the dog.

He tried to figure, dazedly, how long he had lain there when he at last drew himself erect. He stared at the body of the beautiful collie, and reaching down he stroked the glossy hair.

"Poor cuss—you sure meant to do me more harm than I did you. Guess I've started something. That hot-head will go to the boss direct."

So this was the free-and-easy Western country that he had sacrificed his good name, in a way, to see at first hand. He was young enough to draw some very vivid pictures of the West, as all red-blooded youths sometimes do. But the pictures he drew as he added long rows of figures, in the teller's cage of a bank in a Canadian village, contained no such scene as the one just enacted.

Perhaps he might dash in and rescue the heroine from the cut-throats and swinging her before him, carry her to safety.

The revised version had it that the girl had done the dashing in, and had discovered the hero in dirty overalls. Sans chaps, sans six-guns, sans everything—mending fence. He had spanked her and she had knocked him silly with the butt of her whip.

His lacerated hand next claimed his attention and he was engaged in bandaging a rather bad wound when he paused to listen. Someone was rapidly nearing the spot. Then in a cloud of dust the owner of the Double S Ranch slid to a stop beside the wounded man.

They were both young—Stimpson in years and Patten at heart. So, when the wounded man smiled up in greeting, Patten also smiled, even as he asked threateningly.

"Just what happened here, 'Mama's Boy'? My daughter tells me you humiliated her and killed her pet collie. She also mentioned that you had been chawed up some by 'Brownie'."

Patten had not noticed this new ranch hand, only to remember that he had always had a desire to punch him up. Speed up his slow, careless speech. But he had to admit that when Stimpson had finished a speech, he had said something worth listening to, as in the present conversation.

"Is that all she said?" came the slow drawl that somehow irritated 'Rapid Fire Patten,' as he was sometimes called. "Well, first off, I'd rather not be called 'Mama's Boy.' That's what started all the rumpus. She insisted on that name and I pulled her off her horse. When I started spanking her the collie took a hand, my left one, and I had to choke him down or be tore up some. Didn't figure on killing such a fine dog, but——"

"Do you mean to tell me that you choked the life out of him with one hand?"

"Things happened so fast I didn't know I'd killed him until I woke up just now. You see she was beating him off and struck me by mistake."

"So she struck you accidentally. Now I happen to know that's not the truth. She struck you because you were getting the best of Brownie."

"You may believe either story that suits you. At least you seem to be well acquainted with your daughter."

"Well, let it go at that, 'Mama's Boy'; now let me——"

"That'll be all of that 'Mama's Boy' stuff. I shan't try to lick my boss, but I'm through," said Stimpson, weakly. "You can get another goat to amuse your daughter and the boys."

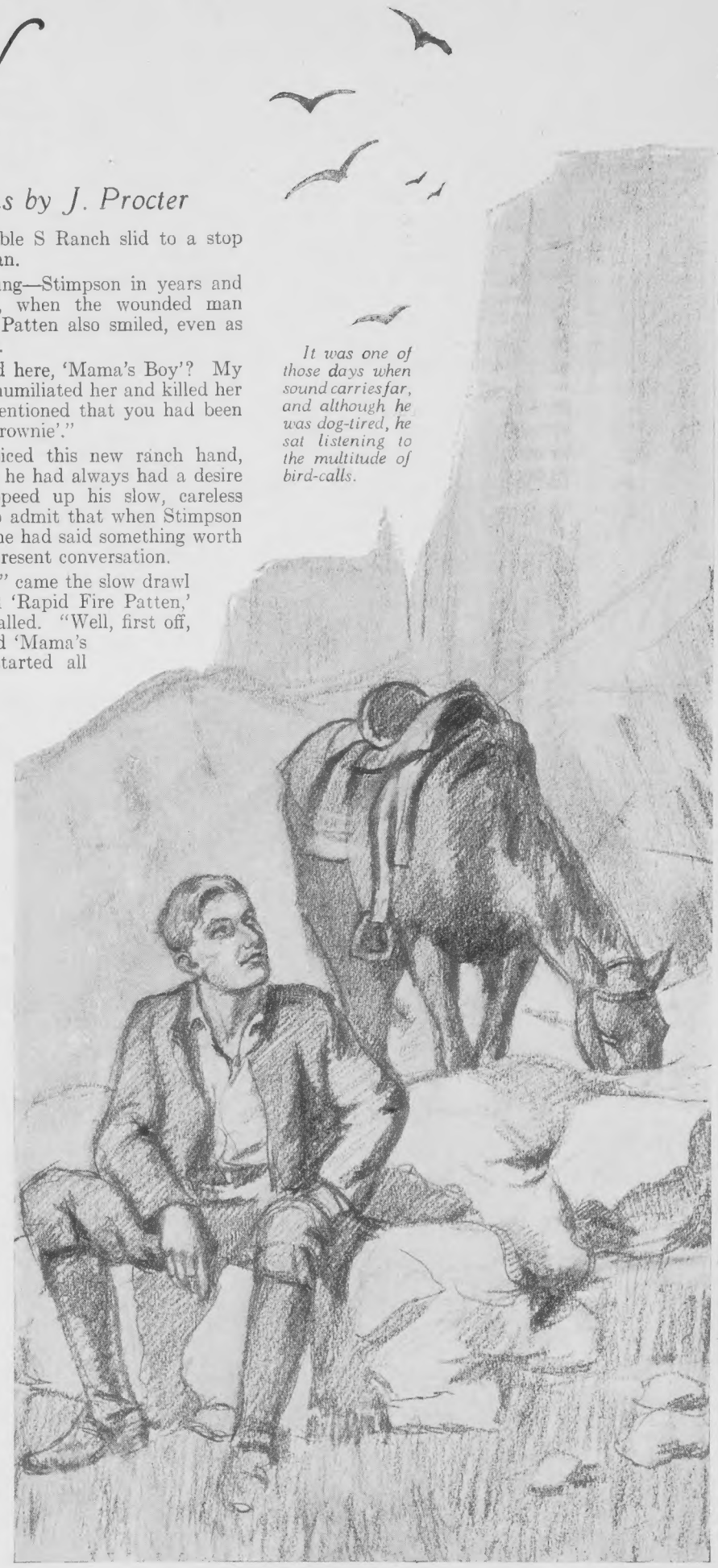
"Now easy there, 'Mama's Boy' — er — Mr. Stimpson," smiled Patten, as he proceeded to examine the other's wound. "I've taken a sort of liking to you in spite of your slow speech and hasty temper." Here he gazed approvingly at the rippling muscles that played beneath his touch when the other's arm lay bare.

"Just give me your handle and it goes with me and everyone else on the Double S Ranch. Say, where do you hail from, anyhow?"

"From Wheeling, West Virginia," grinned Stimpson. "As for my name, I've never quite forgiven my mother for wishing that name on me. It's Percival, but call me Jack; that'll get by better out here."

"You sure don't act like a Percy to me, so Jack goes. Now, one thing more,, and we'll hurry back to the ranch; Madge will be anxious. I saw you fade into the bunk-house the other day when Dobson rode in and you heard me call him Mr. Sheriff? On second thoughts you needn't answer that question; and now, get this straight. So long as you're square with me your past is nothing to me, unless it's murder or 'rustling' stock."

"Have I said it was either, begging your pardon," smiled the other.



It was one of those days when sound carries far, and although he was dog-tired, he sat listening to the multitude of bird-calls.

STIMPSON found before night that it was too good a joke to keep. He had spanked the untamable Madge Patten. Her father had mentioned it to the assistant foreman. That settled it. The whole ranch force was smiling at the secret.

Slim Glade did not smile. The foreman of the ranch had noted her interest in the stranger, and jealousy rode beside him.

Stimpson heard no more of "Mama's Boy," except at long range, so he knew that the boss had given his orders. He was put to work at odd jobs around the barn and corrals that his hand might heal.

Next day he looked up from his work to see Madge Patten coming toward him. He bent quickly to continue oiling harness, and only glanced up smiling casually at her greeting.

"Good day, Jack Stimpson." He continued his work in absolute silence. She tried again, biting her lip to think that she should so want to make her peace with the handsome stranger.

"My father tells me that in beating off the collie, I accidentally knocked you senseless." She was finding it extremely hard to apologize. "Afterward I was frightened, you lay there so quiet. So I hurried to the——" Would he never quit oiling that harness and look up? Smile or frown were better than just sitting there ignoring her presence.

"You struck me just as you would have struck another dog, had he been getting the best of the fight with your pet," he said at last.

"You forget,' 'she answered, trying to keep down her anger as she recalled the scene. "You, an employee on father's ranch, dragged me from my horse and——" Here she hesitated over the word "spanked," and seeing the least smile in the gray eyes regarding her so appraisingly, she lost her self-control completely.

"You're a presuming, conceited, ignorant person, and father will be sorry some day he took sides with a—crook."

"Ah! returned the other, as he laid the harness aside and rose to face her. "Since we are exchanging compliments, let me remind you that I sought neither this nor our former meeting. Furthermore, I want just to say that you are a spoiled child of modern parents, and I'm mighty glad I spanked you. My only regret is that the collie interfered and I was obliged to kill him; I'm sorry about that dog. He was a true though a mistaken friend; I should have deemed it a great pleasure to have done a more complete job at the spanking. That is something your parents must have sadly neglected while you were growing up. As for your thinking I am a crook, your opinion of me sets lightly. I shall survive. And now I think we have arrived at a fair understanding and — perhaps we may come to be good friends some——"

"How dare you! as if I cared for your friendship! You are—insulting."

Just here Slim Glade, who had been listening to their conversation, came around a corner; he no doubt thought it a good time to interfere and teach the interloper a lesson.

Old men on neighboring ranches still tell the story of the fight that ensued. Immediately after Glade had prefaced his remarks with the forbidden "Mama's Boy," he found himself sitting in a convenient tub of harness oil.

It was actually the first time Percival "Jack" Stimpson had ever struck a man, but owing to much practice in his room with a punching bag, he had developed an unerring eye for distance. No wonder the combination resulted in the other's downfall. That was not all, for a shower of harness oil had ruined Miss Patten's riding costume and left her would-be rescuer in a very ludicrous position.

Eyes blazing, she looked up from an inspection of the damage to her bloomers, to observe the blonde giant reaching into a hip pocket with his good hand. The valiant Glade also noted and mistook the actions of Stimpson. He raised both hands skyward as the other nonchalantly drew forth the "makings" and began rolling another of those interminable cigarettes and not trying in the least to restrain the laugh in which Madge Patten joined him. This same laugh broke the tension existing between the two, and she tried to remonstrate with the infuriated foreman who now proceeded to try and kill this smiling stranger who faced him with one good hand.

NEXT day Stimpson was seated on the edge of his bunk nursing a splintered wrist-bone and suffering from three broken ribs, when Omar Patten sauntered in.

"Things getting lively since you landed round here, young fellow. Is this your regular gait, or just a little spurt."

"Roll me a pill; I'm dying for a smoke, and can't manage since the boys all went out. Maybe you won't believe me, because I don't hardly recognize myself, but that's the first fight I ever had, the first dog I ever killed, and the first lady I ever spanked. The only thing I ever hit was a punching bag I had rigged up in my room."

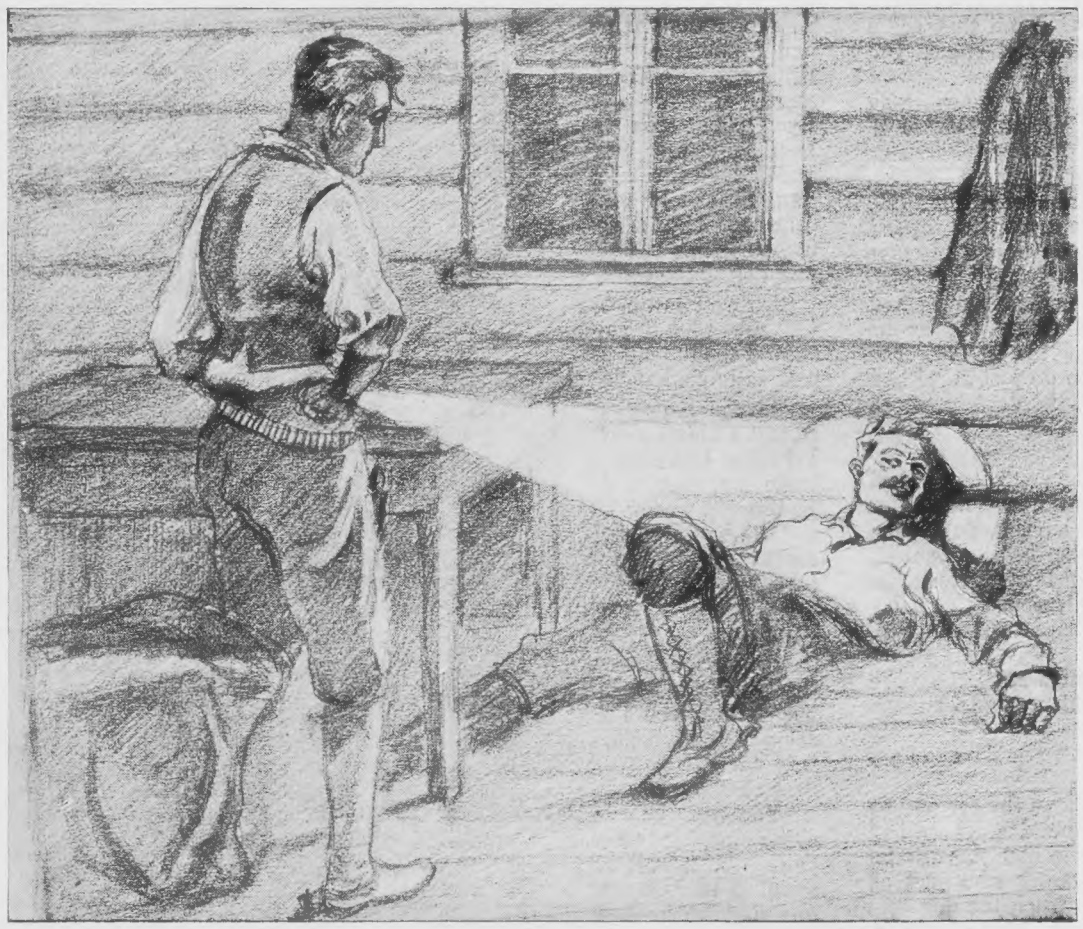
"Guess I better rig up one here; I sure don't want you crippling up my working force this way. Do you realize that you have licked the best man on the Double S Ranch, and you with only one good hand?" Furthermore, this is the second time I have been informed that you had insulted my daughter," said Patten with twinkling eyes.

"If you'd supply her with a lighter-weight riding whip it might save her killing someone. She seems to favor the under-dog, and I must have been that when she brought the whip into action. But I think I had him licked anyhow."

"You sure look like you had licked somebody," grinned Patten. "I don't guess it'll be necessary to repeat the performance."

"How does the other fellow look?" inquired Stimpson.

"Not so bad, considering, only there's an ugly cut on his head. So that was her riding whip," he said, thoughtfully.



Luckily the lamp was extinguished and when light came again to the darkened room it was from Stimpson's flash light

"Can you walk?—good! I sure need you. Just step out here to the corrals a minute."

Patten entered, and giving a peculiar whistle, a lanky blue roan trotted to his side. "That," he said, turning to the other, "is the fastest long-distance mare on the ranch. You will use her in your work." Stimpson sized her up doubtfully.

"Now here's the facts. In less than two weeks there will be thousands of cattle dead in this valley unless—we can solve the water problem. Other ranchers have solved theirs in different ways. For instance, my adjoining neighbor has solved his. Ride thirty miles north in to the foothills of Crescent Mountains. You will find the blackened ruins of a homesteader's buildings. The homesteader is gone, the Lord knows where. He seemed a mighty fine young fellow, but quiet; mighty quiet. There are three never-failing springs on that homestead, and Tom Gunter's cattle are fat, well watered."

Jack Stimpson looked a full ten seconds into the blue eyes of the boss, then spoke slowly. "I was going to ask if you expected me to solve your water problem in some such way, but—that would be a foolish question. Just what is my job to be, anyway?"

"Do you by chance know anything of civil engineering?"

"Just a smattering."

"Well—I'm almost sure there's water in those hills. The question is first to locate it and then figure the cost of getting it down to my cattle. As soon as you're fit, take a pack horse and this mare and find water. I don't expect you to succeed, but it's a chance. Stay up there until your supplies are gone and if you don't find something by then, it will be too late. I don't look for much rain."

It's a little out of my line, but I might stumble on something. Been wanting a chance to look around a little for a friend I am anxious to locate."

A few days later he topped a ridge at sunset and reining in his horse, he sat spellbound gazing down into a miniature valley. Suddenly he leaned forward. At one side of the clearing was the blackened remains of what looked like one-time homesteader's buildings. It was the place he sought.

"So Tom Gunter drove him out to get control of the water," thought the lone water hunter. "I wonder if it could be——by the Eternal, it's just possible," he muttered as he urged his horse toward the spot.

Soon he was poking about in the cinders and debris, where the cabin had stood. Darkness caused him to quit his search, but at sunrise he was there again; scraping, examining particles he picked up from among the ashes.

A precious week had slipped by when mid-day found him far up the mountain side, beyond where it was possible to take his outfit. He sat at the base of a sheer cliff and munched contentedly at a biscuit. Occasionally he placed a hand on a side pocket to assure himself that the articles he had picked up among the ashes of the homesteader's shack was secure.

"Got to leave the pack horse and beat it for La Junta. No use looking any farther for water up here."

It was one of those days when sound carries far, and although he was dog-tired, he sat listening to the multitude of bird-calls.

Suddenly a faint sound he had often heard in boyhood, like the first faint warble of a blackbird, came to his alert ear. It seemed to come from the cliff far above his head. He looked intently above for the source of the sound, but could see nothing. For some unaccountable reason he uncoiled his lariat and began to throw awkwardly for the stub of a limb.

After many attempts he managed to settle the loop securely and began the dangerous ascent. At last he dragged himself over the brink. There he lay panting and gazing foolishly at a small stream of water. This was the cause of the sound resembling a blackbird's warble.

For a bare two feet it lay exposed, then slid almost noiselessly into a deep fissure and was gone. No wonder he had heard myriads of birds above his head. They came here in the heat of the day to quench their thirst.

Leaning over he drank greedily, then smiled exultantly. He had found water for Omar Patten's cattle. He arose, and from the heights, his eye followed a dry creek bed that bore off in a direction which seemed to please him for he nodded as if satisfied.

THE time allotted Stimpson by Omar Patten was drawing to a close when a car came slowly down the trail from La Junta way.

The rear seat was piled high with boxes and beside the driver sat Stimpson. His usual smile was missing, for carcasses of Patten's cattle had

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Canada's National Birthday

BY

Prof. W. F. Osborne

JULY the First, the Dominion's birthday, is a date and an occasion that should call for the thoughtful consideration of every Canadian citizen. We are all familiar with the mental processes set up in the case of the individual by the occurrence of anniversaries. Almost invariably, except in the case of the most flippant, or calloused persons, and, indeed, with perhaps next to no exceptions at all, these days cause men and women to try to measure their progress, to evalue their tendencies, to note the changes that are taking place in their powers, and to make resolutions that they hope at least will influence their conduct. There is every reason why the citizens of a country should, with respect to their national development and apparent characteristics, make an analogous use of their collective anniversaries.

IT MUST be confessed that hitherto in the main there has not been much "glow" about Canadian national feeling. This is a thing to be regretted. Because while self-complacency is to be deprecated, and while ultra-nationalism has been responsible for some of the world's worst evils, it is nevertheless true that no race has accomplished much that has not been thrilled by the sense of its past, of its inheritance, and of its potentialities. The Athenian of the age of Pericles exulted in the sense of his race's intellectual and artistic primacy. The Roman citizen moved with a prouder step, both physically and morally, when he recalled the way his once obscure tribe had spread and burgeoned until it had imposed its hegemony on the entire known world. The Hebrew people, scattered over the face of the earth, and hounded and harried under a hundred skies, would not have succeeded throughout centuries in maintaining its individuality had it not been profoundly convinced of the preciousness of the contribution it had been able to make to the total stock of the world's worth and accomplishment. English expansion, French tenacity, Scottish success have all been deeply grounded in the consciousness of national capacity and worth. And the incidents cited might be multiplied indefinitely. It is apparently a dependable principle that as the individual finds his pace slowed down and his ambition sterilized unless he respects himself for what he has done and what he is, so the race loses its zest or never thrills with it, drops out of the race or never really enters it, unless it has a high and warm regard for its stock, its past, its cultural and moral tradition, and its potentialities which it has the eager will to transmute into realities.

I repeat that the Canadian, as a Canadian, has not done much in the way of exulting in the sense of Canadian nationality. I believe that this statement is true in fact, and not simply in seeming. That is, that our apparent lethargy in this regard is not simply a matter of our not putting into words what we nevertheless feel profoundly. We are by no means an inarticulate or tongue-tied people. There is little taciturnity about us. We have the continental American capacity for fluent and facile speech. It is pretty well to be depended upon that what we do not talk about freely and fluently we do not much of the time feel. The Scotchman is unquestionably more reserved than the Canadian, but Scott, after the hackneyed but still glowing paragraph beginning:

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead."

goes on with the less hackneyed but even more passionate:

"Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires!"

Even the ostensibly phlegmatic Englishman wears his heart somewhat less on his sleeve than the typical Canadian, and yet Shakespeare makes his John of Gaunt, lying on his deathbed, exclaim:

"This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea
* * * *
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

And, with a similarly exultant fervor, he makes the Bastard Falconbridge in "King John" cry out:

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

I AM by no means urging the desirability of emphasizing the militant or military aspects of nationality. That particular vice can be eliminated from the justifiable pride of race, and yet justifiable pride of race, consonant with a newer and better order of things, and expressing itself in policies and attitudes that square with world peace, can be retained. What I am pointing out is that if the reserved Scot and the relatively undemonstrative Englishman cannot keep out of their national verse their pride of nationality, it is improbable that the Canadian will have kept a padlock on his tongue if he has habitually dwelt in his mind on the nobility and worth of his own national concept.

A conscious and rejoicing sense of Canadian nationality is necessary if Canadians are to act and achieve greatly. A nation's accomplishment is simply the sum total of the achievements of its citizens. And the citizen does not live in a vacuum. What he does is conditioned by his environment—above all by his ethical and spiritual environment. A dead institution or a dead collectivity will atrophy, shrivel, and ultimately in the worst sense kill, a living man. The individual is always himself plus the organism of which he is a part. If the organism is healthy, vital, exuberant, he is really himself plus, himself plus an imponderable environment and stimulant that multiplies his energy and projects his force, making him express himself in acts that are more, higher and other than he could have achieved had he operated alone or been linked with a central organism that was either lethargic or ignoble. The individual Roman who in the stark crises of his career almost involuntarily exclaimed, "Civis Romanus sum" ("I am a Roman citizen") was bearing witness to this principle of the multiplication of personal force or grandeur by the consciousness of membership in a great collectivity and tradition. When Thomas Gray, gazing at the almost nameless graves in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, alludes to the "mute, inglorious Miltons" and to "village Hampdens" he is underlining the pathetic fact of the limitation of energy that results from membership in a petty and uninspiring collectivity.

THE First of July, our national anniversary, then, is a call to Canadians to consider the elements and qualities and prospects of Canadian nationality. Not that much can be accomplished by trying to whip ourselves into a factitious or artificial national satisfaction. I take the liberty of illustrating by referring to the bulk of the activity of the Canadian Authors' Association, which has now been in existence for several years.

No matter how unpleasant the fact, we must face the truth, which is that Canadian literature to date is a pretty thin and meagre performance, Lampman is, I suppose, our chief poet, and certainly the most that can be said for him is that he is a creditable minor poet, with a graceful command of descriptive technique and with a faculty for poetic reflection that qualifies him as a subordinate member of the family of Wordsworth. We have not produced a single great biography, our chief achievements in this domain being such satisfactory performances as Willison's and Skelton's Lives of Laurier. We have not produced a single great novel or romance; all our writers in this field belonging to the merely narrative and descriptive type which, judged by European and world standards, represents the babyhood of fiction. With the possible exception of the noble but almost wholly unknown "The Study of Nature and the Vision of God," by Blewett, we have not produced a single specimen of humane scholarship of the type that occurs to one's mind when one thinks of a work like Morley's Essay on Compromise.

Nor can we comfort ourselves for all this paucity and meagreness by saying that we are a small people and that we have been primarily concerned so far with material tasks. Size of population has little to do with these things. Greece was a tiny country, and the world is thrall to Greece in philosophy, in tragedy, in art, and in eloquence. Palestine was a tiny country, and yet her law-giver, her prophets, and her Jesus hold a vast section of the world in fee. Size of population had nothing to do with the Marlowes, Shakespeares, Spensers, Miltons, who, with a throng of others only less illustrious than they, made the England of Elizabeth and James "a nest of singing birds," or, to vary the expression, that "filled the spacious times of great Elizabeth with sounds that echo still." The "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne and the Essays of Emerson were produced in a New England where

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A Dominion Day Message

By Alfred Noyes

In Devon, whose red cliffs and rockbound trees
Bred hawks that swept the seas,
Deep lanes are bright with stars of fragrant May;
And on dark moors today
Bridal-white thorns are breathing everywhere
A Paradisal air.

Tavistock, Bideford, Budleigh Salterton,
Are shining in the sun.
Old Plymouth Sound, whence all these seadogs hailed,
Is quiet as when they sailed
Across the Atlantic with a trawler's crew
And shaped the world anew.

Far from the clamoring city—O, listen long
To England's own deep song:
Brooks in the steep-down valley, and wild birds
Whose music needs no words,
But leaps into the heart with one swift cry
And wakes its own reply.

Love looks askance at majesty and power;
But kneels, here, to a flower.
One cottage lamp can hold a star for him
Bright as the heavens are dim.
For all his boundless kingdom, he loves well
In one green glen to dwell,
Knowing that those who love their own home best
Care more for all the rest.

So these things please him—nooks where spring may hide
To make young earth his bride;
Sprays of wild fern along an old stone wall;
A wood where white owls call;
A lovers' footpath, winding up a hill,
Where memory lures him still;

A seagull sailing through the sunset skies;
A child with haunted eyes;
Young ash trees trembling over a bluebell gleam;
A cottage by a stream;
A grey isle, in a waste of flowering foam;
But small and dear, our home.

O, seabird, winging quietly to the west,
Speed on, with rose-flushed breast!
Tell them who love their Maple Leaf today
As England loves her May,
There is no strength in chains of gold or steel
To bind our Commonweal.
But Love and Memory, that still bring to birth
Isles of true heaven on earth,
In their bright clusters, when all else is gone
Shall triumph, and live on.

The Portfolio

By P. Clayton

FLAVIA, Lady Travers, placed the old portfolio on the table and musingly fingered its frayed, faded leather. It was a large black affair such as artists use to carry their sketches, and it looked as though it had seen much service.

"Ten years ago," she murmured to herself, "since I tucked you away in the bottom of that old trunk. I certainly shouldn't have found you again if it had not been for a whim of mine to explore the lumber room today. I came upon you quite by chance. I'd completely forgotten where I'd put you. It's ten years since I've seen you. I was eighteen then, young and miserable, with all my youthful hopes crushed and dead—" She laughed. "I am twenty-eight today, yet I have stood the years better than you, you battered old thing."

She turned to a mirror that hung on the opposite wall and surveyed herself therein. She was right. She had stood the years well. She might not have been a day over twenty-two.

"I have grown a little slimmer," she told herself. "I was rather plump then." Her eyes ran up and down her slender figure clad in its exquisite jade green frock. She went closer to the glass and touched her smooth cheeks. Not one line marred their fresh young curves, the rose in them glowed with health. She patted her black coils of hair.

"You are as beautiful now as you were then," she told her reflection. "He said your hair was black as night in shadow, and bronze in the sunlight, and he called your eyes amber-colored, though I should say they were brown. But then, he always had a strange way of expressing things, and everything about me seemed wonderful to him. Ten years ago!"

She sighed a trifle bitterly and turned back to the table whereon laid the portfolio. Drawing up a chair and seating herself, she opened it, and took out a number of sketches. They were in water-color or pencil, and all possessed a touch of genius. They were executed by a master hand. She picked up one at random and examined it thoughtfully, eyes wide and dreamy. It was a small, delicate painting of a Venetian Canal, a gondola and some wonderful old houses reflected in the still water. The coloring was faint but exquisite.

"It was the first he ever gave me," she murmured softly. "I think I love it the best of all. It was in that gondola he first kissed me and held me in his arms. It was our only stolen meeting."

She sighed again, then laughed.

"Vanished love, vanished hopes, vanished dreams, I thought you all dead. But my finding this portfolio has brought you all to life again. I don't want you alive; you hurt too much."

She continued turning over the sketches and examining them.

"This is a bit of Capri where we said we'd go for our honeymoon. I love this one of Corfu, the coloring is so wonderful. Here is another one of Venice, and, oh! I love this one of Florence, and this bit of Rome. He's done a lot of Naples, too, and two or three more of Venice. We were both fondest of Venice. It was there we first met."

She leant her elbows on the table and cupped her chin in her palms. Memories, which she had striven to forget these past ten years, came thronging into her mind. These sketches had brought them all back to her and she needn't try to forget them any more. That was the one consolation she had left. Though remembrance brought pain it would also help to brighten the dreary years that lay before her. As her eyes rested on the sketches in the old worn portfolio, Flavia, Lady Travers, felt the years drop from her like a cloak. She was once again Flavia Marchant, young, rich, beautiful, unawakened, with great eyes that gazed upon life whose truths she but dimly surmised.

"You were so beautiful then," she murmured softly. "But oh! so very very innocent and young. You were only a child. He had no right to blame you as he did. He was too hard on you. Poor Larry," she dwelt caressingly over the name. "Poor, poor Larry."

Her eyes grew far away, seeing only the past. And as scene after scene of that same past unfolded themselves before her mental vision, she forgot her present surroundings, the pain, the torture of the last ten years, and saw and felt only the brief mad happiness of that time when she had first met Larry Thurwin in Venice.

She and her mother were spending part of the winter there, because the doctors had ordered Lady Marchant south for her health. Her mother had wished to have Flavia's portrait painted, and a friend had recommended a certain young American artist, who, he said, would soon make a big name for himself. Lady Marchant, who fancied herself as a patroness to struggling ambitious young artists, resolved to visit his studio without delay. She took Flavia with her, and thus the girl met Larry Thurwin. She would never forget, as long as she lived, that first meeting, when he showed them over his big bare studio, with its untidy litter of canvases, easels and various lay figures in a state of dress and undress. She had liked him at once. He was so big and virile, yet so young and boyish, with his frank smile and laughing blue eyes. She had approved of the way his fair hair kinked a little round his temples, the way he threw his head back when he laughed, and his crisp American voice. Lady Marchant was delighted with him, and commissioned him at once to paint her daughter's portrait.

Then had come the studio sittings, whither Flavia went two or three times a week, accompanied by her maid. Thurwin was always very silent while he painted, and did not encourage her to talk, as he explained it disturbed his work. After the sittings were over, however, he would detain her awhile on some pretext or other, and would show her his pictures as they chatted away about every subject under the sun. The girl came to love those visits to the studio. She had no friends of her own age in Venice, and consequently found that time hung rather heavily on her hands. Thurwin's handsome appearance, engaging personality, and sparkling conversation attracted her at once, and his singular charm soon exercised a profound influence upon her girlish heart. She felt exceedingly sorry when the sittings drew to a close, and she knew that she might never see the young artist again. Thurwin evidently experienced the same feelings. At the end of the last sitting he drew her a little to one side, out of earshot of the maid, who was waiting for her mistress by the door. While pretending to show the girl a picture which he had just completed, he said in a low voice:

"Miss Marchant, this is to be goodbye, I suppose. You cannot think how much I regret it, how much I——" pausing while he searched for words, "how much I have enjoyed painting you."

Flavia blushed and stammered a reply. Her own heart was heavy with the coming parting. How empty her days would be without his gay laugh, his bright smile, his merry talk. Perhaps he read a little of her thoughts, for he said in a still lower tone:

"Miss Marchant, can you not send that maid of yours away for just a minute? I have something I want to say to you. I may never see you again."

"Oh! Mr. Thurwin," she raised her eyes to his. "Please do not say that. Of course we shall meet again."

"Perhaps, perhaps not," he replied softly, his face clouded. "Will you not send your maid away, if only for a minute?"

"Oh! but I'm not sure I ought," she murmured. "Mother might not like it, and—and—"

"But she can wait outside the door," he urged. "I guess there is no harm in that."

"Hoskins," Flavia turned to the maid. "You needn't wait. Mr. Thurwin has some pictures to show me. If you go down to the car I will come presently."

When they were alone Flavia turned to Thurwin, a query in her bright eyes.

"Well, Mr. Thurwin," she asked. "What is it you wish to say to me?"

He turned from her and walked to the window, and stood gazing out upon the canal. Vaguely puzzled by his attitude, she stood nervously fidgeting with her gloves, half wishing to go, yet desiring to stay and hear what he had to say to her. Then, abruptly, he turned and came back to her, his eyes shining and in his face a firm resolve.

"Miss Marchant," he said with suppressed excitement in his tone. "I can't say goodbye to you like this. I must see you again."

Confused a little by his eagerness she flushed as she replied:

"Why, of course, Mr. Thurwin. Won't you come and call? Mother will be delighted to see you, I know."

He searched her face with his keen blue eyes.

"Thank you," he said. "That is very good of you. I thought perhaps you did not care to see me again."

"Of course I care," she cried indignantly. "We are very good friends, are we not——?"

Before she could finish her sentence he had seized both her hands in his with a glad cry.

"You care! Is it possible? You cannot care in that way. Miss Marchant—Flavia—I love you. I loved you the first minute you entered this studio. Oh, my dear, my darling," he raised her hands to his lips and kissed them.

At first she had been too surprised and astonished to speak, but now she recovered her senses, and frightened by his sudden passionate declaration, yet withal strangely thrilled, she strove to draw her hands away.

"Oh, Mr. Thurwin, you must not," she cried. "Please, please let go my hands."

He released them and turned away.

"I am sorry," he muttered. "I am very sorry. I was a fool to have hoped——"

"Oh! don't say that," she cried, laying her hand on his arm. "But it is so—so sudden. I had no idea. I——"

He faced her again, and the contrition in his face smote her. Her heart leaped with a new exultant emotion which she but half understood.

"I was a beast," he told her. "I beg your pardon, Miss Marchant."

"But you needn't," she was half laughing, half crying. "I didn't understand at first, and—and you frightened me a little. "But I think—I am sure—I do love you the least little bit, Mr. Larry."

She blushed furiously at the temerity of her confession. His eyes flashed with joy and he opened his arms, but she sprang away to the door.

"Not now," she gasped, frightened anew by his ardor. "I must go, really. You mustn't say any more."

She opened the door as he crossed the room to her side and laid his hand upon the knob.

"Please let me go," she pleaded.

"Not yet," he replied firmly. "Flavia, when will you marry me?"

"Oh! Oh! Whenever you like, but you'll have to ask mother first."

"Of course, but will she consent, Flavia?"

"Why ever not," she asked in astonishment. "We love each other; don't we?"

"Yes, but will that satisfy your mother? I am not so sure. After all, you are Sir John Marchant's only child and heiress, and I am but a poor unknown artist, though I reckon," with a touch of

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YOU

BY ELEANOR HAMILTON

Eyes that to other folk
Seem just two eyes,
To me are stars of love—
My world comprise.
Lips that to other folk
Just fashion speech,
All of Love's alphabet
To me they teach.
You, who to other folk
May seem just you,
Mean to me Heaven,
God shining through!

The Flame of Courage

By George Gibbs

Illustration By
Grattan Condon

THE title that John Carroll had given him hardly seemed to fit the personality of the strange figure that came forth to meet them. Their host was tall, with hardiness that flattered his years, darker even than an Indian, and wore a suit of deerskin and moccasins, a gay-colored neckerchief, and a beaver-skin cap. His greeting thawed at once at the sight of John Carroll, whom he took into his arms, in token of friendliness and joy.

"You are welcome to my hospitality, Mademoiselle, such as it is, for as long as you care to stay. Enter my house and Madame de Noyan will provide for your comfort."

Heloise thanked him gracefully. An Indian woman of middle age, smiling gravely, came from an inner room, and Heloise looked at her uncertainly until Monsieur de Noyan rather proudly presented her as his wife, speaking a few words in the tongue of the Abenaki.

"You are welcome, Mademoiselle," she said in excellent French. "If you will enter my room I will provide you with water for bathing and dry garments, and then you shall have some breakfast."

Her voice was unemotional, but soft and gentle, and Heloise followed her gratefully. John Carroll had sunk upon a couch, too tired to speak, but aware of a gratifying odor of boiling coffee and frying bacon from the adjoining kitchen.

Most of that day they slept and all of the night, secure in the assurances of their host that the danger of a visit from French soldiers at his chateau was small. The refugees had come thirty miles southward from the river along a trail through the deepest forest known only to the Indians and to the Coureurs de Bois.

Later Heloise learned the history of their strange host. He had lived in the woods always, scorning the cities and the French nation, to which he held no allegiance, though his father had been born a Frenchman.

Born of an Indian mother, he had been baptized by a wandering missionary and had grown up part Indian, part courtier, for under different French governors who needed the help of their red allies the severity of the laws had been relaxed. Monsieur Ragueneau had been frequently to Quebec, but he could no longer tolerate the life of a city. He too had married an Indian woman, a princess of her tribe, and his influence was great among her people. So great indeed that he lived in fear of no man. Messengers had come from Vaudreuil seeking his allegiance in the battles that the French fought against the English, but the Coureur de Bois had sent them back with a short answer.

"Yours is a splendid venture, Monsieur," he said to John Carroll with a smile, "one that I shall tell my grandchildren in the years to come." He rose and paced the floor. "I do not know Monsieur de Montcalm. But I do not like this popinjay Vaudreuil or this thieving Bigot. They have lied to the warriors of the Abenaki, promising them great rewards if they will fight the battles of Quebec against the English. Some of the young men have gone from here, but they will receive nothing.

Many of them will die. It is a pity. As for me, it matters not who wins the battle. France to me is nothing but a name. The men of the English colonies are brave and they are honest. These forests and hills belong to all men, and no king of France or of England shall tell me or any man that it is his."

But in a moment he had taken her in his arms.

He turned to Heloise and gravely gave her his hand.

"Mademoiselle, these opinions are new to you, who have been brought up in terror of authority. We men of the woods have no kings; we acknowledge but one leadership in Jesus Christ. Our laws are those that come of our joys and of our privations. We have ourselves been unfortunate and so we can understand the misfortunes of others. You are welcome at Noyan for as long as you care to stay. And then should you wish to go, perhaps it will be my privilege to help you upon your journey."

CURIOUSLY enough, it was the hospitality of Monsieur Ragueneau that was to aid in the solving of the problem of Heloise Gueret. With her security had come retrospection, with retrospection the recovery of old ideals, the love of the country that she had betrayed by aiding a spy to escape from prison. The facts that she had mustered to the defence of her conscience—the brutality of the King of France, the defection of Madame de Pompadour, her terror of Francois Bigot—all these had served her valiantly as excuses for her defence of John Carroll, the man that she loved.

But now in the quiet of their woodland sanctuary the terrible truth emerged from the shelter of her sophistries. She was a traitor to France, an outcast, as much of a betrayer of the French armies in New France as the Englishman that she had aided. And she loved him. She could never love again. Her happiness lay just before her as his wife, an Englishwoman, the enemy of France, and yet it tortured her now that her happiness must be bought at the cost of such disloyalty. He had asked her to marry him at once, for there was a Franciscan priest in a settlement not far away.

"Give me time to repent of my sin. France is bleeding to death, and I have only dealt her one blow more."

He kissed her gently on the lips.

"Beloved enemy, he murmured, "if France is bleeding it is no blow of yours that has harmed her. Whether I died or lived made no difference to the future of New France. France has been bled by an enemy in her own house, an enemy more subtle even than Vaudreuil or Bigot, for the munitions, the soldiers, the supplies that should have made New France secure are worn in jewels around the neck of the King's mistress. Quebec must fall as Paris one day must fall to the forces of justice and brotherhood." He smiled again. "Do you forget, dear enemy, that you yourself have spoken of these things to me?"

"Yes, it is true," she assented. "I have spoken of them, but I had not then been a traitor."

"Heloise," he muttered, "would you have been content to remain in Quebec with all the terrors that it meant to you? With me——"

"Don't say it, beloved," she whispered, clinging to him. "Even now I cannot bear the terror of the thought. I love you better than life itself. But if I had known that you were a spy of the English I would have fought with my heart against your love, until you came for me at Beaumanoir, and then I knew that no matter what you were I could never fight against you."

"You are against me now. Marry me, Heloise. In a few hours——"

"No," she said firmly, "not now. Nor soon. I must have time to think and pray. You are a man. You cannot consider my position as I do. Listen to what I say and have pity. I want you to go away from me for a time. Monsieur Ragueneau has told me that I can stay here at Noyan as long as I please. You want me to go with you while you join your countrymen. That is your duty. But you must go alone. It is the only way that I can repay my country for having saved you. I offer you as a sacrifice. If you die, at least you will die nobly, and I will stay here praying for you always. If you live and Quebec falls, I will be here waiting for you."

"Heloise, you are cruel——"

"To myself more than to you. John Car-roll, kiss me. No other man shall. You will do what it is your duty to do. Every blow that you strike against France will be for my honor and to my

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Mrs. Davidson's New Coat

YOUNG Mr. and Mrs. Davidson were paying for their house. It was out in the suburbs of a Western Canadian city. They had been married four years and had still one thousand dollars to pay. Guy—Mr. Davidson—had owned the land before he was married and had saved two thousand dollars; but, of course, some of this money had to go for furnishing the house. So no wonder they considered it quite a remarkable feat to thus early in their career own a six thousand dollar house—all but one thousand. Up against this was the fact that Guy was only the manager of one of the departments in a down-town firm. "No one else but Guy could have done it" so many of his friends said to Janet, his wife. "If I had had any other wife but Janet I couldn't have done it," Guy always answered when he heard it. And now—thank fortune! it had come to the last thousand. They had both decided that they wouldn't get any new clothes till the thousand was paid; or anything for the house that they could possibly do without.

The very night they reached this decision, the door bell rang—and there stood two strange men.

"Mr. Davidson home?" they at once asked Janet, who had opened the door. Janet was surprised, because they were not in the habit of having evening callers; and never before strange men.

However, Guy recognized one and called him Mr. Beveridge; he introduced the other as "Mr. James Arnott." Immediately they explained their business:

"We've come about trying to build a church up in this part of the city. We know you and your wife go down town to church—so do I, so does Arnott. But, we've been looking into the thing; and do you know there are hundreds of people at this end of the city who don't go anywhere. Now if we had a church here——"

"Oh, but there *is* a church" interrupted Janet with a laugh.

"Yes, a church that's a disgrace. A little, cold shed of a place on an out-of-the-way street that no one ever hears about—would you folks care to go there?"

"No—thanks. But anyhow you see both Guy and I sing in the First Church choir so we wouldn't want to——"

"Well, there are other families just like you," continued Mr. Beveridge. "But think of all this territory up here—clean out to the park, without a church of any kind; and strangers settling here all the time — children, scores of them, and never near a Sunday School! You know we've a foreign district up here too. We owe it to our city; to our country."

"Yes, that's all very well," replied Guy, "I agree with all you've said. Would like to see it done, but I'm not situated now so that I can help financially. You see we haven't our house quite paid for. We're concentrating on that. When that's done—we'll think it over."

This was the Davidsons final word; so the visitors left.

A few nights after this Guy came home and said: "Janet, Beveridge has been after me again about getting a church up here. It's true what he says all right; it would build up the district—it's good for business and all that, even apart from the religious side, which is of course the most important."

"Yes, I've been thinking that. I'd—I'd hate awfully to leave our church down town, but—but maybe after the house is paid for we ought to do it. But we owe something to ourselves—keeping up with our music, and we'd miss the good sermons so."

"I told Beveridge that, but he said if we had a good church here we'd get a good minister; and we'd have the fun of working up a good choir—answer the phone, Janet, please! I'm tired tonight."

Janet hurried to the phone. Guy, of course, heard her end of the conversation.

"I guess it's Guy you want to talk to—Oh—*I*—I don't count much—yes, Mr. Beveridge, he's just been telling me—Well, I feel like he does about it—Not till after our house is paid for—We feel we should be clear with the world first—We both hate debt; we think it's a religious duty to get out of it as soon as we can—Yes—after the house—Good night!"

"It was Mr. Beveridge again. He wanted to talk to *me*, mind you—to try to get me to persuade you. Do you know what he said at the last! *"What if you hadn't any house!*—The Lord *hasn't any out here—He needs it worse that you need yours.'"*

Guy looked at her for a good minute—a startled, considering look. They were looking straight into each other's eyes. "He said that, did he!" was his only comment. But, he got out of his easy chair. He walked leisurely to the phone. He gave the automatic dial five turns. His wife heard him saying then—calmly, in a matter-of-fact tone:

"That you Beveridge? — Well, it's about the church up here. I've decided to go in on it. You can count on us for a hundred to start with; fifty down and the other fifty at the end of the year. You were wanting me to be the chairman of the committee—yes, I'll take it—my wife?—treasurer? Yes, she'll take it—how would tomorrow night do? — Come here! — eight o'clock, all right — Good night."

Janet was dumbfounded. But she thought: Now, isn't that just like Guy—no words—no small talk—right to the point—when a thing gets him it gets him—when he sees his duty clear, he does it—pure gold, that's why I married him; my friends couldn't understand, but I understood! It was that about the Lord not having any house that got him—well, I'll stay by him however it goes!

SURE enough, Guy became chairman of the managers; Janet was treasurer. Their fifty dollars was among the first cash received; but of course it came out of the money they were putting in the bank to make the five-hundred dollar payment on their house at the last of the year.

"It's no use talking of further economies," laughed Janet. "We've things cut down now as fine as we possibly can. My clothes are a sight to be seen, but—I don't mind"

"Well, we're not suffering for food yet. And it's something to be thankful for that we've got our own house, most of the folk out here who cut such a dash are head-over-heels in debt, live in rented houses, and——"

Janet, who had just been opening her morning mail interrupted him with:

"If here isn't an invitation from Dr. Jackson's wife—Gertrude. She's inviting me to her first 'At Home.' Be some style. Well—that's easily settled, I can't go. I'd disgrace her. Haven't a rag to wear. She wouldn't wear my coat to a—dog fight."

"Certainly you'll go," answered Guy firmly. "I'm not going to have you drop all your old friends because you're married. Nobody will ask you to a thing soon. You'll be getting old if you stay out of everything."

"But really, Guy, I couldn't go with that coat. I'm not complaining—I'd rather have a house than clothes and going about. We can't have both on your salary. Gertrude wouldn't want me in that coat."

But Guy was firm. She must go. She must get a new coat—she had to have one anyhow; he had noticed how shabby her old one was getting—there was no need to go so far as that in economizing, even for the house.

"But you forget that five hundred payment on the house we were to make the last of the year," reminded Janet. "We'll scarcely be able to make it now after giving all that to the church fund and you know you said yourself you'd love to pay our other fifty right away—that you needed it to make up the amount you had to have before the Mission Board would give the twenty-five hundred grant they promised. Of course I suppose it would sort of brighten me up to go, and I'd see lots I know; then her house will be so lovely and the eats and all. I don't covet any of it a bit but I can thoroughly enjoy it when it comes my way."

Two-thirds of the money for the church had already been promised. Guy had been a wonde rat digging it out. But not more than a quarter of that promised had been paid in, and this mostly in five and ten-dollar subscriptions, for there were a considerable number of small-salaried people living out there; and, as is often the case, the large subscriptions were the last being paid. Also, the moneyed church people of the district were largely firm in their down-town allegiance. However, notwithstanding these things, the response had been wonderful. Even people who said: "I don't go to church" also said: "But here's five dollars to help along—there should be a church out here for the sake of the children if nothing else, and it helps build up a neighborhood." But, of course, times were hard just then and business very slow in getting back to pre-war conditions. The average middle-class salaried man had hard work to make ends meet. The Western crops, and prices for the same, had been poor and this affected all Western conditions.

"We've got to have our subscriptions paid up by the end of this month somehow," Guy said to his wife one evening as the two were doing a bit of figuring over their expenses. "We've got to have more cash or I'm afraid the church building will be held up and we need that missionary grant as soon as we can get it."

"Well, let's not get my coat and I'll stay home from the At-Home. I can manage all right with my old one till after Christmas. We'll take the price of it and pay our other fifty on the church now."

"No, you're going to have the coat. I'll manage some other way. I guess we'll have to put off the five hundred payment on the house for awhile," and Guy's voice suggested disappointment.

So, they went together and got the coat—a fifty-five dollar one marked down to fifty. Janet wore it to the At-Home and looked as nice as could be. One or two of her most intimate friends whispered: "It's lovely—and not before you needed it, eh?" Janet went home beaming and enthusiastic about her lovely time and all the old friends she had seen.

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Song of the Ranger

By Frank Miell

This is the song that the Ranger sings
As he travels his forest trail,
Thro' twilit aisles where the lichen clings,
O'er rocky ridge where the eagle wings,
'Cross many a stream and dale.

Let city folk rave of their shows and plays,
Their buildings with service complete,
Let them talk for days of their dancing craze
And their syncopated feet.
But that sort of stuff is a great big bluff
Compared to the joys of the wild,
For the forest so green and wholesome and clean
Is the place for this Nature's child.

Politicians may boast from coast to coast
Of their service to country and King,
With party pride they may lead you aside
And whisper the promise they bring.
But that sort of junk is unblemished bunk
To the man who sinks to his rest
'Neath the starlit night, with his horse hard by
And his brow by the breeze caressed.

Yes, I and my kind, are free as the wind
That bloweth from whither it will,
Foul weather or fair, with a "devil-may-care,"
We travel down dale and up hill,
On a darned good horse as a matter of course
And a saddle as trim as can be.
Guess, a Ranger's life, come ease or come strife
Is the only life for me.

A Bunch of Roses

By Marion Wathen Fox

Illustrated by H. H. Woods

"PLEASE, Muver—'cuse me!"

"But your uncle David is not through with his breakfast yet; can't you wait, dear?"

"No, 'cause Uncle David won't get doned for a long, long time—he's weedin' the newspaper 'stead of his toast. You 'scused father before Uncle David was doned and——"

"But your father had to go to the office, dear."

"Well, I've got to go away, too—away—away!"

"All right, dear, run along and play; we'll excuse you."

"Good-bye, muver!" and three-year-old Billy waved his hand dramatically as he scrambled from his chair and raced roguishly past his charming mother sitting smilingly there at the end of the breakfast-table.

"I'm goin' away to leave you, m u v e r! Away — away! And I'm not comin' back for *never* and *never* so long — maybe I won't ever comed back no more. Good-bye, muver, I——"

But here Billy, just as he reached the dining-room door, could not resist turning his head to see what effect his "terrible threat" was having on his mother. That one glance of his mother's face was his undoing. In a moment he was a repentant Billy. Then his face broke into smiles — smiles as beatific and cherubic as though the essence of all the sunrises of every exquisite spring morning had gone into their making. With a dash he was in his mother's arms; his golden curls were whirling about her face; he was showering her with kisses, and in between giving little throbby bursts of:

"Oh, I *amed*, Muver! I *amed* comin' back to see you! I'm not goin' away —away at all. I was only funin'!"

But when Billy-boy had at last gone to his play, Professor David Muir, although thinking himself engrossed in *another* editorial on "What's Wrong with the World," and at the same time making a brave attempt to do justice to his toast and coffee —noticed to his dismay that his breakfast companion, the wife of his college chum who had homed, mothered, and sistered him ever since his arrival in the town as Professor of English at Philbury University, had suddenly changed from smiles to tears, and several glistening drops were chasing each other down her cheeks.

"My! My!" said David, dismayedly dropping his paper. "My! My!" he helplessly repeated, and his face at once grew very red and uncomfortable looking; but his eyes showed sympathy and kindness. "My! My!" he remarked for the third time, his voice still suggesting a state of "I-haven't-the-least-idea-what-to-say-or-do-in-a-case-of-this-kind!"

"It's—just—that I couldn't—help—thinking that likely—Billy would some day do—just what he said now—*go away and never come back to see me*," and her tears flowed freely.

"Tut-tut—Billy couldn't live without you!"

"Not now—when he's only three years old. But —look at you! You would be just like Billy with your mother when you were a child—you would be part of each other. But now—you—you never go to see her—you're not more than eighty miles away and you haven't seen her for nearly two years—how do I know that Billy—won't do just the same when he grows up?"

The Professor's neck grew red. "Tut-tut!" he said again, and hurried to finish his editorial, hiding his face well behind his paper. In a few minutes he said playfully:

"Well, I must be off—walking, you know—walk does me good in the morning. Lovely morning, too—beginning to be quite spring-like."

David knew in an instant that his mother was dead

OCCASIONALLY Professor Muir walked to the University by way of the park, in order to lengthen his "constitutional." He did so this morning and, consulting his watch affirmed what he already knew—he was earlier than usual; so, he entered the park, walked leisurely for awhile—his thoughts still dwelling on the scene at the breakfast table; and then gradually became conscious of a pleasant *something*. This something first assailed via his nostrils—he was inhaling air that he could smell—could taste—feel—and almost hear! A robin actually flew on to the path directly in front of him, cocked his head on one side, and pertly announced: *"I'm back! Look at me please*—you didn't expect to see me so soon—did you?" and then flew to a near-by branch that seemed swaying to some unseen music, and on the very moment of alighting, its little throat began a wild pulsation, then out burst—a spring rhapsody!

By this time David Muir was out of himself. He noticed the trees, which had already here and there leafed to greenness; buds were bursting—he sat down on a log and reached for a beech-leaf, a maple, a birch—leaves of the varying trees about him, and found himself doing his old boyhood stunt: opening the leaf-buds and seeing the little tight wad of green within, and then gently pulling them open; feeling again the old-time thrill and awe as he saw that each had its own way of unfolding; one just by gradually letting loose a little crumple of green, just as though a bit of silk had been crumpled tightly in the hand and then the hand let loose and the silk gradually opened from its crumple; another kind of leaf that opened like a fan—gradually radiating itself, section by section, rib by rib—"Talk of Pandora's box!" laughed the Professor to himself, "Why, all over-head, on the ground, and under the ground are veritable Pandora's boxes, getting ready at this very moment to spring open!" He reached up and broke off a bit of branch and peeled off its bark, smiling at the layer of green underneath. He pushed back his cap still farther. His blood seemed to throb more warmly in his veins and course more rapidly. Something inside of him seemed to call back to something calling from without — "The call of Spring" he announced aloud.

For the next half hour he tramped through the park, the set of his cap still in gay response to his inner exuberancy. But soon it wasn't Professor David Muir who walked amidst opening leaves and swelling buds and flirting birds in the big park that stretched between the town of Philbury and the university there at the suburbs; it was the boy—barefooted Dave Muir, and he was up on the back lot of his father's old farm hunting the cows—he knew every hollow log, every bird's nest, every fantastically shaped tree—there, too, was the big beech up on the knoll where he loved to lie in the shade and look down on the open country-side below; he could see the scattered farm houses, each with its wind-break of trees, and away in the distance rose the white church-spire—there, too, was the little bit of tangled silver braid which he knew to be the old brook, and—sure enough! there were the same big willows under which was his old swimming pool — he could see the little bridge on which he so often sat fishing, just on the green slope above was the big white gabled farm-house he knew so well —ah, there was his mother coming down the lane! He could hear her call: "Davy, Davy! . . . . When Professor Muir reached the far park gate "The call of Spring" had somehow developed into "The Call of the Home."

The family were just sitting down to dinner when Muir returned in the evening.

"Over-time day!" chided Mrs. Jack.

"Good thing it comes Friday now and then!" added Jack. "But now, see here, old man, none of this tomorrow. I've got the day all mapped out: a laze in the morning for you—early lunch — then golf — more golf — dinner at the club house—golf in the evening till the heavens forbid — that will put new life in you for next week's work!"

"Sorry, old man, but — I'm taking a run up home! morning train!" replied Muir in a voice he was trying to have appear casual.

Mrs. Jack clapped her hands. "Good for you, David! I'm—*glad!*"

"Fine! Fine!" supplemented Jack. "I suppose you're about due for your anual visit—or it's more of a three-yearly affair, isn't it?"

The professor drew attention to the under-doneness of the beef on his plate.

"Don't forget to take your mother something!" steadfastly kept on Mrs. Jack, refusing to be side-tracked.

"Take her *something?*" How—do you mean?" asked the professor in bewilderment.

"A *present*—silly!"

He laughed. "Oh, mother's not much on presents."

"Now, Betty, you ought to know by this time that presents do not enter much into David's scheme of things."

"Only one thing I hate worse than giving presents—that is getting them."

"Oh, I just believe you think it's a sign of weakness—and—and you're just afraid of seeming sentimental—that's the trouble with you," and Betty's eyes held a denouncing flash.

"Well, even so," laughed Jack, "you'll surely allow him one weakness—otherwise he'd be too much of a Sir Galahad for——"

"Nonsense! But mother does not need presents —for even if I don't go home very often I send her a cheque every month and"—here the speaker's face blushed like a veritable school-boy's at this defence of himself.

"How do you know what she needs—or longs for? Do men ever know the deepest longings of their women? The finest natures keep them hidden—it's only the eyes of real love that find them out."

Continued on page 50

The Marshes of the Red River

Written and Illustrated By
V. W. Horwood

AROUND the mouths of the Red River as it flows into Lake Winnipeg, are the great marshes of the Swampy Cree; square miles of rushes and grass; the home of myriads of birds, and the summer objective of the hay farmer. It is the same scene as when Lake Agassiz slowly forced the ice pack northward, draining into the bottoms of the lake. This is the country of north-flowing rivers, where the sources are in spring flood while the mouths are in the grasp of winter.

Many channels wind sluggishly through the deltas, and on the lake's edge, in the shape of a crescent forming the southernmost shore, has been thrown up a mound of sand, a yellow ribbon some two hundred feet wide, all that separates the marsh lands from the waters which beat down from Norway House. On this beach are sometimes found articles from far-away Edmonton, having followed the Saskatchewan into the lake and been driven south down the stormy lake.

Strung along, like floats on their nets are the few huts of the Icelandic and halfbreed fishermen —the Icelanders, descendants of the Viking, men who settled on the shores of the Lake at Gimli a hundred miles from the closest settlement, and who have left their place names on the map of the lake shores: Husavik, Hecla, Gimli. The halfbreeds are the descendants of the Swampy Crees, born fishermen and capable of stolidly enduring without murmur the terrible occupation of winter fishing through the ice, taking fish from the nets while a temperature of 40 degrees below zero often reigns, with wet hands, either bare or in wet woolen mittens, their hardy dog teams lying flat while the snow drifts over them. Around the homes are the stunted black bog oak and grey willow, twisted into protesting shapes by the ever-thrashing winds which sweep over the waters and lonely marshes. It is a weird place, full of dreams. The imagination can range northward over the waters into the white realms of the Ice King, or bring back the legends of the Crees and Ojibways, conjure up the ceremonial of the Indian fishermen before beginning their season's fishing. For around the Red River mouths are famous fishing grounds: pickerel, goldeyes, tullibee and pike. The lordly sturgeon has gone into deeper waters.

On this lonely sandbank, the Indian invoked his gods with the beat of the tom-tom low in tone, gradually pealing out a defiant roar across the lake and marshes, and prostrate the Indians prayed to the Great Mystery; pleading to the great Father, the Sun, listening to the whispering winds for an omen, and if the fishermen were Ojibways, using the rites of the Meda Lodge, carrying out the glittering mosaic of its ritual.

Then follow the wanderings of La Verendrye, the Aeneas of the West, as he comes ever toward the setting sun, seeking the great tidal sea, listening to the tales of Ochagach who with imaginative genius told of the great water where the tides rose and ebbed, where great ships sailed. And La Verendrye standing on the shores of Elk Island looked into a misty horizon, tasted the water and discovered Lake Winnipeg. Entering into the heritage of Manitoba, he built a fort, naming it after the French minister Maurapas, about where the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Alexander stands. Here died his nephew, La Jeremie, of famine, and the first cross of the Christian erected in Manitoba was over his grave. La Verendrye adventured across the lake into one of the channels of the Red, and paddled a cautious way through the great marsh, following the sluggish wine-colored current, seeing the beaver in countless numbers.

THE Red River was called after its Indian name "Miskouesipi," Blood Red River, for along it were the "Marches" or battlegrounds of the Crees and Sioux, up past Massacre Creek, now the Netley. Here the Crees of the Old St. Peter's Reserve still hear the groans and cries of the poor wretches who were massacred in the night watches by the fierce Sioux.

La Verendrye paddled up the river, portaging a rapid which they called "Soult a la Biche" where the locks and dam of St. Andrews are built by the old portage, following up until another color streaking the water showed a tributary.

A single Indian is seen on a point. He signals and is surounded by others, and where the Red and Assiniboine mingle, the canoes floated around the bend, and La Verendrye and his sons silent, alert. Before them through the scattered elms on the north-west, where the wide extended prairies rolling in grass like ocean billows, and where now the Parliament Buildings rear their mass, was against the sunset sky a scaffolding dark and sombre where the Indian dead were placed.

The Winnipegger walking down the winding way of Assiniboine Avenue looking westward is unconsciously exchanging salutations with the unrecorded ages of the Indian .

For where he treads was a Place of Peace.

He is on the trail of the Death Spirit.

Here the Indian listened for the wings of the Spirits. The Milky Way was the footprints of the departed warriors, and the arched dome of the heavens was a sounding-board for his prayer.

Into this came the Frenchmen, the sun setting with high up a crescent moon, the autumn wind's low-pitched key the only sound. This was the Genesis of Winnipeg.

Just across from the marsh is Elk Island, around which many legends are swung, and crossing Traverse Bay from Winnipeg River came the flotillas of the Nor'-Westers, with such men as Alexander McKenzie, Alexander Henry and James Findlay bringing to the primeval wilderness the luxury of the far-off Beaver Club. Montreal was a far call. Then the Great Company comes on the scene, building Fort Alexander as a resting-place before attempting the turbulent lake. They came with lordly pomp, with fife and drum, as the Frenchmen came, and Lake Winnipeg echoed to the sounds of high revelry as they left the Fort with steady, swinging strokes on the journey to Norway House or Fort Garry.

In winter time a ghastly waste of snow surrounds you, cold, cruel, pierced by the spears of staring reeds and rushes. The ice covers the lake with a glaring mask. There is little life in the vast desolate vacancy, and the eddying drifts of the snow fly high in the air as a shuddering wind picks it up. The furious piercing blizzards shrieking down the lake make a no-man's-land of the marshes. A dreary wind-swept land of zero are the Red River marshes. Sometimes in the wind-beaten distances, as the snow-mirage lifts, may be seen the fishermen, like black spots on the horizon; then, a whirl of snow, and they are blotted out.

A huge gaunt wooden lighthouse points out the boat channel and the little log chapel of Mustard Seed nestles in the shelter of some willows on the ridge's south slope. Here, Sunday after Sunday, the footsteps of an eighty-six-year-old clergyman lead the scattered marsh folk to a service. He walks from the mainland, and inside the little edifice with the growling of untamed Nature about it, the service of the Christian is carried on almost it seems in defiance of savage traditions. Across the winter's desolation the mournful cadence of its bells rings out, disturbing the great white Arctic owl, who takes up his winter abode here.

IT IS in the spring that the marshes live. The narrow indented sheets of water are embossed with small untrodden islets heavily jungled with rushes and undergrowth, extending over the reflecting threads of water. Creeks penetrate from the many channels toward the mainland; creeks with half-forgotten Indian names, quaint-sounding names, but which, like all Indian names, are full of translatable meanings.

In and out amongst the rushes run the small footprints of the Little People. This was the home in the early days of Abmeek, the Beaver. The whole marsh shouts Beaver. Now his humble cousin the muskrat reigns, and his mound buildings are seen in all directions. Quietly watch—a ripple will appear, coming up one of the streamlets—and soon the black nose and beady eyes of the little animal is distinctly seen—a motion—it is gone, and only the reeds swaying slightly show its progress under the water.

In the slow-moving water are sometimes seen the great fleshy flat leaves of the water lily, whose chalices reflect the gold of the sun. Everywhere are plants which will cover the marsh in green and gold, and amongst the little creeping plants, each perfect, is seen the cinquefoil, the marsh five-fingers, its sepals glowing within with the dark fires of its petal rays that smoulder like dusky opals. With a thrill of exultation the yellow fringed orchid is spied, the golden spikes shimmering in the deep recesses of the marsh, the slender bracts folding around the flower head picked out with golden balls.

Where marsh and water meets the vegetation is different. Lushy plants make a belt protecting the

Continued on page 33

The little log chape of Mustard Seed nestles in the shelter of some willows on the ridges South slope.

"I just knew you would come back to Fels-Naptha!"

Mother: "I've been tempted at different times into trying all sorts of soaps. I bought chips, powders and other new-fangled cleaners that claim to do about everything but the ironing and mending. But I always come back to Fels-Naptha. Nothing else gives so much help, and is so easy on the clothes."

Daughter: "Yes, isn't it wonderful how Fels-Naptha helps! I didn't realize how much until I tried other soaps. Then I began to see the difference. It must be the naptha, or the way it's mixed. It is so easy with Fels-Naptha to get my clothes clean and sweet and white. And I just love the naptha odor—don't you?"

Thousands upon thousands of other women—after trying "chips, powders and other new-fangled cleaners"—have also come back to Fels-Naptha. And for a very good reason.

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra help you cannot get from any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or shape, or price.* That's because it is more than soap—a great deal more than just "naptha soap." It is good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha combined for perfect teamwork in one golden bar.

Ask your grocer for a bar of Fels-Naptha. Smell its clean naptha odor. Then prove the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha by trying it in your home.

—•—

No matter how you prefer to wash clothes—in a washing machine or tub—in boiling, lukewarm or cool water—you can get more help from Fels-Naptha than from any other soap. Millions of women are getting the benefit of this *extra* help. Why not you?

—•—

Camping or traveling this summer? Be sure to have Fels-Naptha's *extra* help! Loosens ground-in dirt from clothes so easily. Removes grease from dishes, even with cool water.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Let's Go Fishin'!

By Bessie L. James

LET'S go fishin'! The latter part of June and early days of July bring to anyone who has been a kid once upon a time the longing to get into old clothes, pack up a lunch and sling a fishing-rod over one's shoulder. From the days when our chief joy in life was to run to the nearest water, tie a pin to a bit of twine and, flat on the ground, cast it over and wait in open-mouthed suspense until a tommy-cod or a minnow swallowed it, until the present when we deal learnedly in high-sounding names for fly and tackle — early summer means to many of us — just "goin' fishin'!"

Tackle chosen, extra clothing eliminated — all set—now comes the thought: whither? To the follower of Isaak Walton, living in Winnipeg—the natural answer to that query is the Lake of the Woods, for all the world knows that succession of fishing holes, spread as they are over an area of nearly two thousand miles, easily accessible by launch and all of it by canoe. Over 12,000 islands dot the lake, of every conceivable shape and size, and the maze of channels—oh, the pools and eddys where scrappy bass or vigorous tackle-smashing muskies lurk. Small-mouth bass, pike, 'lunge, and salmon trout as well. All these beauties are to be taken close at hand.

It's a strange freak, though, that most sportsmen are never entirely satisfied with fishing waters within easy reach. After a few casts restlessness sets in and they are eager to try more distant streams. And here they are: big streams, little streams, lakes and gurgling rivers, clear as crystal, with the willow bending protectingly above them, whose gummy sap always attracts myriads of flies—the lure for silly fish. With a guide and camping equipment, fine sport

Casting in promising waters

may be had in the remoter districts, where in the intriguing lakes and streams, speckled and even rainbow trout are found; the steel-head too, whose original spawn have been brought from British Columbia. And speaking of spawn, there is a flourishing fish hatchery at Kenora—no fear of fish running out anywhere in this region.

The Community House at Devil's Gap Camp

Kenora, the station from which entrance is made to this finny fairyland, is a pretty little town situated on the Canadian Pacific Railway 126 miles east of Winnipeg, in the province of Ontario. Without any doubt Kenora is destined to become one of the smartest summer resorts in the West. For years its peerless surroundings have attracted holiday seekers and fishermen whose simple requirements were covered by a tent or log cabin. But with the installation of electricity, telephones, and other city conveniences, a large colony has sprung up and their handsome residences have only added to the attractions of the entire district. The put-put of launches and swoop of the sail-boat have by no means impaired the fishing either.

About twenty minutes by motor launch from the dock at Kenora is the Devil's Gap Bungalow Camp,-so-called because of its eerie approach. The launch turns and twists through the islands, until just ahead is a deep, dark channel, with a grinning, leering face painted in strong colors on the rocks, shaped like gargoyles. Who paints that devil no one knows, but each year his features are furbished up—he is, indeed, an awesome fiend, but maybe he is the protector of the fish. The camp itself is built at the other end of the Gap on top of the hill and clustering up its side. The fine community hall commands a view of unsurpassed loveliness, and in it are the dining and recreation hall with a great wide stone fireplace, back of which are the kitchens, and the whole building surrounded by a screened-in verandah. This is the social centre for the camp, for dancing, music, cards and conversation, and merely looking, conjuring up before the mind's eye the fish to be caught next day. Below the main hall hidden amongst slender birch and pine trees, snuggle the sleeping quarters—one and two-room cottages neatly and comfortably furnished, with electric light and running water, and a quaint wee stove to remove the evening chill.

To the fisherman who has to think of his family, this place is a boon, for here he is certain they will be happy and well while he is upstream. No chance of boredom and all kinds of sport close at hand—fish too—why only last month a 37½ pound lake trout was caught in the vicinity. The fish was 44 inches long with a girth of 27 inches, and was caught on a spoon bait with a steel rod and a 20-pound line after a fine fight which lasted 40 minutes. Think of it!—37½ pounds of grim battle. And there are many more of the same kind.

The guides themselves are a joy forever—maybe not things of beauty—but they have the lore of the countryside at their tongue tips and if, Indian-like, they show a distaste for conversation, under proper treatment, they thaw out, and after all, what's worth having is worth while waiting for. And can't those boys cook! The flavor of broiled trout will linger long, once tasted. Then, again, fishing is not the only sport open to the visitor at this delightful resort, for the Camp is equipped with canoes and row boats, and one may seek beautiful bays and inlets where to commune with Nature and enjoy the solace of your soul is pleasant indeed, or in company with a friend explore new parts. The devotees of tennis and badminton have not been forgotten, for here are lovely courts with nets in place and beckoning for the swing of the racquet and rebounce of the ball. Variety is the spice of life, and Devil's Gap Camp is where you find it, for the daily round of golf is another outdoor sport to be included in the already-too-full programme. One consoling thought, however, comes to mind, and that, the absolute freedom to come and go at will. Evening in camp is glorious: the cosy bungalow with screened verandah for a quiet hour, broken only by the occasional "put-put" of a launch, and the strains of music from the community house, where a social evening is in progress.

Nipigon

Camp comfort, scenery, guides and fish—all play, no work—Kenora—what more can the soul of man desire?

Swift's Premium Cooked Meat Specialties

—provide many delightful menus during the warm weather.

Swift's Premium Ham, with its succulent flavor and tenderness and its convenient shape for sandwich slices, has for years been first favorite for picnic lunches.

Here are also other choice Swift meats, skilfully prepared and cooked just right to impart their tempting flavor. They are carefully wrapped or otherwise clearly marked so that you can readily distinguish them as "Swifts".

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Swift's Premium Minced Specialty

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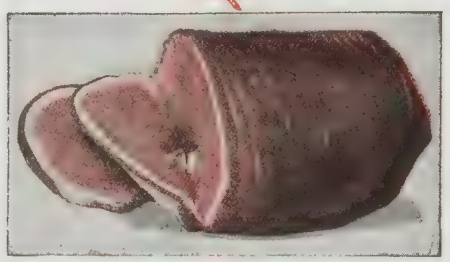
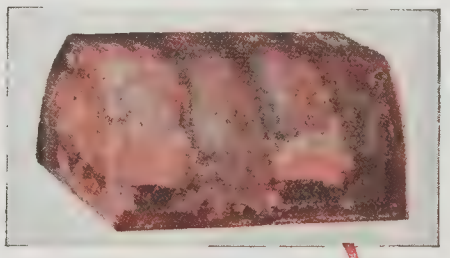
Swift's Premium Frankfurts

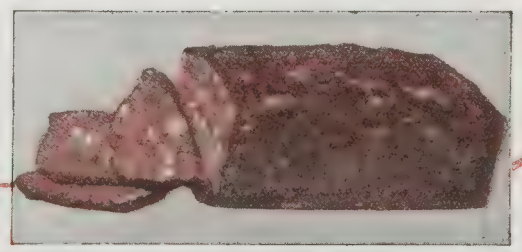


Swift's Premium Baked Ham (without dressing)



Swift's Jellied Beef Tongue

Swift's Jellied Pork Tongue



Swift's Baked Meat Lunch Loaf with Macaroni and Cheese

The Hall That is An Asset

Creating That Important First Impression

By Katherine M. Caldwell

WHAT is the first impression received by the person who enters your home? I mean *first* quite literally—not after your visitors have been welcomed and made comfortable in the living room but at that earlier moment when the front door is closed behind them and they find themselves, perhaps for the first time, in your hall.

Every hall should be, and in this day easily can be, attractive. Its attractiveness may take any one of several forms. Sometimes the hall is little more than a glorified entry; there is space for practically nothing in the way of furnishings, nevertheless, it can be given character, if only by its color treatment.

A great many people have a preference for a hall that is strictly formal. This is always a very safe treatment but it seems a pity to me that even this small bit of the home should not have some touch of individuality about it. By all means follow the formal treatment if you will—but let it suggest thoughtful planning, careful detail.

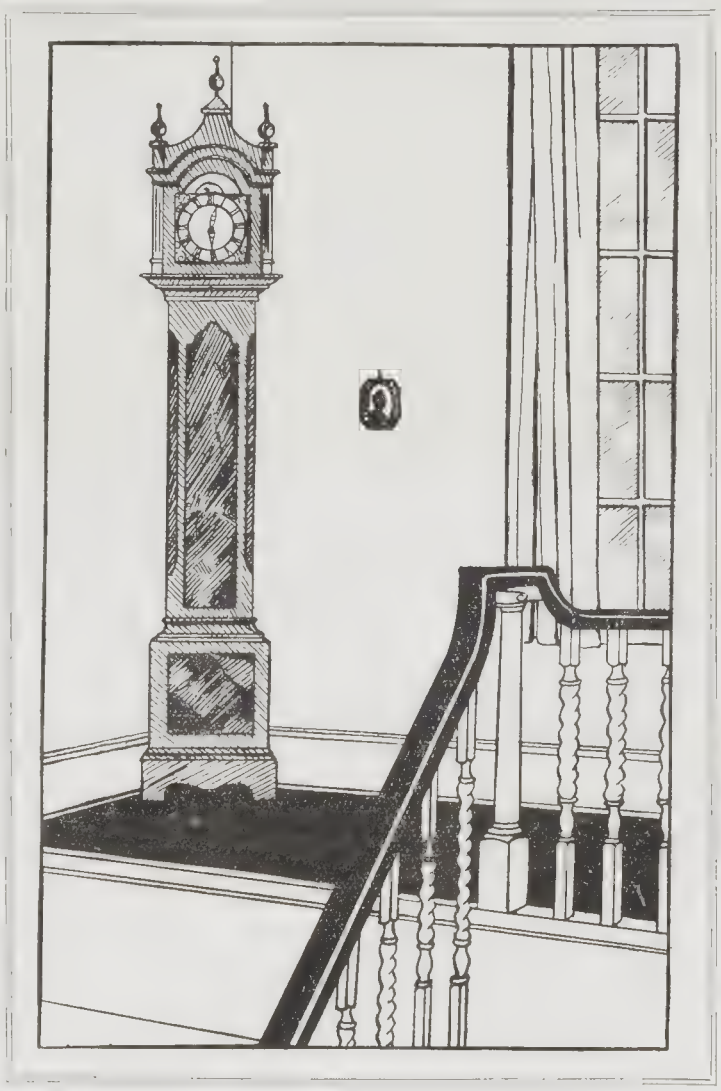
If your home, however, is a place in which punctilious order, no matter how much you may admire it, is scarcely the key-note—a house through which perhaps a good deal of happy-go-lucky life passes day by day—the hall that verges on severity might be altogether too much of an alien; it might better express something of the house and its inmates, in some informal manner in harmony with the down stair rooms. Perhaps a gay bit of color will accomplish this, or some novel grouping or quaint piece or two of furniture. Perhaps you will establish, right at the outset, a warm welcoming atmosphere that is in itself a greeting; after all, the casual caller at our door does not need to be held at a distance by a cold, impersonal hallway; it is much more important to make this first-seen part of our house mean something to those we welcome and bring into it.

Some halls are born bleak, others achieve bleakness, others, in spite of their excellent possibilities, have bleakness thrust upon them by unsympathetic handling. But for even the worst of these there is hope.

Let us deal first with the most difficult type of hall we can think of. In my estimation, it is the long, dark, narrow hall, with an uncurved, narrow stair. To prove that there is some foundation for my expression of optimism, let us start with it. And to make the worst of it, let us suppose that it is without a window, dependent on the light that comes in the probably small glass of the front door or strays from the adjoining rooms.

The first problem it presents to us is that of creating an impression of light where there is so little of the actuality. There is no need to be afraid of a colorful hall—it is quite the modern idea and a very atractive one. One sees many halls nowadays that are as bright and interesting as a living or sunroom. So for that long narrow ill-lighted hall, let us decide at once upon a really light background. Deep ivory walls would be good, or a soft yellow tint. Either one will create an impression of much more light than there really is; warm grey, the tone that has a suggestion of yellow in it, is also good. And since we are trying to offset smallness as well as darkness, the wise thing will be to paint the woodwork in exactly the same tone—this will increase the apparent size.

IF THE stairs are to be carpeted, they too may be painted cream, if the ivory or yellow walls have been used, or white, if grey has been chosen; if the stairs will remain bare, dark treads may be used in conjunction with the light rise. Light spindles are in order, with the dark polished hand rail—or if the rail is not of good wood, it may be painted in a dark color. To give these generalities definite form, as an example we might have ivory walls and trim, with a black baseboard; ivory rise and spindles, black hand rail, a black and ivory tile-patterned linoleum on the floor and for the smartest effect possible, a delicate little wrought-iron table and iron lighting fixtures. For color, a vivid pottery bowl on the table, or perhaps a small



If there is a landing on your staircase, you have a special opportunity to add interest to your hall

table or a chest of bright lacquer instead of the iron one.

The next problem to be faced in the particular hall we have selected to puzzle us, is that of breaking up its long, stringy lines. Very often there is one long, bleak side wall and to break it, we must depend upon the furnishings and the wall treatment.

Of course, if the hall is so narrow as we have supposed, any furniture used in it must not project far. The most shallow of tables, a narrow bench of good lines, a tall grandfather clock or slender, tallish chair, will be the right kind of thing. A table of some sort seems to be, on the whole, the most useful piece of furniture, with a chair, perhaps, as a close second. For the former, the narrow console type is uniformly good, and for the small place, the rounded shape, devoid of sharp corners, is undoubtedly best; it serves the purpose quite as well, occupies less actual space and *seems* to occupy still less; virtues, these, under the circumstances!

If you should aspire to a table along these lines without immediate hope of possessing it, perhaps you can contrive a very fair makeshift from something on hand to content you until such time as the new console table of your dreams becomes a possibility. I have seen a very good pair of consoles made by splitting an oval or oblong table in half, and having the extra legs turned for the backs of the two resulting tables.

To work out an attractive grouping with the small hall table as a nucleus, hang a mirror, not too heavy, above it; if the mirror is appreciably narrower than the table, and you own two tall candlesticks or even a pair of medium height which you can make taller by the use of the long candles which are so stunning, place them at the ends of the table so they will rise well above the bottom line of the mirror. Then put the card receiver or a low bowl for flowers or a nice bit of pottery or gleaming copper or brass, between the candlesticks, and you have an effective little wall group. Of course you may use a picture instead of the mirror—but the latter has the advantage in a small space, of giving an effect of additional space by its reflections.

Now if you chance to be buying all new things for your little composition, your problem is comparatively easy; you can select them in correct proportion to each other. But if you are contriving your little group from a number of pieces already on hand, you may need to do some clever manipulating to bring them all into right relationship with each other. For instance, you may have a simply-framed little mirror that is inconspicuous but adequate, or a really good but small convex one that would charm the heart of the collector of antiques; the trouble might be, however, that when hung above the table, its proportions look like those of a postage stamp. But we can get around this difficulty quite easily, and at the same time add another interesting piece of detail. Perhaps your piece-bag or box of odds and ends will produce it—or you may have to buy a yard or so of new material. A wall hanging of fabric, used as tapestry alone was wont to be employed, is now quite the fashionable thing. If you have by any chance a piece of old brocade, hem it, shir the upper edge and put it on a rod; hang it above your table, with the mirror or picture centred against it, and your group is better than ever. A piece of printed linen or cotton in good design, will serve the purpose admirably; if the design is of the picture type, do not shir it at all but hang it flat, as you would a pictorial tapestry; if it is just a piece of colorful cretonne or chintz, the softly shirred effect will probably be better. Perhaps the piece you hang against it will be a wall clock, an interesting metal tray or plaque, a sconce, an ancient sword or firearm of family interest, or even a big decorative plate in particularly good colors. There is endless scope for interesting treatment here. Practically anything decorative that could be placed against the bare wall, may be hung with equally good and often better effect, against the fabric.

TO DWELL a moment on the small hall table before passing on—it might be of practically any of the polished woods—walnut, mahogany, oak, maple; or it may be lacquered or painted Chinese red or green or soft robin's-egg blue, to give a spot of good color; occasionally black is smart, as in the black and cream hall mentioned above, but I should almost prefer a colored table, unless I had a particularly good iron one, as an accent for that hall; if using a black table, I should be careful to include the colorful pottery bowl and keep it, so far as possible flower-filled.

The chair for the hall also holds plenty of interesting possibilities. In the hall that is dignified and formal, the high-backed carved chair is a frequent habitant. In a small hall less impressiveness is more suitable. A very excellent type is an adaptation of the old ladder-back, the chair with several straight or slightly curving slats across its back; if it inclines to tallness so much the better. Any of the rather quaint rush-bottomed chairs, with straight, quiet lines, are good in the hall, used singly or in pairs. They, too, may be of one of the polished woods or they may be lacquered or painted.

Continued on page 29

Six famous cooking experts agree

Pacific Coast, Gulf of Mexico, New England, and Lake Michigan! Six of the country's foremost cooking authorities participated in a novel cooking test. And each, in her own kitchen, reached the same conclusion! Read what has been done.

PICTURED left to right—MISS ROSA MICHAELIS, *New Orleans;* MRS. SARAH TYSON RORER, *Philadelphia;* MISS LUCY G. ALLEN, *Boston;* MRS. BELLE DEGRAF, *San Francisco;* MISS MARGARET ALLEN HALL, *Battle Creek;* MRS. KATE B. VAUGHN, *Los Angeles.*

SIX FAMOUS COOKS, with many years of practical cooking experience, subjected the Perfection Stove to cooking tests far more rigorous than the average woman ever would. Each cooked the favorite dishes of her part of the country, and employed every possible method of cooking, from broiling and frying to baking. In every case they were enthusiatic about the Perfection.

"I cooked six meals," said Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer, famous Philadelphia cooking teacher and cook-book author, "and whether I broiled a steak, baked a soft molasses cake, or French fried potatoes, the results were fine."

Rich Veal Gravy

Chipped veal with rich gravy, creamy mashed potatoes, and pineapple fluff. As she cooked this meal, Miss Lucy G. Allen of the Boston School of Cookery became convinced that Perfection is a most convenient stove. "When stirring the pudding I found that the cooking surface was at just the right height," she said. "Food was cooked on four burners in a row. There was no reaching across two or three hot burners, as there is when using many other stoves."

"I cooked a roast lamb dinner and left the kitchen for quite a few minutes," said Mrs. Belle DeGraf, San Francisco home economics counsellor. "The flame never wavered. After adjusting the burner to suit my cooking, I didn't need to pay any more attention to the stove."

A Twice Happy Cook

Eggs a la King and broiled tomatoes are delicious enough in themselves, affirmed Miss Margaret Hall, Battle Creek nutrition expert, but twice as delicious to the cook whose kettle bottoms are clean. "I didn't have to scrub and scour dirty pans after cooking on the Perfection," she said.

"Long chimneys for clean kettles," says Miss Hall.

"Easy to refill Perfection reservoir," Miss Michaelis says.

It's the long chimneys which make the Perfection such a clean stove. They burn every drop of oil completely, so there is no chance for soot or odor.

"Why," remarked Mrs. Kate B. Vaughn, Los Angeles, household economics director, after baking a rich devil's food cake, "it's like cooking on a gas stove!"

Southern-Cooked Rice

"My rice went right on cooking although my oil supply ran low," said Miss Rosa Michaelis of the New Orleans Housewives' League. "I substituted a filled reservoir and my hands never touched the kerosene."

These comments are only a few made by these six famous cooks, authorities satisfied with only the best and most modern cooking equipment. They found the latest Perfection fulfilled every cooking requirement.

What does it mean to you, the woman with a family to cook for? Briefly, that when you buy a Perfection you will get cooking satisfaction, year-in, year-out, as 4,500,000 satisfied users can tell you.

See the 1926 Perfection at any dealer's. All sizes, from a small one-burner stove to a large, five-burner range. Prices are reasonable. You will add your praise to that of these experts when you cook on the latest model Perfection.

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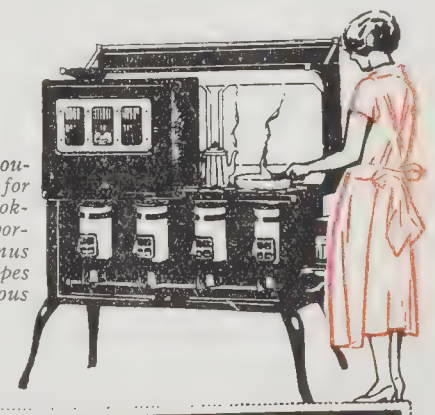
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I have a .....*Stove.*

The Philosopher

The Buffalo, the Beaver—and the Bee

THE buffalo is the emblem of Manitoba. He occupies almost the whole of the shield in the Province's coat-of-arms. The beaver, like the maple leaf—the leaf, that is, of the hard maple of Eastern Canada, not the soft maple of the West, known as the Manitoba maple—is an emblem of all Canada, but, like the buffalo, is identified with Western Canada's history from its beginnings. The beaver was the foundation of the fur trade; the beaver skin was the fur traders' unit of value. And now comes the bee to assert a claim to be recognized as a symbol not of Manitoba's past, but of Manitoba's present—and the present of the other Prairie Provinces, as well. For it is now an established fact that the prairies, with their long days of summer sunshine, furnish better pasturage for bees than any other region of this continent, a greater provision of nectar than there is in British Columbia or California or in any Eastern Province or State. Last year saw the first shipment of carload lots of Manitoba honey. Manitoba's crop of honey last year totalled $616,068. If there should be any idea of a new coat-of-arms for Manitoba, The Philosopher would like to suggest that the bee be given a place of honor on it. We human beings are only beginning to understand what a wonderful little fellow-creature we have in the bee. There is keener study of the bee by scientists now than ever before. Wheeler on this continent, Thomson in England and von Frisch in Germany are outstanding workers in this field. By means of specially designed experimental hives with glass tops and sides and a method of identifying individual bees by marking them with spots of indelible color arranged according to a code, they have learned many surprising things. They have learned that each worker bee begins by doing cleaning work in the hive, passes next through different stages of nursing duty, and after working at a regular series of other jobs in the complex activities of the hive, serves on sentry duty at the hive door, which is very important, makes a few experimental flights without collecting any nectar, and then goes forth on field duty as a nectar-collector. It takes thousands of times the amount of nectar a bee collects on one trip to make as much honey as would fill a teaspoon. Think of all this the next time you see a bee busy at a flower, and wonder anew at the world in which we and our fellow-beings live our lives.

Comparisons are Odious

AN EDITORIAL in one of the most widely-circulated monthlies in the United States says: "There is only one first-class civilization in the world today. It is right here in the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Europe's is hardly second-class." Is not that enough to make all Canada blush, from Halifax to Victoria! Consider next the following sentence from the remarkable and in many ways highly admirable book of the life and letters of Walter Hines Page, who was ambassador of the United States in London during the Great War: "God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people, and I don't think he ever will, or can." But that, perhaps, should not be taken too seriously. President Coolidge in his speech to the convention of State Governors at Washington in January last said that 24,000 deaths by highway fatalities in the United States in one year were too many. He might have added that 11,000 deaths by violence in twelve months in the United States in one year were too many. And yet Hon. David F. Houston, a high official in the United States Government writes in an article in Harper's Magazine: "The United States is in a position of leadership in fundamental idealistic, moral and spiritual forces which make a nation great, and constitute a worthy civilization." Mr. Houston's sincerity in making such a declaration is not to be questioned or doubted; at the same time it is to be noted that leading citizens of the United States are giving earnest thought to the fact that their country not only leads the world in the number of murders per 1,000 of the population and in other crimes and in disregard of law and failure to insist on its enforcement, but also holds an outstanding position by reason of the extraordinary increase of youthful criminality within its boundaries. The Philosopher hopes he is not writing in the spirit of the Pharisee. Let us hope that Canadians will never take to thanking Heaven—or themselves—that they are not as others. Self-vaunting is never justifiable or admirable. In what country are there not conditions which might be improved? People of good will everywhere are of one mind about all such things.

Why Should the Majority Rule

MAJORITY rule is the fundamental principle of democratic government. It is the basis of democratic institutions. No other foundation principle of government is possible in the modern world. But some of the writers and thinkers who are leading authorities in political science are now questioning whether there is reason for thinking that wisdom rests with fifty-one per cent of the voters rather than with forty-nine per cent. Not that these writers and thinkers do not realize that no other form of government in any country other than the majority of the people of that country desire is any longer possible. They do not dream of proposing that manhood and womanhood suffrage should be done away with and that the voting power should be restricted to a select class of enlightened citizens. Even if they wanted to propose that, they realize that nothing could be more impossible now than any restriction of the franchise. The majority rules, because in the last analysis the majority is stronger than the minority, and if it came to an actual struggle, could enforce its will. But is the majority always right? In the past this question has been raised only by those who were believers in privilege, believers in the right of persons of established wealth and position to be the ruling class, believers that reason, intelligence, learning and wisdom were the possession of only a few. They had little sympathy or respect for what they called the "common people." They were ready to admit that all men and women would stand at last equal before the Throne of God, but they did not think that all men and women could stand equal in the polling booth and mark their ballots with equal intelligence and wisdom. On the opposite side have been those who believed in the ultimate equality and fellowship of all human beings and upheld the doctrine that "a man's a man for a' that." All history shows that progress has been won for humanity by the fighters for that doctrine, the fighters against privilege. The first advocates of universal suffrage declared that even if the majority was not wise, it was on the way to wisdom, and that with sufficient education the people would learn how to rule. And, when all is said and done, this is the last word of wisdom on the whole subject. The thinkers and writers who are distressed on account of what they declare to be the failure of democratic government in any country realize all the hopes of the pioneer fighters for universal suffrage have nevertheless nothing to propose to take the place of majority rule. Further, they realize that even if they had, it would be futile to propose to do away with majority rule and substitute anything else in its place.

Stefansson and Wrangel Island

FOR Manitobans there is special interest in the doings and writings of Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the one and only person among the world celebrities of today who was born in Manitoba. In his latest book, The Adventure of Wrangel Island, he tells his story of his last expedition in the north, which was so ill-fated, and sets forth his ideas of the strategic value of Wrangel Island—to which the British government in the course of the abortive negotiations for a treaty with Soviet Russia last year waived its claim. From first to last the story of the expedition is one of tragedy. But Stefansson's writing never fails to make his readers realize that for certain persons the attraction of the Arctic is irresistible. For himself, it is plain, the power of enjoyment appears to be heightened by the cold. Sufferings are soon forgotten, he writes, in "rapid and exhilarating discoveries." The following is a typical passage: "As we struggled slowly towards shore, the invalids grew steadily weaker. Knight could not walk by himself, but was able to stumble along, holding to the sled for support. With grit such as few possess, he occasionally even used the failing remnants of his strength to help the sled over bad places." Are such adventures a waste of life or not? Most people who will read this book will begin it with minds made up one way or the other. There is much in the book to shake the certainty of either answer to the question.

A Question of Forms

A LETHBRIDGE reader writes, asking if it is justifiable to say that Canada has a more democratic form of government than the United States. Unquestionably the answer must be, Yes. This answer can be given with all due mindfulness of the Shakespearean truth that "comparisons are odious." Two centuries ago it was written:

> "For forms of government let fools contest;
> That which is best administered is best."

These words of the great poet of Queen Anne's time are not to be agreed with unreservedly. At the same time it must be admitted that the form is not everything. The form of government which the United States has was devised generations before responsible self-government was worked out in Canada and in other British lands overseas from Great Britain—and, indeed, before Great Britain itself had the fulness of democracy which it has today. Thus it was that the framers of the United States constitution, who were born in and grew up in Colonies ruled by Royal Governors and knew no other system, devised a system based on the system they knew—just as the inventor of the first typewriter made his keyboard like the keyboard of a piano. So it was that the framers of the United States constitution made the President like a Royal Governor, with executive powers which the Governor-General at Ottawa does not begin to possess, just as the State Governors have powers which no Lieutenant-Governor of a Province in this country possesses. The President, as a matter of fact, has more power than the King has. There is not room here to state the many contrasts between the Canadian system and the United States system, which was framed by men who made no concealment of their dread of giving too much power into the hands of the people, as is strikingly in evidence in the method they provided for electing the President, which is now followed in form, but not at all in reality. To answer the Lethbridge inquirer in the fewest words, the Canadian system is more democratic in form than the United States system because it was framed in 1867, whereas the United States system was framed in 1787. The eighty years between 1787 and 1867 saw greater political development under the British flag than any other eighty years in history saw anywhere in the world.

The "Mysteries" of Migration

FROM an English subscriber to the Western Home Monthly, who writes from Oxford, comes a letter about some remarks which were made on this page in the April number about the wild geese flying northward. "It is hard to believe," the letter says, "that something deeper and more mysterious than intelligence guides the migration of birds." The Philosopher must say he believes that if we could only get at the truth, we should find that bird migration is due to intelligence and habit. As for guidance on their travels, there is enough light on clear nights to allow them to follow the main landmarks. They make a practice of following rivers and streams. The Red river, like every other river flowing north or south, is a main travelled route of bird travel. That birds have no magnetic or other sense unknown to us to guide them is shown by their losing their way in fogs, or when they are dazzled and puzzled by the lights of a city. Last fall the Philosopher described how a flight of wild geees were thrown into complete disorder one September night by the lights of Winnipeg. If it could be shown that young birds migrate alone to winter quarters they have not seen, their power of finding their way unaided would have to be ascribed to "instinct," or to use another term (which seems less mysterious, perhaps, but really is no less mysterious at all), namely, "inherited memory." But there is no record of young birds thus migrating before their parents, or without their parents, and finding their way alone and unaided. Surely it is hard to resist the belief that migrating birds are actuated throughout by motives which we can well understand, and that observation and study will sooner or later explain all their actions as due to intelligence, and not to the mysterious something which we call "instinct." Of the extraordinary intelligence of the wild geese The Philosopher witnessed a striking proof in April last, which he will tell about in an early number of the Monthly.

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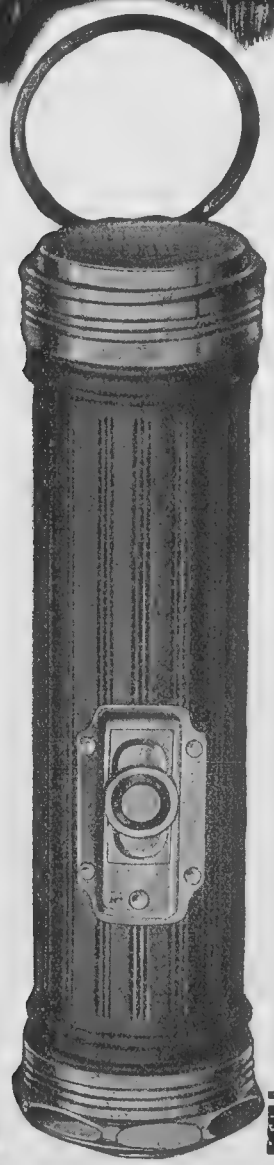
FLASHLIGHT.
This agreement holds during the life of the flashlight. If you have a disused one, send it to us.



"—we missed that drop by inches"

"You never know when you want a headlight behind," says the man-who-tells-about-it, after he nearly backed his car over the end of a greasy culvert. Six inches separated his family and his automobile from an eight-foot drop into a muddy stream. "It took a heap of matches before we got clear," he said, "so now I carry an Eveready Flashlight."

Exactly! That's why every wise motorist, in these days of touring and camping carries

an Eveready Flashlight
for safety's sake

Note these features: octagonal lens ring—rests without rolling; end-ring hanger—hang it up; safety lock switch; focussing device—graduating from a piercing 300-foot beam to a wide arc near at hand; ribbed case in nickel or gunmetal; bevelled lens of clear crystal. No wonder the Eveready Flashlight is the best in the world.

Eveready unit cells fit — and improve any make of flashlight. Reloading is a matter of seconds.

At any electrical, hardware, drug store, sport goods store, garage or auto accessory shop.

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FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

The Perfume of Happiness

LIKE music or colors, perfumes can make one happy or depressed. Society women in New York discovered this when Bourjois introduced Ashes of Roses, the most tenderly wistful, sense-appealing fragrance known.

"Perfume of Happiness" it became to its hosts of users. Its power to make you radiantly content—to arouse admiration, is as mysterious as it is tantalizing.

In smart Flaconettes and lovely crystal bottles, also in Powders, Creams, Rouges and Compactes, at all the better stores.

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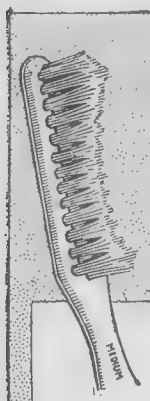

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Always Sold in the Yellow Box

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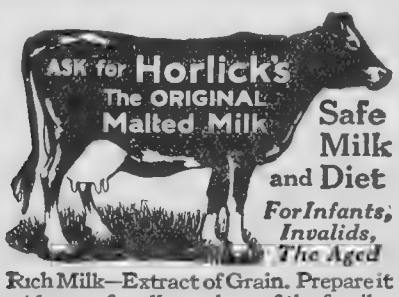

Safe Milk and Diet

For Infants, Invalids, The Aged

Rich Milk—Extract of Grain. Prepare it *at home*, for all members of the family, by briskly stirring the powder in hot or cold water, no cooking. Use any time; when faint or hungry. A hot cupful, on retiring, induces refreshing sleep.

Adventurous Pioneers Crossed Tidal Waters in Open Boats and Settled Gulf Islands

BY EDITH M. CUPPAGE

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, when British Columbia was young, a young man put his remaining two dollar bill in his pocket, and taking his canoe (patched with tin) he paddled forth over the grey waters from his flooded-out home on the Sumas delta in search of a kindlier shore.

A Home and Berry Patch wrested from the Bush

Swift tides and favorable back eddies carried him into the shelter of a beautiful bay at Mayne Island in the group of island gems of the Pacific lying midway in the Gulf of Georgia between Vancouver Island and the mainland of British Columbia.

Here landed William Robson, one of the first white men to settle in this superbly beautiful and productive archipelago, where relics of the Redskin, and traces of early Spanish settlers are now almost entirely obliterated.

Mr. Robson's two dollar bill was used to record his pre-emption of land on Mayne Island. Although this adventurous and enterprising pioneer has now "gone west" again on the last journey, his family still remains on the flourishing dairy farm which he established in the open vales of the primeval forest, or cleared by hand through years of persistent industry. The original log cabin and the giant tree stump from which its interior boards were hewn still stand beside the present modern farm house which housed wife, children, and grandchildren. That is how the first white men came to these islands that are now so well settled. Everyone lived by rod and gun in those days, trading their produce at Victoria after making the trip through vicious tides and rips by skiff or canoe.

"There aint none of the young fellows could git to Victoria without a motor boat nowadays," grinned one of the old-timers, as he recalled some of the early days.

"We did a lot o' things in them days I wouldn't want to do now," reminisced another, smirking behind his hand as he stroked some whiskers.

NO one knows for how many centuries nature reigned supreme over the ridges and valleys composing these island jewels of the Pacific. A luxuriant forest vegetation flourishes, and amid the sombre evergreens brilliant maple, graceful alder, and golden arbutus mingle their varied foliage, while in the sunny open spaces flowers and fruit ripen lusciously in the soft salubrious air. In the early days the wild animals multiplied unmolested, and game is still unusually abundant.

Relics of Redskin battleground and hunting field are still to be found in this fascinating archipelago of the Gulf of Georgia. It is thought that the first Spaniards who came to the west coast of Vancouver Island also made extensive visits to the smaller islets. Certainly, the names of many of the islands have a Spanish origin.

Then when the Gentlemen Adventurers were founding the Hudson Bay post at Fort Camosun (Victoria) and the early colonists were exploring the valleys of the mainland, some would hearken to stories of the wondrously beautiful islands of the Gulf of Georgia where fish and game abounded, and where land was to be had for the asking.

S. S. Charmer at Mayne Island Wharf, Active Pass

Many Small Holdings

MANY of the larger farms on the islands were first cleared out of the virgin bush. Now they are sub-divided into smaller holdings for dairying and fruit growing. A big fur farm is one of the latest enterprises located on Galiano Island.

There are many beauty spots on these lovely islands, but one of the most striking is the high bluff which is the site of the little Anglican Church facing the setting sun as it goes down behind the purple hills that seem to close the end of the Pass. Two giant arbutus trees form a frame for this incomparable picture of the whirling waters with the dark hills and snow tipped mountains. The pathway from the road winds upwards through a mass of broom, honeysuckle and roses. A memorial tablet in the entrance porch records the giving of the church site by the late Warburton Pike, widely known as Galiano Island, and provides a thrilling memory for every voyageur travelling by the palatial coast steamers between Vancouver and Victoria. As the vessel enters this famous Active Pass (or Plumper Pass) her shrill whistle sounds a warning, sometimes echoing from hill to hill. Mighty tides and whirlpools make the bigger ships sway in their course, and force the smaller ones into the shelter of the shore. Little pleasure craft, or motor fishing boats, pant along close to shore, seeking favorable back-eddies to carry them through.

At the entrance to The Pass on the north end stands the famous Point Comfort lighthouse. It is one of the most important beacons on the coast, and marks the course for a vast and increasing amount of shipping taking the inside narrow passage just described, and lights the entrance of the Pass for the deep sea vessels taking the outer passage.

This famous light was tended for thirty-five years by Henry Georgeson, who is ninety-one or ninety-two years of age. He holds the Dominion Government medal inscribed. "For Faithful Service." He has now retired to his original homestead on Galiano Island where he brought up a fine family of young British Columbians.

Point Comfort is the Mayne Island home of Capt. Eustace Maude who recently made a sensational attempt to sail alone to England in the Half Moon. The big hotel owned by the Maude family for many years is now operated by Col. and Lady Constance Fawkes, who have developed it into a delightful summer resort.

A Jam factory looks to the raspberry and loganberry patches to fill its increasing needs

The Famous Active Pass

THE rushing water, urged by rising tides, winds like the letter S through a narrow channel between Mayne and

Continued on page 67

They Cheat the Mending Basket Because They're THREE-THREAD KNIT*

*Three-Thread Knit and Button Sewing

Every woman knows that if she sews on a button with three threads it will hold much longer than if one thread only of three times the weight is used.

It is this same principle, applied to Buster Brown Stockings in the *Three-Thread Knit* process, that gives these stockings a wear-resisting quality and finer appearance obtainable in no other way.

OF COURSE your boy is hard on stockings. He wouldn't be a ***real*** boy if he wasn't.

His stockings need not be the most prominent in the mending basket, however. Buster Brown Stockings are made for just such boys as he is. They're ***Three-Thread Knit*** to cheat the mending basket and save you money.

Three-Thread Knit (knit from three threads) is a more expensive process, but makes a much stronger stocking than when only one heavy thread is used. Consequently, Buster Brown Stockings wear longer, require less mending, are more economical, have a softer "feel" and more finely finished appearance.

A Particular Grade of Yarn Spun in Our Own Mills

Buster Brown Stockings are made from a special grade of soft, long staple cotton particularly suitable for the purpose. We buy it in bales and spin it in our own mills to get the exact quality yarn we require.

Most good dry goods stores have sold Buster Brown Stockings for many years. Thousands of thrifty mothers have learned their many advantages. Prove their economy for your boy. Look for the Buster Brown trade-mark on the sole of every stocking.

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The BUSTER BROWN THREE-THREAD KNIT STOCKINGS FOR BOYS

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THE fashionable Pointed heel is a feature of Penmans pure thread silk hose. It is a Fashion Leader. Made in all the latest shades and sold in popular weights from sheer to heavy.

PENMANS pure thread silk hosiery is preferred for its durability quite as much as for its exquisite, fairy-like texture and luxurious comfort. After innumerable washings Penmans remains as lustrous and charming as when it is first worn.

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PEN-ANGLE KNIT-GOODS

The Greatest Thing in the World

By M. Jessie Leitch

MARY LEE'S heart sank as the doctor's automobile approached the Langley farm.

"It looks worse than it really is, inside," the doctor volunteered. "You won't have to work half as hard as you did on that last case," he added, teasingly, recalling the great yellow farm house on the wind-swept heights above the Manitoba lake, where for days, Mary Lee had ministered to an elderly Swede who spoke no English and declined to try. His wife had followed the nurse around the house with a bunch of keys, opening cold empty rooms shrouded in linen, cupboards where unbelievable quantities of old-country linen sheets and pillow cases, table linen and blankets were piled, and showing her photograph albums filled with queer, dear people of another land. Mary declared she had had an actual rest on the case, and she laughed softly as she remembered. "The dear old souls," she said. "They both cried when I came away."

"I have an odd affection in my heart for Mrs. Langley," said the doctor as he helped Mary Lee out of the car.

"She is one of these women who has given the best of her life for others. She has worked like a slave all the years I have known her, had more sorrow than her share, and now she is getting old and lonely and no one seems to care a great deal, not even her husband. They need something to draw them together."

The house was shabby and the yard around it was untidy and littered with rusty old farm implements. Some skinny chickens scratched in the dust, and a pig looked enquiringly at the nurse as she picked her way across the chip-strewn steps.

The fire in the kitchen stove was out. Greasy dishes were piled on the table and every available chair. Flies buzzed in and out of a long rent in the screen door.

It was mid July and the heat of the kitchen was unbearable. The sunlight was beating against the uncurtained windows and making dusty panels on the bare unscrubbed floor.

A man in a black shirt and overalls rose to greet the doctor and the nurse, unsmilingly. He had been reading an old almanack.

"The missus is complaining about pains in her back, Doc," he said. "Is this the nurse from the city?"

Assured that it was, the man, Albert Langley looked the girl's trim figure over appraisingly, and said; "You don't look very hefty, Miss. Ever on a farm before?"

"Lots of times," Mary Lee said, cheerfully. "I was born on one. And I know all about farm life, and I like it, so don't think you can make fun of me because I happen to come from the city."

Albert Langley looked at her doubtfully. But all he said was. "The missus seems to be purty sick. Purty sick." And sighing heavily, he sat down by the table of dirty dishes and took up the almanack again.

"They've lost seven children. None of them lived to be more than a year old. Don't ask her how many children she has," warned the doctor, as they went up the dark, creaking stairs.

The bedroom was so dark that at first Mary Lee could not see the figure on the bed. A grey blanket had been pinned over the single window to shut out the sunlight. The room was close and stuffy, and Mary Lee gasped as she fell over objects of furniture in her effort to reach the bed.

"I've brought the nurse, Mrs. Langley, and I want you to do everything she asks you to, and get strong and well, as I know you will, very soon," said the doctor, briskly, pulling the quilt away from the window and sitting down by the bed.

The silent, white-faced woman looked at Mary Lee and turned her face to the wall. "I'm tired. Don't bother me," she said.

ONLY a woman can appreciate the days that followed.

Days when for hours at a time no words were exchanged between Mary Lee and her patient. Moments of desperation when Mary Lee longed for someone to speak to, ached with the very loneliness of the empty, desolate house.

Little by little Mary Lee introduced sunshine and air into the sick room, broke down old settled convictions about "night air being bad for you," and won her patient over to a voiceless appreciation of the daily bath, the cool, clean sheets that were found after an endless search in trunks and cupboards, the nightly talcum-rubs, the adjusting of pillows, the thousand and one little attentions that make a sick bed comfortable, temporarily, at least.

Mary Lee knew that her patient's silence and lack of interest in her surroundings was the culmination of long years of drudgery and hard work. Stupified, drugged with weariness, Mrs. Langley had gone on year after year until something snapped, and she realized that her strength had gone. Mary Lee's task was to win it back for her. To make her take an interest once more in things around her. To make her want to be well, instead of content to lie, hour after hour, with her face to the wall, looking at nothing.

As for Albert Langley, Mary Lee knew now to make him talk. Sometimes she wished, in vain, that he would stop talking.

She mothered him, as she mothered her patient.

And Albert Langley, coming in from the hot fields with the "help" to find his meals ready, the house clean, and a bright-faced girl running up and down stairs, wearing a nurses' uniform, but doing the work of three or four women, with a laugh on her lips, expanded like a flower in the sun, and told Mary Lee the entire story of his life.

"That nurse over to our house is a wonder," he would tell every farmer he met on the way to town.

Day by day Mary Lee strove to reach her patient, who lay so still and silent in the bed she had dragged over near the window.

In vain she flooded the room with sunlight, brought little gifts of flowers from the fields and the garden at the side of the house that was choked with weeds.

A spray of wild roses, with the dew still pearling their hearts brought no quick smile to Mrs. Langley's face.

The twitter of birds in the dawn when the very incense of the morning stole in to caress her brow seemed to mean nothing to her. At night when the wood doves were cooing in the treetops behind the house, she told Mary Lee that they annoyed her.

Mary tried to drive them away to their wonderment and dismay.

One night when the harvest moon drenched the fields with flickering moon-gold she told Mary Lee to light the lamp. Moonlight, she said, made her lonesome.

Mary Lee, concentrating on bringing a smile back to the face of the thin dark-eyed woman in that upstairs bedroom began to lose hope, at last, of succeeding.

"Doesn't your wife ever talk at all?" she asked Albert one evening.

A rainy evening, it was, and Mary had pinned red paper around the lamp in the sick room, to make it look cheery, had prepared a tempting meal on a dainty tray, and had come down stairs at last

Continued on page 68

FAMOUS FEET

...how they're kept free from corns..

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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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Make the Grandparents Comfortable

By Marilla R. Whitmore

HOW many of us have grandparents with us in the home? Alas, too often we view these elderly relatives of ours with disfavor, brand them as nuisances in our own minds, if not aloud, and are impatient and cross with them, forgetting what they have gone through in doing for us in early years.

Some way or other no home seems complete and genuine unless a grandmother is numbered among the family circle. Perhaps I am old fashioned, but it seems to me we need the three generations taking part together in the affairs of the home to keep the family life normal, well balanced and tempered by the proper regard that is due old age. Children who have grown up with a grandmother whom they have been taught to treat with deference never lose their consideration for older people. But how often the younger generation are allowed to be pert or disrespectful to grandpa or grandma, particularly if the old people are dependent.

Grandma and grandpa should have a place in the household that is their very own. All too often their position as members of the family is sadly equivocal and their attitude towards them one of patient, or impatient tolerance. This is the pathos of old age.

What if the old folks are a bit shaky and spot your fresh table linen? Tactfully ignore this and try to remember before you chide them and hurt their feelings of the times that you must have upset glass or plate as a child, and this same parent had to work for you. What if the old folk are ailing. Think of the times without number that "Mother" sat with you wrapped in her arms before the old base-burner while "Father" went forth into the stormy night to fetch the doctor who perhaps lived miles and miles away. Did they complain? No, indeed, they did this for you willingly, gladly, as a matter of course, so why not in your turn do likewise and take every care of the frail old mother or father?

Grandma probably has done her full share of hard work in other days, now, when there should be a little surcease, work beyond her strength and too much responsibility and care of children is often thrust upon her. It is so easy for the younger mothers to flit off for a whole day or even more and leave grandma slowly and faithfully to plod through the day's work and care for the little ones, who shrewdly demand more attention from her than from their less patient mothers.

Grandma is only too ready and willing to be house mother once in a while but it should not be so often as to seem a burden. It is hard for these older women to feel that they must be continually helping about the work, to feel obliged to keep always on hand in order to take hold of some household task if need be. The happiest grandmothers are those who have certain parts of the routine work which is theirs, especially theirs, to do, and when this work is done they may feel free.

It should be understood by the children that, when grandma's door is closed, she is resting and that she must then never on any account be disturbed. Children cannot be taught too early to respect that closed door.

But one must take care and not go to the opposite extreme and not allow the old folks to assume an active part in the household. This will hurt them and this mistaken kindness often hurries the elderly people who have been used to an active life into an early grave. They like to feel that they are needed and wanted and have a place in the household; they do not wish to be wrapped up in cotton wool and put on the shelf. Who hasn't heard a daughter or even sons say: "Now mother, you shouldn't do that; you don't have to work; you are too old to do much work; you go and lie down and I will attend to that." Even if they are old and a trifle shaky they do not relish being told so.

The elderly people enjoy motoring, so see that they are asked to accompany the crowd whenever possible and see to it that they are not annoyed or overburdened with squirming folks on the trip out.

I ADMIRE that daughter-in-law who urged her husband's mother to bring all the old-fashioned things she loved so much from the old home and installed them in the spare bedroom. No matter what happens in that house, grandma is never asked to give up her bed or to sleep with a child. Here she lives in peace, surrounded by the things she loved best; here are her own plants, that she enjoys tending and giving cuttings to friends and neighbors; here she can entertain her friends, talking over old times, she has her comfortable rocker, her comfortable feather-bed without which she would find it hard to sleep. There is a small heater installed in grandma's room as well, so that on cool or rainy nights a little fire adds to her comfort, for elderly people love a fire they can draw up to and see. Radiators don't seem to fill the bill at all.

The grandchildren deem it a privilege to go to grandma's room and never burst in upon her, but knock and wait until bidden before they enter as if she were an honored guest, as she surely is, in that household. They are not allowed to rummage through Grandma's things, but if she shows them her old-fashioned pictures or books they take a great delight in listening and looking. Even in the busy swirl of life the father and mother never forgot to go to the bedroom of that aged parent at night and talk with her.

Besides her own room where she can retire and find closed-door privacy grandma should have a place downstairs that is particularly and individually her own. All that is needed is a sunny window with a broad shelf for her show plants, a comfortable chair and footstool, a little table to hold her book and work-basket or whatever small belongings she chooses to have close by.

We should none of us ever forget that the grandmas and grandpas cannot last always; that your mother or "his" mother, or your father or "his" father should be tenderly cared for and loved as precious possessions during the few years whose number cannot be foretold, and then there will never be anything to regret.

No Business for a Quick-Tempered Man

Shrilling loudly in the silence of the night, says "Answers", the chemist's bell roused him from slumber. With reluctance he wrapped himself in a dressing gown and went downstairs, shivering, to be met at the door by a placid-looking man who merely wanted a bottle of soda water.

The chemist's feelings were strong, but he resolved to do business.

"Twopence extra on the bottle," he murmured blandly, "which will be allowed on return."

Then he returned to bed.

Two hours later the bell rang again. Once more he went down. Again it was the placid-looking man.

"There's your bottle," he said calmly. "Gimme my tuppence."

The Lesson of Samson

There is a lad in a town in New Hampshire, says the New York Times, where the thrifty mothers are still wont to cut their children's hair by means of a pair of shears and a bowl, who has always felt that sort of thing to be a degradation.

In Sunday school the teacher told the class of which this boy was a member the story of Samson and Delilah. When she had finished she said to him:

"Henry, what do you learn from the Samson story?"

"That it don't never pay," responded Henry promptly, "to let a woman cut a feller's hair."

A Missouri paper tells of a foreigner who learned to speak English from seed catalogues. It is always a good plan to begin with the roots of a language.

You cannot envy, despise or hate another without giving him some of your time.

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

Mama's Boy

Continued from page 8

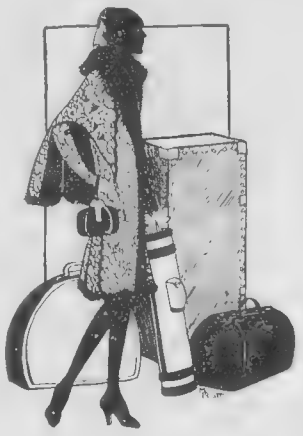
not been an unusual sight during the last miles of his ride from La Junta.

Would he be too late? As the car drew up at the ranch house, he paid no heed to the clamor that ensued, and gave orders that the contents of the car was to remain untouched.

Motioning Patten inside, he threw his hat on the floor by his side and brought out the "makings" while Patten eyed him suspiciously.

"Well, boss, I've found water," he began.

"Suppose it's packed in those boxes you're so careful of," dryly remarked Patten. Now, where in hell have you been? Where's your pack horse outfit, and saddle horse?"



"Saddle horse at La Junta, maybe she'll live. Pack horse probably dead of thirst somewhere in the foothills. These boxes contain dynamite and a machine gun. I've been busy."

Patten drew over a spittoon, bit off a chew, and seating himself facing Stimpson, said solemnly: "Tell it all, young fella, it must be something good when my cattle are dying by the dozens, and you can smile."

Stimpson handed him a slip of paper with the description of a certain quarter section, remarking: "You had better have your daughter return with the man in the car. She has a right and should file on that immediately."

"But this," returned Patten, is nearly at the top of Mt. Crescent—ah! it's the water. You found water there?"

"Just that; and here is a cancellation on the Jake Hyde quarter, the homesteader who was burned out. I found at the land office that it was open for cancellation, owing to the non-appearance of Hyde, and to the carelessness of Tom Gunter in not filing a previous cancellation."

"But that water is too far away for my cattle—what's the idea?"

"Oh, I've taken a liking to that valley myself. I found—but no matter. That'll keep till later."

"But the boxes in the car?"

"You said tell it all and now you don't give me a chance. In three days with your entire crew we can tap that stream and have the water down to the stock. In the car outside are the necessary drills, etc. to do the work quickly. After that—I propose to erect buildings on the Jake Hyde homestead and fence off the water from Gunter's cattle. I have permission from the proper authorities, to protect my property; hence the machine gun. Now, let's get busy."

In an incredibly short time Patten's cattle were saved, and with the help of three men, Stimpson was busy fencing off the spring and building a shack on his homestead.

There had been no interference from Gunter, until one day as "Ginger" Conway was stretching wire, Stimpson heard the crack of a rifle. Looking toward Conway, he saw him stoop to pick up his high-crowned hat, and when he arrived at Ginger's side the cowboy was examining a neat hole through that same crown.

"Purty good shootin'," he remarked quietly, and resumed his work with no further ado.

"Too good to suit me, Ginger. I've got a proposition to make Mr. Gunter and I'm going over there soon to make it."

A WEEK later they were hailed from the yard, and going outside, Stimpson was handed a letter by one of Gunter's men.

Tearing it open, he read: "Mr. J. Stimpson—I should be pleased to have you come over this evening, as I find that you have filed on land that shuts me off from water for my cattle. I hope we may reach some agreement satisfactory to all concerned. Yours resp., Tom Gunter."

Smiling, he stuffed the note in a side pocket and informed the man that he would be glad to comply with the request it contained.

"Better not go, sonny," said Ginger as they returned to an interrupted meal. "That hombre is framin' you and my advice is to sit tight."

"Might as well thresh it out first as last. I've got a scheme that's my own personal affair and you boys might get hit somewhere else besides in the hat next time, so—ah!—good evening, Miss Patten. Come in and have bachelor's supper with us."

"Go ahead, Mr. Stimpson; say it all. You think I am a long way from home and night coming on. I am, but we heard at the Double S that Ginger had been wounded."

"Yes, in the sombrero," Conway grinned.

"Anyway, daddy thought—well, he didn't just know I had ridden this way but—he's worried."

"Ginger" gave his companions a twisted smile, and a scarcely perceptible nod toward Stimpson.

"I just reached the top of the ridge when my horse went lame."

Two things make Western men move quickly: First, a woman in distress, and secondly a horse. As Stimpson was crowding through the door he stopped suddenly as a small hand was placed on his arm.

"Don't you think three men sufficient to attend a lame horse?" Make me some tea, Mr. Fire-eater, while I talk some sense into that white head of yours. Don't go to Tom Gunter's tonight. I overheard your remarks, and you are digging your own grave if you go there. I don't doubt, regardless of the fact that Jake Hyde is supposed to have left the country, that he may have burned in his shack. No remains were ever found, but that doesn't prove anything to me." Here she noticed him start and suddenly turn ashen. "You don't know the value ranchers place on their water supply, and neighbors dare not inquire too closely into the leave-taking of Jake Hyde."

"I do know, and that's one reason I'm going. I also have a private reason for going. If I thought that homesteader had burned up with his shack, it would be all the more reason for my trip."

He came and stood beside her and his great stature made her somehow feel the need of some such protector. As she lifted a hand to brush back a straying lock of hair, she looked anything but the untamable Madge Patten he had known. He had never been a woman's man, so he was searching his brain blindly for the cause of the new sensation that rushed over him.

"If you knew," he began, "if you even guessed the reason for my going, you would be urging me to go by all means. If I succeed in my plans—it means everything to me. You should not have come so far from home at this time of night, but now that you are here your best plan is to remain over night."

"I don't expect any trouble, but the machine gun covers the only approach and we have prepared as for a siege. You will be safe here tonight with Ginger and the other two boys, and now I am due in two hours at Tom Gunter's ranch."

He lifted a hand unknowingly and touched the scar on his cheek and wondered why she turned pale, wincing as from a blow. Her whip had made that scar, on her first encounter with him.

He halted in a tree belt half expecting she would perhaps be standing in the doorway. Instead he saw Ginger and his companions returning from looking after her horse.

They stopped suddenly at the cabin door and, peering inside, something seemed to change their minds about entering, for they turned and tip-toed to a safe distance. Here they seemed to be holding some sort of council. In after years it sifted through and came to his knowledge, what they had seen through their open door. Among their supper dishes, between outstretched arms, a head surrounded by a mass of dishevelled hair was bent. Great sobs shook the small frame of their boss's only child, the untamable Madge Patten.

JACK STIMPSON sat opposite his host. Between them was a well filled decanter and glasses. An old-fashioned lamp with elaborate shade cast a soft glow upon the set features of Tom Gunter and the smiling boyish face of his visitor.

They had tried vainly to thresh out the question of water and now sat, each measuring the other. Neither spoke for a long time. Gunter turned the stem of an empty glass between blackened fingers and cursed silently as he thought of his thirsty herds.

Stimpson inhaled the smoke of a cigarette and thought of a wayward brother, whose upbringing had been a big problem in his life. His muscles were strained as he leaned forward, grasping the table-edge.

"You say my buildings will be in ashes and fences down before morning, if I refuse to accept your offer of one thousand dollars for a relinquishment of the homestead. What earthly good will that do when I can rebuild. No, my price for that place is just five thousand dollars, and you——"

The same alert ear that had detected a sound of running water that day in the mountains, now heard the faint creak of a board. His hands already grasping the table-edge gave a tremendous shove, and Tom Gunter found himself struggling beneath it. Luckily the lamp was extinguished and when light came again to the darkened room, it was from Stimpson's flashlight.

He had grappled with the man who would have pinioned his arms from behind. It had been a sharp, decisive battle, which had left him in a position to dictate terms. Tom Gunter struggled to his feet and with uplifted hands he gazed spellbound at a fighting fool. That smile still hovered about the lips of Stimpson, but it was not the boyish grin of good-natured tolerance. This was a Norseman fighting on the high seas. Another Harald Fairhair of past ages. A blond giant whose rights had been trampled on. He had now turned the shaft of light on the man who lay so still where he had fallen, and nearly forgot his other adversary in his surprise at recognizing the features of Omar Patton's foreman. Out of the fight, for a crimson stream came from a wound in the temple. He had struck some object in falling.

"Now, Gunter, you may bring me pen and paper, right the table and I will fill in this check on your bank for you to sign. I know you will not have sufficient funds on hand to meet my demands, after this little demonstration. My price for that homestead has advanced from five thousand to exactly twenty thousand."

The other obeyed and again faced his guest across the table, sullen defiance in the beady eyes.

"I'll just make it on the La Junta bank. I am assured you have that much on deposit there. Our cards are all, or nearly all, on the table. I have only to play my remaining trump to beat you hands down. Really I don't know how I ever entertained the thought of selling out for five thousand dollars, knowing what I do."

"Suppose I refuse; what can you do? You are certainly mad to think

Continued on page 28

Where the Salmon run—Salt Spring Island, B. C.

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Lewis' story—"Arrow-Smith"—was awarded first place in 1925 fiction.

"MANTRAP" is one of the greatest contributions to literature in recent years, and we feel confident that readers of The Western Home Monthly will be delighted at the opportunity of reading this epic.

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG

Mama's Boy

Continued from page 26

I would beggar myself for a mere threat."

"Time passes, and I must hurry back to the ranch," said Stimpson as he slowly took two blackened objects from his pocket and placed them on the table.

The other glared sullenly at the still smiling Stimpson, but he was weakening preceptibly.

"That signet ring, Mr. Gunter, was a birthday gift from my mother to my brother Harold Stimpson. The watch was likewise a present from myself on the same date, his twenty-first birthday. You killed him!—now please sign that check and also this statement I have prepared, which will prove that you have paid me twenty thousand dollars for the homestead with all water rights, etc. Don't make a wrong move, because I'd rather kill you than give you up to the law——"

He got no further, for Gunter drew over the check and statement, signing both. A weird grin twisted the bloated face as he looked beyond Stimpson at something he seemed to see there.

"You win. It's your pot. I didn't know the blame fool would burn in his bed. Ugh! I thought I'd forgot."

"At least my conscience is clear in accepting this check for the place with its water supply is really worth the money to you. Now, your man and myself were quite drunk the other evening, in La Junta. At least he thought I was and I knew he was, which amounts to the same thing. In a jovial moment he told me many interesting things; among them was the fact that you had burned my brother's buildings. He also said that you have a vault in the cellar here for the storage of booze. Now, just for safety's sake you may accompany me there just ahead of this gun. He also stated that it could be securely locked. On my visit to the bank to get the cash on this check, I shall inform the sheriff of everything that has transpired and he will be the one to liberate you."

FIFTEEN minutes later Stimpson pushed open the door of the bunk house which stood near. Dawn was not far distant and he had need of haste. Instead of finding the bunks filled with sleeping cowboys, as he expected, it held a single occupant. At a table the Chinese cook was engaged at his favorite pastime, solitaire. He turned unconcernedly as the door opened and regarded Stimpson's torn clothing with a vacant stare.

Stimpson wondered at his composure, as he must have heard the noise of the struggle in the ranch house.

"You makee lacket,' he grinned. Mebbeso you killee Mist. Guntl. Me no care. No dlam good." He spread his hands wide. "He killee me too, Charlie, same like. Tly to some tilme."

"If you love him so much, perhaps you'll help me out. Tell me where all the help is gone tonight."

"Alle glon. Burn up lanch house. Mebbe shoot——"

"My God! Madge Patten is there!" groaned Stimpson.

As he swung into the saddle, any patron at the paying teller's window who had known him as Percival Stimpson, the exact, immaculate Percy, would scarcely have recognized him in this grim rider. Long before he came in sight of his homestead he noted a reddish glare which told its own tale. Reaching the rim of the valley he rode recklessly toward the burning buildings.

Just outside the cabin lay three forms. They were all his men. He turned from a hurried examination of the bodies, and the customary smile was missing.

"'Ginger' Conway dead—the others badly wounded but breathing!" I should have added another twenty thousand to that check for the death of these three boys."

A faint hail came from a nearby thicket. With gun to the fore, he warily approached. Seated on a huge stone, Madge Patten faced two of Gunter's men, who stood with hands elevated. As she saw Stimpson she uttered the one word "Jack," then slid to the ground, while the gun she held so unsteadily fell unheeded.

ALL the foothills people were there in their starched best when Percival 'Jack' Stimpson came from the door of the little gray church around the corner, supporting the arm of the untamable Madge Patten. She was extremely happy for she now had a big, blond, adorable boy to boss.

"Now, 'Mama's Boy,'" here she stepped aside as if to avoid another spanking. "Here at the church door is where you promised to tell me what mysterious happening in your past caused you to dodge the officers of the law. You tell me you just mailed a check for five thousand dollars to a Canadian bank and still have fifteen thousand dollars on deposit there. Not that I don't trust you, Mr. 'Crook,' but a bargain's a bargain. How did you get all that money out of the Jake Hyde homestead?"

"Not Jake Hyde, but Harold Stimpson, my brother," he told her. He placed a small box in her hand and let her gaze wonderingly at the blackened ring and watch.

"I found those in the ashes of the burned cabin that morning when I went up in the hills." He explained to her what we already know regarding them, and continued:

"I sent him west on a presumable vacation trip. My sudden departure six months later, when I despaired replacing the funds which I alone of all the force knew were missing, left me the absconding teller. I only left when I saw the shortage must soon be uncovered, hoping to replace it in some way. Luck sent me this way to spank my future wife, avenge the death of my brother, restore the money to the bank and live strenuously. Also, to learn there is no such animal as the 'woozle fly,' or left-handed pliers," he grinned.

The Oriole's Return

By F. Talbot Smith

In Manitoba Free Press

They said that summer-time had come,
For skies were soft, and days were fair,
And lightly fell the drowsy hum
Of insects on the quiet air.

And leafy aisles were cool and still
Where lights and shadows softly played;
And up the long and sunny hill
The lissome poplars lightly swayed.

And evening skies were warm and bright,
And dawn a glimpse of Paradise;
And songs of birds from morn till night
Filled the sweet woods with tuneful cries.

But yet I missed one joyful note
Amid the festival of song,
A flash of flaming wings afloat
The fragrant foliage among.

Until I heard, one golden noon, ...
Unwaveringly sweet and clear,
The old triumphant, ringing tune
That told me you at last were here.

And there—a patch of orange poised
Among the leaves, against the blue—
I saw you, and my heart rejoiced,
For summer had come back with you.

The Hall That is An Asset

Continued from page 18

There is an increasing vogue for the chest as a hall-piece. Sometimes we see a fine old marriage chest used in this way and of course more often it is some attractive reproduction of the old-time chests that are used. The low chest of drawers is also delightful in the hall; it may form part of an effective group, taking the place of the table, and has the advantage of offering its useful drawers.

I mentioned the grandfather's clock—and of course there is no piece of furniture more at home in the hall. Perhaps it finds its happiest placement on the landing, if there is a curved stair with a landing of suitable proportions. Most of these tall clocks wear a dignified and stately air and are at their best in fairly formal surroundings, although occasionally we find a grandfather's clock that seems to have a most benign expression and to fit into surroundings of the most homey character. The various wall and shelf clocks are often quite intimate in tone and if one possesses an old "wag-on-the-wall" or one of the banjo clocks which are attractively reproduced by the modern clock makers (of course, if you are the lucky possessor of an old one, so much the better), it will create quite a friendly feeling in its little group of furnishings.

Another attractive touch that gives life and grace to the hall is the wall bracket from which growing ivy droops. A pair of such brackets would be delightful on either side of a hanging mirror—just as one would use a pair of candle sconces. The latter are charming hall accessories, too; the metal type, usually brass or copper, with the flat back that fits against the wall and the projecting arm or saucer-like holder for the candles, is a favorite.

Should you revel in one of the spacious square halls that were a feature of the houses that were built when the building cost per cubic foot was considerably less, when families were larger and domestic help more plentiful—you have a chance to make your hall bespeak the hospitality of your house. Perhaps there will be even a fireplace, which you can dress with fender and accessories of brass or hammered copper or delightful wrought iron with bark-covered logs on the dogs, ready for the match that will call them into cheerful blaze. What could then be more delightful, if space permits, than a couple of chintz-covered wing chairs, small in size, but with the tall backs and wings that promise protection from any errant draught?

I HAVE not said much so far about the floor of the hall—yet it is, if not the outstanding feature, one of the main considerations. Many a dingy hall has been redeemed by smartening its floor, and if this foundation, so to speak, is good, it is not difficult to build an attractive structure around it.

There are two points to be considered—the appearance of the hall and the way it will stand up to the traffic in various weathers. The *new* house will probably have its polished hardwood floor; this is very satisfactory; if it is properly prepared and waxed, it gives a surface that is very soil-resisting. A small rug usually relieves it—before the fireplace, at the stair-foot, or forming part of the table group. This rug may be plain or patterned; the oriental or the excellent domestic woven rug in oriental patterning, is always well disposed in the hall; the small two-toned bordered rug is also good, and for the

Continued on page 62

Westclox

Made in Canada

The worth of a name

It is so easy to stay up beyond your proper bedtime. Almost any excuse will do, cards, moon, dance, book, car.

The morning light makes excuses hazy. Results count then. Workers who have a reputation for being punctual put their faith in Westclox. Their alarm clock is a part of their working equipment. Good workmen use good tools.

And as they have learned to trust certain names on saws, typewriters, etc., so they trust a timepiece with the trade mark Westclox on its dial.

Westclox earned this distinction because they proved themselves as good as the advertising said they were.

If you are looking for a clock that will run on time, ring on time and last a long time, see that it has the trade mark Westclox on the dial.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

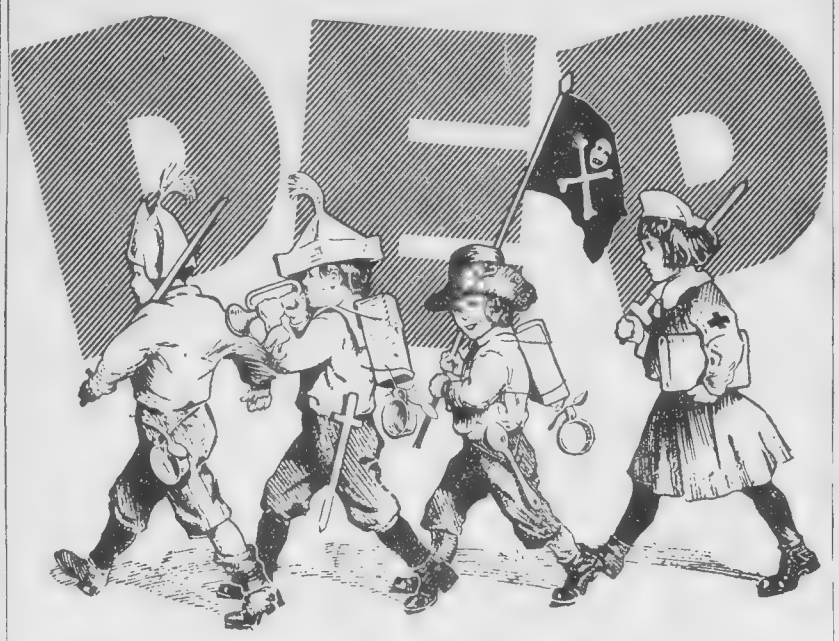
Our Classified Columns

offer a wonderful means whereby our readers can convert into ready cash anything at all of a marketable nature and many thrifty housewives, through the judicious use of the classified page, are earning a steady income. Take a glance at the little advertisements appearing in this issue and then consider whether you, too, have not something to offer the 67,000 readers of The Western Home Monthly. On receipt of a post card we shall be glad to send you full particulars and also co-operate with you in every possible way in order to make your little venture a success.

The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg, Manitoba

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH W. K. Kellogg



Takes *pep* to stand the pace of carefree childhood!

Busy heads. Busy hands. On the go from morn till night. Takes pep to live the strenuous days of childhood. Happy, healthy pep!

PEP is full of pep! A ready-to-eat cereal. With a marvelous flavor. Every taste is a tempting treat!

PEP builds strength and health. It's full of nature's life-giving elements. Makes energy. Zest. Spirit!

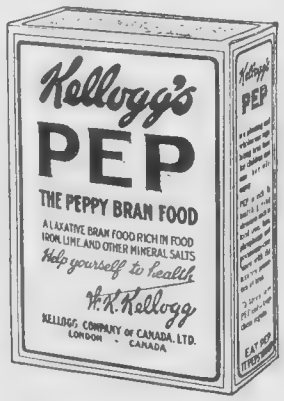
PEP is wonderfully good for everybody. Helps keep off constipation. PEP contains bran—therefore mildly laxative.

PEP safeguards the children's well-being. Makes for regular habits—natural elimination. Brings the rugged vigor of brimming, bubbling health!

For the pep of health serve PEP! Your grocer has PEP!

the peppy bran food

Made by Kellogg in London, Canada



Kellogg's PEP

KELLOGG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA.
Corn Flakes, All Bran, Krumbles

When the West Awakens

By Oliver Newell

EVEN before the snow went, the return of the black crows had heralded its passing. Indifferently they barked to each other of the approaching dissolution of winter, whose reign this year had been rather severe.

Then a travelling Indian told us of the beginning of that ever fascinating migration, the northward flight of the wild geese. It was the one sure sign of the end of winter.

The following morning, very early, we ourselves heard them, crying in that portentous manner that awakes some old vague wonder in the hearers. It recalls the story of the Wild Swans, the enchanted princes, whose mournful calling filled with foreboding the heart of their searching sister.

After the geese came the smaller wild fowl, the ducks preparing to nest in their hundreds along the banks of the rivers and lakes that are so numerous in this corner of north-western Saskatchewan. The rustling of their wings filled the air with pleasing sounds, and the firm yet silken pinions beat the air as they went over.

Every day the power of the sun was increasing, and now drew near the time to which the children had looked forward since the first thaw. They arose early and went down to the ravine and the smaller coulees to choose the maples that they would cut this spring.

These western maples are little things compared with the eastern variety that produces the maple syrup that is sold to the public. This Saskatchewan sap would not, I know, come up to the standard of the East in consistency of flavor, but to us, arising with the sun and drawing it ourselves, it was indeed ambrosial.

On the first quiet, dewy and very chilly morning we traversed the pastures and descended to the ravine, where the snow lingered and the sun had not yet reached. Nothing was stirring, and the stillness of the misty Battle River, newly released from ice, made the place seem spellbound.

We in the ravine could not see abroad, but I had a mental picture of the surrounding country. On every side the hills, tree covered, but streaked with snow, the refuge of the coyote and the jack rabbit. Miles upon miles of this, to north, to south, and east and west. Hills, quiet, winterbound, but soon to be fair with rustling green foliage and the innumerable wild flowers of this incomparable West.

Suddenly there was a rustling of the branches in the brake, and together the children cried.

"The bulls!"

Before they had started up the steep banks I had espied the bright red petticoat of an Indian girl, who stood laughing at their confusion.

Simsa also carried two pails, and a formidable knife, which had probably been used in days gone by for the skinning of the buffalo. Somewhat short, round of limb, with olive cheeks made fresh and smooth by the coolness of the morning, she stood amongst the gnarled maples, another Minnehaha.

Her hair was braided in two plaits, and her eyes were nearly as black, with a shining softness rather than a sparkle.

Speaking in Cree, she enquired as to what had startled us, smiling mischievously at the two children.

"Did you cut any of the trees?" we asked.

She nodded, pointing with her lips to the south, a habit of her race.

"Very well, we will not touch them," we assured her.

"The sap," said Simsa, in her pretty, low voice, a not uncommon thing among the Crees, "is not rising yet."

A rabbit ran into the undergrowth, and she cried. "Chest; wapocs!"

From the depths of her long pocket she drew forth snaring wire, and walked in her moccasins, about the trail, where presently we saw her setting the snare. Selecting a tree larger than those around, we made an incision on the eastern side of the bark upwards, and being careful not to injure the wood of the tree. The pared flat end of one of the pieces of stick that we had brought with us, was thrust into the cleft. It was so placed that any sap oozing out from the wound would trickle down the stick and into the pail which we placed below. As yet there was no sap rising as the sun was not upon the lower part of the trunk. Simsa arrived to inspect our work.

"That's all right," was her remark, in her native language, of course. "The sun will soon warm the tree, and then there will be lots of sap."

After a hearty breakfast we went down to the ravine again, and here the sun was warm, shining through the branches that were yet leafless. A deep silence still prevailed, there were no signs of the wild life that abounds. As we stood there came in the quiet the musical tinkling of the quick falling sap into the little tin pails. Drip. . .drip. . .drip it went, like a fairy fusilade. Simsa's pails, placed with the shrewdness of the native where the sun would first strike the trees, and those nearest the south east, already showed nearly an inch of the golden liquid, and every minute the sap fell more rapidly, rolling down the stick in glistening drops of amber.

At our trees the sap was rising well, the life of the apparently dead trees, that silently beneath the influences of the life-giver's warmth, were reviving inwardly while as yet their bare and weatherbeaten branches showed no change.

Daisy and Cubby held their hands below the dropping syrup, and relished the Olympian draught. Myself, I tipped the pail of the bitter-sweet sap and drank that way. It tastes a little of the wood, and the flavor is of the earth, but sweet, for the sun at this time, only begins to "mature" the honeyed fluid.

For many days after this, our conversation was "maple." The children brought to the house every morning pints of the sap, some of which they ate upon their bread, and the rest we boiled and reduced to sugar.

Indians drove to and fro all day, gathering the syrup, for after the cold weather they crave the saccharine food.

Once we visited Sisma's parents, whose tipi was pitched down by the creek that flows through another coulee. There was quite a gathering of the clans there, for a number of families had joined them. Women were stooping over steaming pots, suspended over the fire on cross sticks, after the fashion of the heath gypsies. Many of the men had gone away upon the usual spring expedition for muskrats. They drifted back to the reserve one or two at a time, fatter than they had been the whole winter, and with respectable catches for sale.

"Have you very much sugar?" we enquired of Sisma's mother, who was fat and pleasant tempered.

"Tapwa maka!"* she replied, leading the way into her tipi, where hung a number of the bags of dry sugar. One she took down and gave to us, with good wishes.

The water that had replaced the snow had gone, and on all sides, up to the base of the great hills that close in the valley of the Battle River, the dead prairie grass was visible.

On the homeward journey the children were everywhere, running into the bluffs of poplar with the dogs, and incidentally finding the first flower.

Pale, delicately mauve, and chastely devised, with its hair-veined petals but half open, it was the forerunner of the myriad crocuses that make the prairie, before even its withered grass is replaced by green, a carpet of beauty.

* *Tapwa maka—Certainly, but!*

The Great Reindeer Drive in Alaska

By Marguerite Gordon

NOVEL in the history of the world will be the great reindeer drive in Alaska. In spectacularity it will rival the big trail treks of the cattle herds of Texas in frontier days. This reindeer migration will be undertaken in an effort to revivify an industry now menaced by lack of marketing facilities.

Many thousand head of both government and privately owned deer will be driven overland from the Arctic slopes to Broad Pass on the Alaskan railroad. The drive will take at least two years and as many as fifty thousand animals will be moved.

George Ashenfelter, a large herd owner, will sponsor the drive. With the northern deer will go to the "outside" (as railway served lands are called in the north), most of the Eskimo herd owners.

"There is not an Eskimo in the Arctic who can support himself on his herd of reindeers," said Ashenfelter, "owing to lack of marketing facilities. They cannot get more than ten or fifteen dollars a head for the deer and the scant population of the country is their only market."

Most of the Eskimo herders have been educated in the government schools of husbandry and started in the reindeer business, but they cannot make a living as herders. The reindeer do not require very much attention, yet, if left unherded, eventually pass into other hands.

There is now quite a demand for reindeer meat. It is used largely in the cities of the United States. To be able to kill and ship the meat at any season is the main reason why the big drive will be undertaken. Under present conditions, deer must either be sent away at a season when the meat is not the best or killed in the fall and stored. It is a meat with a much more delicate flavor than beef.

The fur of the reindeer is becoming popular, too. It is used for making sport coats. A reindeer hide, dressed and made into a coat, has proved very handsome, with much the appearance of mink.

Several thousand animals belonging to the bureau of education, will be included in the great drive. The plan of the trek is on a gigantic scale. The herds will be cut into units of about two thousand each. The divisions will be supervised by skilled chief herders, apprentices and collie dogs. The units will move several miles apart, with their positions in the line of march reversed at intervals, so that equal advantages of browsing grounds will be obtained.

The drive will start in the early winter months. The mortality of fawns would be too great if the trek were attempted in the spring, before they are strong enough to stand hard travel. The path of the "Wild" will be chosen, the route used by the cariboo in their annual fall migrations. Care will be taken to keep the cariboo away from the deer as there is a tendency on the part of the wild animals to steal the domesticated does.

George Ashenfelter, who makes headquarters at Achorage, Alaska, went north in June to make preparations for this great trail of northern animals. The drive will start in the early winter on the Yukon River.

An Eskimo village will be established near Cantwell, the centre of the southern reindeer industry. Among the northerners who will settle there are several skilled curio workers. Mrs. Ashenfelter, who is an Eskimo, plans to assemble the Eskimo women in the manufacture of carved ivory and skin and bead work.

When Avens Blow

By Clara Hopper

"When avens blow?"
Spring-tanged Wind, tell the green-tired Day
When avens blow!
In runnels clear the cresses grow.
Fain birds shrill from the budding spray,
"Can Love be faint or far away
When avens blow?"

40-40-20

The Permanently White Paint

Do you want a *white* house?

Are you one of those who have always wanted a white house—one that would stay white without frequent repainting?

Now you can have it. 40-40-20 is a paint made for you. You can paint your home white with the assurance that the beautiful appearance of the first few months will last for years if you buy 40-40-20.

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And just as it holds its whiteness, so also it holds its grip, protecting the surface and keeping an unbroken, long wearing finish, which does not crack or peel.

40-40-20 is economical to use in spite of its superiorities. And it is easy to use. It covers well, and spreads smoothly and evenly from the brush.

40-40-20 is the Registered Trade Mark of The New Jersey Zinc Company and paint bearing this trade mark is made from its specified products according to its specially developed paint formula. Six Canadian paint manufacturers are now making 40-40-20. Their names are listed below. 40-40-20 can easily be secured through them or their dealers.

A BOOKLET FOR YOU—The whole story of 40-40-20 is told in an attractive booklet, "When White is White." Send to us or to any of the authorized manufacturers listed below for your copy. Read it. Then insist on getting genuine 40-40-20.

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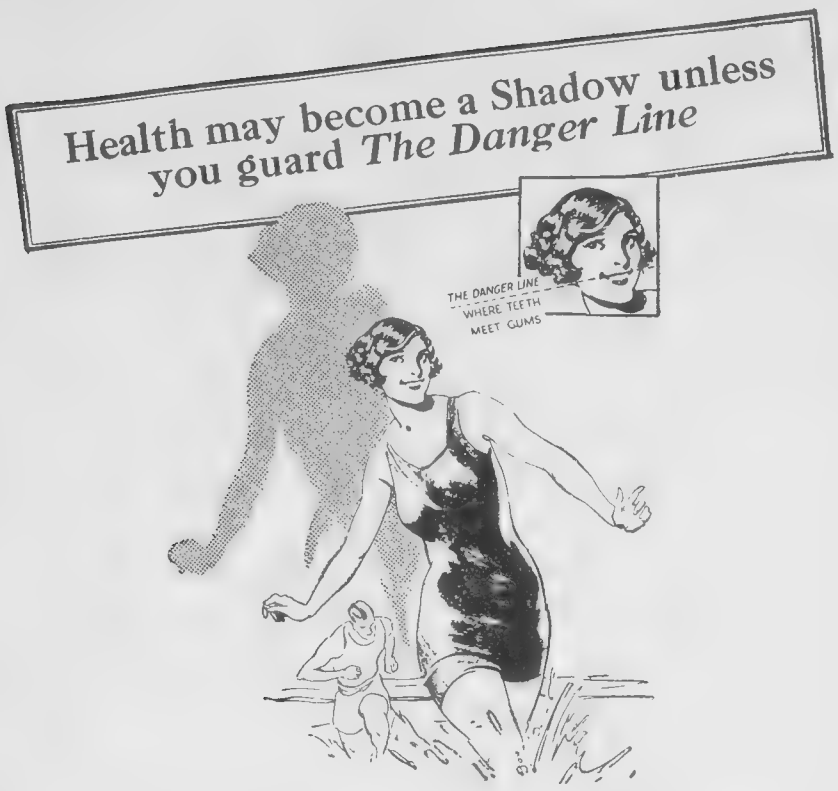

Selecting the Correct Dentifrice is more important than perhaps you realize

It is next to impossible to keep your teeth absolutely clean and free from decay with ordinary dentifrices—for this reason. Brushing the tooth surfaces accessible to your toothbrush is not enough. A serious menace to teeth, gums and health lurks between your teeth where your toothbrush cannot possibly reach.

Right at the union of teeth and gums is The Danger Line. Here, in tiny V-shaped crevices, particularly between your teeth, food particles collect and ferment, forming acids which cause acid decay, gum irritation and frequently infection. Pyorrhea, rheumatism, heart trouble, nervous disorders and other ills may follow.

Milk of Magnesia is recommended by dentists everywhere as a perfect means of neutralizing the acids in the mouth.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains over 50 per cent. of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—an amount ample to counteract the acids in your mouth for a long time after use. It penetrates into every tiny tooth crevice. There it remains, neutralizing destructive acids, preventing decay and safe-guarding your gums, and ultimately the entire body.

Try a tube of this pleasant tasting Dental Cream. Use it at least twice a day. Visit your dentist twice a year. Then your teeth will be fully protected.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—The Standard of Quality—from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made—is recommended by physicians everywhere. If you have not used Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, we urge you to try it and note its definite superiority.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Contains over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

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Whatever you do, don't miss the first Instalment of *Sinclair Lewis'* Latest Novel

"MANTRAP"

Appearing in the August Number of

The Western Home Monthly

Saving the Forests

By Frank Miell

"SAVE the Forest" week—the village brightened by lurid poster and cunning charts, school children lectured and instructed, the weekly rag heavy typed and pleading, in short, "Save the Forests" inescapable.

To what purpose?

Out in the north there ariseth a smoke cloud no bigger than a nickle. Some criminal fool, careless or wanton, has dropped a match or knocked ashes from his pipe, and gone on his way. And the wind blew, gosh, how it blew!

Anxious official eyes and glasses, furrowed brows of rangers and sweating steeds. Anxious—or joyful—settlers. Fire hits two ways. Waste land can be easily cleared by fire, nay, 'tis a necessity if a bush homestead is to be cleared in one man's lifetime: but, also, fire the destroyer of green timber and the wee furry creatures that abide therein, a ravisher of beauty.

But there's no settlers or trappers out north. What then caused the smoke? Spontaneous combustion? Well, if you can call the friction engendered by the contact of the business end of a match with the seat of somebody's pants, spontaneous combustion, then spontaneous combustion is the cause.

Two days later, still "Save the Forest" week mind you, the southern sky silhouettes a dirty brown column. Later this self-same day, this column becomes one of twins. Again you reflect—no settlers, no good fishing, no nothing but wilderness. Then who? A fire-bug? Dunno!

Weather reports, hot and dry, with high winds. Amply justified were these weather reports. Bigger and bigger grow these ominous smokes. The night sky illuminated as with the camp fires of many wigwams. Requiem—the soul of a forest is passing.

Morning brings smoke—whichever way the wind is blowing 'tis the same. The northern fire approaches. There's a block or two of timber in dire danger. Maybe the muskegs and lakes will check the fire fiend, maybe not.

Dinner is interrupted by heavy footsteps on the veranda. Unsuspectingly you open the door, too late to see and dodge.

Mister Ranger says grimly, "Want you to fight fire"—just like that. All the excuses the ancients used at the Wedding Feast and the moderns still use, rise to your lips and roll glibly off your tongue. Confidence grows with recital—until the eagle eye of the Ranger fixes you. Nothing stirring, Mister Ranger is hard-boiled. Cows and crops, home and beauty must be left. Duty, stern Duty with a capital D calls. You go, you bet you go. When? Right then, of course.

That evening, a hot, hectic two hours before the wind goes down. The fire's at the edge of the timber. The outpost sentinels catch and roar their blazing agony. Fine sight all right, if you're looking for fine sights, but—it looks better on a poster.

Sweat, singed eyebrows, torn clothes, Nigger Minstrel faces,—a touch of hell unrefined. Resolve to live a good life, eternity is too long.

A long night of trenching and smothering outskirt fires, followed by an anxious windy dawn and day. Thank goodness there's only a limited front to watch—muskegs have their uses.

Another day of smothering and trenching, one of patrolling and home. A pretty block of timber still green.

What of the southern fires? Just this, foothills on a ten mile front ablaze, and there's a sacred Forest Reserve somewhere close to the west and south of the fire line.

There's a crew or two out there, for are not the settlement cows being milked by the womenfolk and kids?

There's a crop still to put in. The work horses are sought in the pasture, hitched to the plow, and you're a farmer pro tem. Just two days of this. The first round on the next afternoon is checked in mid-air. A figure strides across the field. Darn, Mister Trouble again. He jerks a forefinger over his shoulder in a southerly direction. "Jones at four. Blankets," and is gone. Wearily you unhitch, snatch a bite to eat against the trip out, grab a double blanket, and travel, one of half a dozen conscripts.

Consolations, sotto voce,—two bits an hour, free grub, and a slight buzz of that "Save the Forest" bee. Discomforts, fortissimo—numerous, too numerous to mention.

A long trek this. Into and through the fire zone, alternately smoked, and mosquito ridden. Up, up a wee Creek Valley. How much farther? About two miles. Two miles. Huh! Forestry miles, or French kilometers?

Weariness of feet, darkness and camp. Welcome from as pretty a bunch of bewhiskered pirates as ever roamed the Spanish Main, bloodshot eyes and rent rags included. Once, these men were even as you or I, respectable homesteaders. Soon, I guess, we will be even as they. Guessed right, first time—we were.

A camp fire crackled cheerily, a meal as rough as it is ready gladdens our eyes and satisfies our hunger pangs. Bully for the cook. Jokes, badinage somewhere below drawing room in taste, tall yarns of mysterious riders and fire bugs, yet taller yarns of valiant fights with the enemy, and very soon—tallest snores.

NEXT day, hot and windy as per usual, wind fortunately blowing into the fire. Clearing proceeds apace, followed by the plow (packed in by pack pony). Corralled as far as we go, maybe three quarters of a mile, the fire burns right merrily inside the guard. Trees crash every minute, so watch yourself. Dry pines these, sixty feet to the tip. A rough, tough country of deadfall, up hill and down dale, pitchy pine roots by the million.

Night comes, and we're still ahead of the game, in spite of a hot hour when the wind veered for a while. Tired, but glorying in the fact of three dollars fairly earned, we seek camp.

The other gang not quite so successful—the fire crossed their guard after a stern fight against odds, and they sought a new front in a hurry.

Twenty men in camp. Twenty different theories on fire fighting—Mister Ranger being absent on duty. Twenty men tucking soggy bannock 'neath their shirts, swilling tea, digging into the myriads of beans and tins of jam and other delicacies. Twenty men figuring up their time. Twenty men yearning for home, and praying unorthodox prayers for rain. Twenty men uneasily snoring.

Yet another day, windy and cloudless, save for smoke clouds. More tough going and ground covered. A whirlwind noon, and curses—violent change in the wind. Straight toward the fire-guard blows the smoke and fire.

A yell, "Get the horses and plow out. Watch the guard!" Watch Hades let loose. You might as well try to dam Niagara with toothpicks, as stop that blaze. We tried all right, after the horses were safely through. No gas masks or smoke helmets on the job. Blinded, suffocated, with scorched pants and blistered feet, we tried it. A pine root, pitch soaked, threw a ten-foot flame way across the guard, a million sparks lit on the tindery grass. She's away—let 'er rip. She ripped all right, and one day's hard work was shot right there. Up aloft, through the smoke curtain a Forestry plane droned. Lucky blighters to be able to breathe clean, cool air.

Came the command, "Retire!". We retired, sullenly, but in good order, for there's a fresh line to be cut, and held at all costs, at the creek.

A calmer afternoon and evening, plus work, gave us the new cut-off. Another day over—another fight waged with varying success, for the other gang made good their gains.

Cool and grey broke the dawn. The weather prophets wisely held their tongues until the drizzle started. Welcome, thrice welcome, was that "blessed rain from Heaven." Checked, but not conquered by that rain, the fire was speedily controlled on a much wider front. The dry earth and rotten logs caused many an anxious day, with much patrolling and preventive measures.

More than a week after, a hurricane set the smoldering logs burning fiercely again, and dense and awesome grew the smoke on the entire front.

Said some, "A summer's job ahead of us. These fires will never be out until the

snow flies. Does not Phostaire predict a drought?"

They were wrong, for that hurricane brought up heavy rain, even the beginning of the rainy season, which still continues.

Thousands of dollars spent, thousand of acres burned, because of one careless or criminal man. Maybe the Forestry plane will give the exact limits of that fire, but they cannot begin to estimate the loss of wild life, or soil and watershed damage. A wilderness of beauty is transformed into a stark, dreary waste.

The sacred precincts of the Forest Reserve are safe for the present, but, until the Forestry Branch can control the elements, there will always be some fool to destroy the beauties of Nature's wild places.

Save the Forests—they're worth it, aside from the financial returns. The only way, it would seem, is to keep the fools at a distance during the fire-hazard season—if you can. As all fools are not labelled, keep everybody out, for it is far better to be safe than sorry.

The Marshes of the Red River

Continued from page 14

more delicate ones, with their dainty, cobwebby filaments in green lace. Deep in the reeds can be seen the marsh-marigold lifting its kingly head to the sun.

The ducks are seeking a nesting place, and gravely standing in a sheltered pool is a crane. A sudden breeze waves the shining reeds and grasses, and the whole marsh becomes a riot of light and song, and far, far away on the lake, so far that one's spirit seems striving to answer a high call to commune with some mystery, heaves a mass of water, sullenly rising, forced from the secret depths, and then angrily breaking in white foam, in the light of day.

Fishing

By Kathryn Pocklington

Once upon a fair May morning
Jane and I went sucker fishing,
Fishing in the creek of Jaspar,
'Twas to us a simple heaven.
Jane, an elf in limp pink gingham,
Flying legs, bright eyes of mischief,
Two stiff braids a-jerking, bobbing,
Jane was ten, and I eleven.

In and out among the willows
On the creek bank, Jane raced onward,
I, with clumsy rods and worm can,
Barefoot bond slave, plunging after.
Wind-worked leaves made fickle shadows,
Chickadees were all a-twitter,
Frogs protested our intrusion
Till they heard Jane's gleeful laughter.

I remember how Jane gayly
Mocked a prudent perching robin,
Paused to wonder at a cobweb,
Said a fairy left it drying.
So we came to Jaspar's meadow,
Found the quiet haunt of suckers,
Cast our baited hooks among them
In their shadowy dozens lying.

Drew them out in quick succession,
Till old Jaspar, blowing, bellowing
That we trespassed, we were rascals,
Charged us through the springing clover.
Swift we seized our twigs of suckers,
Swift we ran on, never stopping
Till we knew poor Jaspar winded—
Thirty years ago, and over.

When we wed we bought this meadow
From old Jaspar's heirs—Jane wished it.
Yes, that's Jane beside the water,
Still so slim, still quick at laughter.
Once a year in May we fish here,
In and out among the willows,
On the creek bank, Jane sedately
Walks, and I her slave come after.

Prohibition Item

"A deep orange monkey fur is now popular," says a fashion paper. A friend of ours remarks that if he ever saw a deep orange monkey he would stick to soft drinks.—Boston Transcript.

Fashion Book Notice

Send 20c in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING & SUMMER 1926 BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE and COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Reading in Summer

DURING the fall and winter months, the problems of the young men who follow this column have often been connected with the matter of studies calculated to bring about mental and occupational improvement. As a result the discussions and correspondence carried on have frequently been concerned with courses of study that might profitably be worked through during leisure and evening hours.

During the summer months, however, the climatic conditions of the West, and the call of the great playgrounds of nature, tempt one away from formal courses of study and there is a tendency to put the lesson sheets away until the days begin to shorten. Perhaps this is all for the best. Wholesome enjoyment of holiday and recreational opportunities serves to build up, as it were, a reserve of physical power that can be drawn upon in the days of close application to studies from, say, October to March and April.

In spite, however, of the lure of the summer, many of our ambitious young men plan to attend the summer courses that are now offered by many educational institutions. Many more, though, must use the summer weeks to earn money to help them to carry through their winter projects. It is to such a group that the suggestion is made that while actual study of courses may be put aside for the summer, it would be a good plan to read at least one helpful book a month. Such a plan carries the advantage of the use of leisure time during rainy hours of summer and also the advantage of a training of the mind for the sterner mental effort that must be put forth upon the winter studies. For those to whom such a plan appeals, the remainder of this month's page is given to paragraph descriptions of helpful books that have recently come under notice.

The regular features will be resumed next month. In the meantime, it is interesting to note that during the past few weeks, in connection with the articles on the choice of a life work, letters have come from correspondents at the following points:

Central Butte, Codette Station, Fernwood, Onion Lake, North Lonsdale, Swift Current, Kinley, Braddock, Kylemore, Richard, Semans, in Saskatchewan; Irma and Mundare, in Alberta; Vernon, Salmon Arm and Burnaby, in British Columbia; and Roblin, Shoal Lake, Russell, Camp Morton, Treherne, Durban, and Winnipeg, in Manitoba.

These letters have been from numerous classes of young men—from those who have left school in grades seven and eight, to those who have recently completed University courses. They have all been duly answered, sometimes out of personal knowledge and experience, and sometimes after consultation with skilled workers in special branches.

The Literature of Letters

"THE LITERATURE OF LETTERS," by John B. Opdycke, is from the press of Lyons and Carnahan, 221 East Twentieth St., Chicago. It is of pocket size, well bound, clearly printed, and contains 504 pages. It contains many famous literary letters selected and interpreted by Mr. Opdycke and is a splendid guide to the effective use of English. Among the authors represented are such famous names as Addison, Beaumont, Blake, Browning, Burns, Byron, Carlyle, Cromwell, Goldsmith, Huxley, Lamb, Milton, Scott, Thackeray, Wordsworth, and many others.

Letters from Famous People

"LETTERS FROM FAMOUS PEOPLE" by S. D. Green, is an interesting collection of letters from prominent people still active in many walks of life, including authors, business men, clergymen, educators, musicians, journalists, naturalists, doctors, statesmen and explorers. Many of the letters indicate something of the work and early struggles of the writers and thus serve to some extent as occupational guides. This is a most entertaining and instructive book and can be secured from the Gregg Publishing Co., 623 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, $1.20.

Dictionary of Business

CROWELL'S "Dictionary of Business and Finance" is published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 426-428 West Broadway, New York. It contains direct answers to hundreds of business questions. The alphabetical arrangement makes it self-indexing. Those who can use a handy reference work containing brief but clear explanations of business terms, will find this volume one of the best yet published. Many of our Western people are not familiar with the exact meanings of the terms used in their mortgages, deeds, agreements, and financial documents, but, by referring to this book, the puzzling expressions would be found in alphabetical arrangement, with the meanings placed alongside.

English in Business

"ENGLISH IN BUSINESS" is by J. C. French and J. E. Uhler, published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 370 Seventh Ave., New York, 311 pages, $2.00. In writing this book, the purpose of the authors was to lighten the task of those who study in the hope of increased skill in the everyday use of written and spoken English. The contents includes chapters on Grammar, Spelling, Punctuation, Sentences, Paragraphs, Letters, Advertisements, Conversation, Speeches, and the Conduct of Meetings.

The Short Story

FOR those who feel the need of guidance in the art of short story writing, "Studying the Short Story," by J. Berg Esenwein, will prove helpful. This volume is published by Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, Inc., 11-15, Union Square West, New York City, 435 pages, $1.75. It contains sixteen short story classics, with introductions, notes, and a new method of personal study. Among the authors represented are Stevenson, Poe, Daudet, Kipling, Barrie and Hawthorne.

Keeping Accounts

THERE is much truth in the statement that any man, no matter what his occupation may be, should have some knowledge of account keeping. For the young man planning a business career such knowledge is essential. Assuming some general knowledge of the principles of bookkeeping, "Reference Book of Accounts" by Robert J. McIntosh, published by the Metropolitan Text Book Co., 37 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, 299 pages, with illustrative forms, is a useful volume of definite business building information. It answers 838 questions of a bookkeeping nature, and each subject is given a special reference number in the index, so that the reader is able to refer instantly to the matter in hand.

The Higher Life

RECENT books from the press of Pickering and Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, include "Given in Exchange," a story recounting the trials of a business man, and his ultimate triumph through the adoption of high principles, 50c; "The Quest of Three," an interesting illustrated story, with a missionary setting, 35c; "Heard Round the Globe," a profusely illustrated work containing a series of incidents recounting the results of religious experiences in the lives of men the world over, 45c; "Outline and Object," a volume coutaining four hundred original scripture outlines suitable for blackboard talks, object lessons and Bible readings, 80c; "New Notes for Bible Readings," a 228-page work which represents a vast amount of Bible study, and which includes contributions from Bible scholars widely known, 80c; "One Thousand Subjects for Speakers and Students," a 216-page handbook compiled by Mr. Henry Pickering and designed for use in all branches of Christian service. The reference value of this book is enriched by the inclusion of an alphabetical and textual index, 50c. The last two books mentioned should prove of particular value to group and class leaders who are looking for lists of topics that are really worth studying.

Hamlet

IT HAS been said that "Shakespeare is one of the best means of culture the world possesses. Whoever is at home in his pages is at home everywhere." If this be true, it might be worth while to renew acquaintance with this great writer. The ordinary reader should perhaps read a Shakespearian play twice—the first time rapidly to get a general view of the play, and the second time carefully together with a study of explanatory notes. The pocket editions of Shakespeare's plays published by Allyn and Bacon, 1006 Michigan Ave., Chicago, contain very helpful sets of notes. The Hamlet edition, for instance, gives the play in 140 pages, with illustrations, and adds 230 pages of notes, explanations, questions and articles on Shakespearian customs, together with a glossary of difficult or unusual words.

Poems of the English Race

A FEW days ago, a young man showed me a small volume and directed my attention to a certain poem in which he was interested. He was not a college student, but was an electrician by occupation. The incident was an illustration of the fact that young men may read poetry. A book of poems about which the publishers will be pleased to send a circular of information is "Poems of the English Race" compiled by R. M. Alden, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue at 48th St., New York. It contains several hundred representative poems, accompanied by short explanatory notes. There is a fine introduction on the art of poetry, and an index of authors and of titles. Shakespeare, Cowper, Burns, Scott, Longfellow, Poe, Wordsworth, and many favorite authors are included; in addition, there is generous and well chosen selection from the works of modern poets, including Kipling, Masefield, Newbolt, Noyes, Carman, and Van Dyke.

Grammar

"COMMON SENSE GRAMMAR" is the title of a pocket manual published by Christophers, 22 Berners St., London W.1, England. A careful reading of this little book should do much to strengthen the knowledge of the young man who may wish to review the principal points of grammar. The same firm publishes a most attractive and inexpensive addition of Shakespeare's plays under the general title "The Companion Shakespeare." This edition has been highly commended and the simple notes are so arranged that the books are companions in the true sense of the word.

Everyday Composition

McDOUGALL'S EDUCATIONAL COMPANY, Ltd., 8 Farringdon Ave., London E.C.4, England, will be pleased to forward circulars of information concerning the handbook "Everyday Composition" and other helpful educational works. Their list contains a number of books that should prove of value to young men. The particular book mentioned contains four parts—Composition of Sentences, Letters, Essays, Punctuations and Capitals. There is an appendix also, containing a list of words frequently misspelled. The section on Essays is very helpful indeed and should prove of practical use to the young man who is asked to make investigations and reports.

The Study of French

IN CANADA there are special reasons for the study of French, and those who began French at school and who wish to continue the study in after life, will find the Hugo books helpful. These are published by Hugo's Language Institute, 103 Newgate St., London, E.C.1, England. They are not expensive books, some being priced as low as twenty-five cents. The publishers will send circulars upon request. Among the titles are French Simplified, French Conversations Simplified, Complete Guide to French Pronunciation, and French Difficulties Made Easy.

She Could Swim

IN SWIMMING, as in other athletic exercises, men attain a power and speed that women cannot equal. Nevertheless, a distinguished English athlete not long ago declared the disparity between the sexes to be less than in any other kind of athletics; and he added that if, instead of a comparison merely of swimming, the question were broadened to one of capacity to take care of themselves in the water, he believed the superiority would rest with women. Because of their lighter bones and greater buoyancy, it requires less effort for women to keep afloat; and in chilly waters they are more resistive to cold than men. There are, indeed, few bathing beaches on our Atlantic coast where the latter qualification is not often noted. In those less sophisticated, tropical regions, such as the South Sea Islands, where men, women and children all swim like fish from babyhood in the tepid sea, it is, naturally unknown; but the idea that women are less competent in the water than men would be laughed at.

Yet this exercise, for which they are so peculiarly fitted, is but recently a permitted pleasure for women—or rather for ladies—in Europe and America. Even sea bathing, except as the medical prescription of a doctor, does not date back very far; and for long after it had become popular and socially countenanced as a diversion, it was a startling and exceptional thing for a woman who bathed to swim. Nor was it approved by the conservative: it was deemed too conspicuous and decidedly unfeminine. A lady in the surf was expected to be prettily helpless—to shrink and squeal and cling and jump up and down, clutching the bathing women or her feminine companions; for mixed bathing was not tolerated.

A curious light is thrown upon the public attitude of the time by the letters of young Mrs. Amelia Austiss, written from the seaside to her family. She could swim, and did so, striking out boldly toward a little islet offshore, which at once caused a commotion among the spectators remaining on the beach. Some thought her bent on suicide; others that she must be a professional person connected with a show; but, oddest of all, some girls with whom she had formed a casual acquaintance at the inn where she was staying with her husband, jumped to the conclusion that she could not be a woman. They fancied that she must be a youth in feminine disguise; that her husband was her brother or her "chum," and the masquerade a students' joke or a wager. They were thrown into the utmost consternation that they had associated with her; and when, on emerging, she convinced them of their mistake, their cordiality was not restored, and the acquaintance ceased. She learned that they apologized freely to everyone for their indiscretion in having had anything to do "with a person whose public exhibition of conspicuous and indelicate behavior so soon proved her unworthy to be noticed by females of nice conduct."

Swimming was a rare accomplishment for women when Talleyrand made his memorable witticism, consigning to the blue water the most famous of bluestockings. He was asked which he would plunge to rescue, if he saw them both drowning, Madame de Stael, the woman of learning and genius, or the lovely Madame Recamier, renowned alike for her beauty and charm. Although the question was put in the presence of the two ladies, the ready-witted Frenchman was not disconcerted.

"I should save Madame Recamier," he replied unhesitatingly, "Madame de Stael knows so much that doubtless she knows how to swim."

Life is not a sham battle. It is often a conflict to the death with what is base and evil that lies in ambush along our advance line. We cannot afford to be off our guard, for temptation is waiting for just that chance to attack.

Rudeness and selfishness do not have to be cultivated. They spring up in one's nature like rank weeds. But tenderness and justice are like rare flowers, that need daily care in order that they may fill life with fragrance and color.

A Good Name

—*priceless* • • and therefore jealously upheld

It is a fact well known that the name DODGE BROTHERS is more valuable than the vast and expanding works in which Dodge Brothers product is built.

Dodge Brothers, Inc. and their subsidiaries, have simply kept the faith and implicit public confidence has been their reward.

Year after year the car has continued to mature into a better and better product.

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But always in every instance, the quality of every detail has been maintained or improved.

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Jack Ames made $24.00 in four hours. Randle sold twenty-five the first day. Mary Roberts made $10.00 in one evening. Others making good in full or spare time. So can you.

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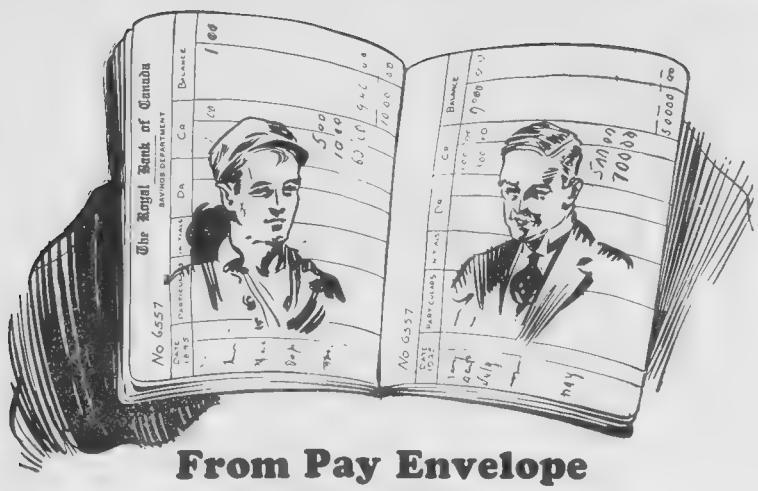

From Pay Envelope to Dividend Cheque

MONEY laid by in youth is worth double the savings of middle age. Many a rich man today bought the right to his dividends with the savings he made once out of his pay envelope. Anyone with determination can do the same.

The man who saves is the man with money.

S502

The Royal Bank of Canada

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Women

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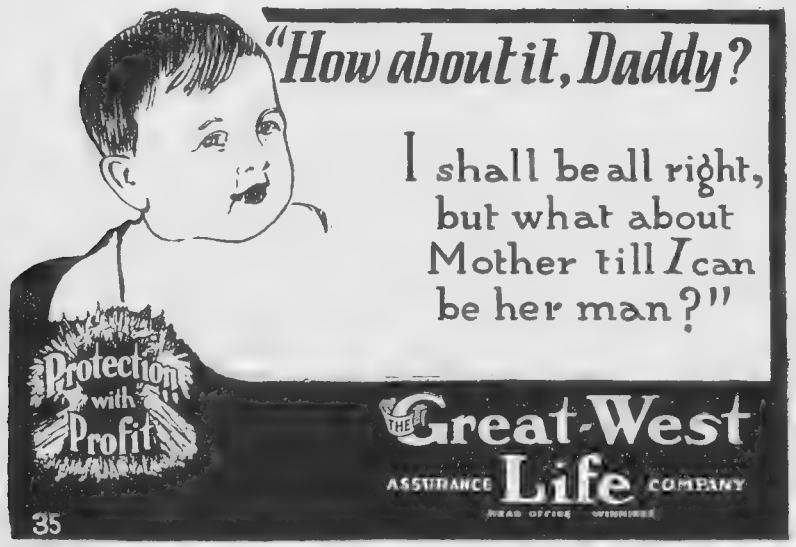

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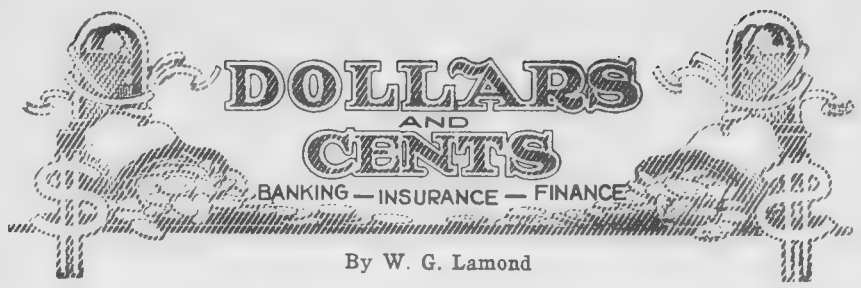

By W. G. Lamond

A Comparison

AT THE present moment the position of the Canadian farmer is much more fortunate than that of the farmer in the United States, since the price of Canadian farm products is above the general price level, while the average price of United States farm products is below this level. For some months the whole trend of basic commodity prices has been downward in both the United States and Canada, and as usual, raw materials have suffered more than finished goods. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics Index for 236 commodities in April was 160.6 against 163.8 for January, while the April Index number for Canadian farm products stands at 172.9. On the other hand, the United States stands at 146, as against a general price level of approximately 154. In both cases these index numbers are weighted in relation to the economic importance of the various prices going into the index. The prevailing low prices for corn and cotton go far to explain the low prices in the United States, while the high price of wheat, which is proportionately a much more important product in Canada, is a large factor in the prosperity of the Canadian farmer.

For the first time in two years the monthly total of imports has exceeded exports, but Canadian export trade is running at high levels, the total for the month of April, $60,166,868, being the largest for that particular month since 1919. The actual volume of goods moving at the present time is greater than these figures indicate, because commodity prices were then highly inflated. There is nothing that need give us any concern in the fact that imports are exceeding exports. We have had a long series of largely favorable merchandise balances, and the currency and credit structure of the country is eminently sound. Canadian funds have been at a premium in the world's markets for some time past, and there is no doubt that in the later months of the year, when the seasonal movement of agricultural produce gets under way, the trade balance will swing back to a surplus of exports. In the meantime, we can interpret the present import surplus as a good indication of the purchasing power in the hands of Canadian consumers. High prices for Canadian farm products, and this evidence of substantial purchasing power in the hands of Canadian purchasers, indicate a condition of fundamental prosperity in the country.

Trade Stimulus

A DECLINE in carloading figures for the past two weeks reflects the effects of the backward spring upon retail trade, but the physical volume of business is being maintained well above the level for the corresponding period of 1925. Wholesalers report a generous flow of orders from country points, the demand for groceries and hardware being quite brisk. The retail trade, after a period of dullness, is fast picking up. The natural industries are all prospering; there has been some improvement both in the lumber and flour-milling business, several important new pulp and paper projects and hydro-electric schemes have lately been announced, and a great deal of fresh capital is being expended on mining developments in the North Country. Large quantities of supplies of all kinds are being shipped out to all the summer resorts, where a greater influx than ever of affluent American tourists is expected.

Another stimulus from the United States comes to Canadian trade from the vast expenditures of two great American corporations—the International Paper Company and the Aluminum Company—on their Canadian enterprises. The former corporation has been extending its Canadian holdings at a very rapid rate and now owns in Canada a veritable empire of pulpwood and lumber properties, as well as immensely valuable power rights. It has just entered into a contract with the Hydro-Electric Commission of Ontario to furnish the latter with an annual supply of at least 230,000 h.p. It has also made arrangements with the Government of New Brunswick to develop the valuable water powers at Grand Falls, on the St. John, and has plans for the erection of more than one new large pulp and paper plant. In pulp and paper circles there is some alarm at the scale of its plans, for if they are all carried to fruition in the near future there would be grave danger of an over-production of newsprint, and Canadian mills which had less secure connections in the United States than the International Paper Company enjoys might have some difficulty in disposing of their output.

Gigantic Store Merger

A SCORE of Ontario's leading department stores have joined forces in a new chain store merger that starts out as one of the largest merchandising forces in Canada. Under the name of Canadian Department Stores, twenty large stores in the leading Ontario cities outside of Toronto, have merged in one company which will own the stores outright and operate them as a single organization. Other existing stores are to be added to the chain and new ones will be built. The work of bringing the merger to fruition has been going on quietly for some months and it is now learned that negotiations have reached the point where only the final details of the merger have to be carried through and the financing, which is well in hand, completed. Interests associated with a leading Toronto investment house have been instrumental in effecting the merger.

The twenty stores which have already entered the merger and the four additional stores, which are expected to join practically at once, have an annual turnover of over $10,000,000, which Canadian Department Stores hopes to increase by at least 25 per cent., practically at once.

The merger is not in the nature of the formation of a buying group such as was announced last fall and in which most of the stores now in the merger were interested. The purchase of the stores has been made outright by Canadian Department Stores, Ltd., and all activities, including selling and buying, will be managed in each individual store under the direction of a central head office in Toronto.

Estimates of the amount of money involved in the transaction run to about $9,000,000, this representing not only purchase price of real estate, plant and inventories, but also new capital to be put into the enterprise.

In addition to these stores negotiations are under way that are almost certain to bring into the chain at least four additional established stores. It is planned also to build, at once, at least one new store in a large Ontario city.

Real estate, as well as inventories, have been taken over in practically every case. This is regarded by the organizers of the new company as a factor of strength as most of the stores purchased are old established institutions that have been a generation or more in finding and acquiring the logical department store location in each of their respective cities.

LEGAL INFORMATION

This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

FROM the date when the first rays of the dawn of civilization gilded the tree tops of the Garden of Eden we have ever had with us the debtor and the creditor. Inherent in some is the capacity to accumulate a goodly portion of this world's goods, whilst in others there is evident an inability to be other than bond servants. The law in its even course throughout the centuries has laid down rules governing the relations between both parties and it is of these relations that we propose to write this month.

Suppose a debtor owes his creditor various sums of moneys for different transactions and at a certain date decides to pay something on account. To which party belongs the right to determine on which account the money so paid shall be applied? A recent case exemplifies the importance of this question. Under the provisions of the Bankruptcy Act an employee is entitled to be paid as a preference over other creditors any wages which are in arrears for services rendered for the three months next prior to the bankruptcy. Suppose the employee was engaged at the rate of $200.00 per month and for the past four months' services before bankruptcy had received payment of $200.00 just before the company became insolvent. Is this claim preferred for $600.00 or for only $400.00.

The law says that the debtor first has the right to say on which account the payment is to be made but that if he does not exercise this right then the creditor has a right to appropriate the moneys to any account he so chooses.

If neither party states his intention the law presumes that the money will be applied to the earliest outstanding debt. In the case cited the insolvent company had failed to specify that the $200.00 was to be applied on any particular month's salary, and the creditor employee was entitled to apply it on the month farthest removed from the date of bankruptcy and to file a preferred claim for $600.00. A creditor may even apply payment to an outlawed debt, although by so doing he does not of necessity revive the debt.

The place of payment of a debt is important. If the place is specified in the agreement then the debtor must make his payment at that place, but if no place is specified he must seek out his creditor and perform his obligation at the creditor's place of business or residence. This rule is subject to the exception that if it can be inferred from the transaction and all surrounding circumstances that the payment is to be made at a particular place, then the courts will hold that the payment should be made in that particular place. Payment should be made at a reasonable hour and the creditor is not bound to accept other than legal tender. Moreover, the exact amount must be tendered to him so that he is under no obligation to make change.

Payment of the debt does not necessarily mean payment in money, but in that commodity which the parties have agreed to accept as payment. In an action on a promissory note a defence was set up that the plaintiff's claim had been paid by the conveyance to him of a lot of land which he had agreed to take in full satisfaction of the note, and the plaintiff replied that the lot which they had agreed to take was not that conveyed. It was held that the plaintiff had received the lot which had been shown to his agent and it was held that by the conveyance of the property the promissory note had been paid.

The currency in which a contract is payable is to be that of the place where the money called for is payable. If suit is brought in another country the judgment must be for an amount sufficient to enable the plaintiff to purchase the allotted amount of currency at the place of performance. When the currency at the place of payment has depreciated between the time of the contract and the period when payment is claimed, the plaintiff, if the question arises before a foreign court, is entitled to recover that which would give an equivalent in currency to that which he would have been entitled to had not such depreciation taken place. This rule of law was of great importance in Canada at the time when our currency was quoted at a discount in American markets. If monies were payable in the United States a debtor was bound to pay not at the nominal, but at the real rate of discount.

Seldom are debts paid without the question of interest being raised. The general rule is that interest is allowed by law either on the ground of (a) a contract, express or implied to pay interest, (b) as damages for the improper withholding of money or for the breach of some contract or violation of some duty, (c) where it is given under the provisions of some statute. An agreement to pay interest may be inferred from the previous dealings of the parties coupled with a printed notification on the statement of account of an intention to charge interest. Interest is also payable where due notice in writing has been given to the debtor that interest will be charged at a specified rate from a certain date. Interest runs from the date of notification. The mere fact that a statement bears the notation that interest will be charged at a specified rate does not give the creditor the right to demand that amount of interest. It is a question for the courts to decide what is a reasonable rate. All agreements in writing to pay money bear interest at the legal rate of 5 per cent. after the date when payment is due. Documents bearing the notation interest at a specified rate "until paid" only entitles the creditor to payment at the specified rate until the date of maturity. Interest can only be charged after that date at the legal rate of 5 per cent. It is therefore important that if creditors wish to have the right to demand payment at the same rate after maturity as before, the agreement or document should read as follows: "Interest to be paid at the rate of so much per cent. as well after as before maturity." In this way the creditor is entitled to charge the full rate of interest.

Answers to Enquiries

Selkirk, Man.

Q.—In making out a will or testament (real and personal property—moneys, notes), what is the procedure to take in order to have it made legal and undisputable? Has it to be registered? Where and by whom? Is a certified copy thereof obtainable and from whom? Any fees for issuance of copy? Please give me this information through the legal section of the Western Home Monthly.

A.—In order to make a will legally effective it must be signed by the testator or by someone on his behalf and upon his instructions, and in his presence, and the signature must be made in the presence of two attesting witnesses. In Manitoba also a will written and signed wholly in the handwriting of the testator is accepted upon satisfactory proof of the handwriting. A will need not be registered before the death of a testator, but must be filed in the surrogate court before the executor can obtain the court's

Continued on page 62

Your first shave

will prove, beyond all doubt, the claims men make for this unique shaving cream

Let us send you a 10-shave tube to try

WE'VE built Palmolive Shaving Cream to a national business success by making few claims for it. We let it prove its case by sending a 10-day test tube free to all who ask.

In that way, we've gained leadership in a highly competitive field in only a few years. Nearly all of the men who once try this unique creation become regular users.

Thus we are sure we have a preparation that will surpass your present favorite. In your interest and in ours, will you accept a trial tube, and find out?

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We tried and discarded 130 formulas before finding the right one. We put over 60 years of soap experience behind this creation. The result is a shaving cream unlike any you have ever tried.

Five advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

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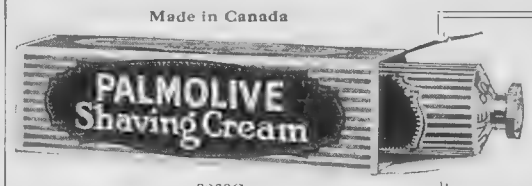

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Come Let Us Read a While

By W. H. M. Librarian

Around and Around

FIND the most comfortable room in the house, put it in darkness except for a softly shaded reading lamp, take up a copy of the Mulberry Bush (Macmillan & Co.,) by Sylvia Lynd, and settle yourself for an evening's quiet pleasure. Quiet, mark you. Nothing here to make the pulses beat badly, not to bring a lump in the throat, nor stinging tears to the eyes. No thrilling mystery nor high spirited adventure. Nothing to enthrall young nor make the old wistful at the thought of youth. Little stories, or rather sketches, pen portraits, thumb nail paintings of a character. Dormer windows through which one is permitted to peep for a day at the lives of one or two fairly interesting people. Sylvia Lynd, unlike Gilbert Frankau, has much art and little matter. She can hold one's attention without describing a man with five million pounds whose food is served on gold plates. We are quite interested in a young woman whose name we never learn because her day in town is most cleverly narrated through her own eyes and so we read: "Harold was fifteen years older than she . . . . For lunch she had a sole, a cutlet with peas, apricots and junket, just the sort of a meal she could have had at home. That was the worst of Harold: he did like things to be the same."

Now you know the type of man Harold was, don't you? And you want to know more. Then follow this quite delectable "she" through a half a dozen small pages and you will enjoy her day in town (p. 142) as much as she, poor mousie, did. Sylvia Lynd reminds me strongly of Katherine Mansfield. They share a similar genius for character portrayal in a few words. But where Katherine Mansfield inflicts heart ache, Sylvia Lynd contents herself with a sharp twinge of irony.

Glow Without Warmth

"PAINTED FIRES"—fires that glow and beckon and lure but have no warmth to offer to those they draw to them. This is the title of a novel by Canada's much loved Nellie McClung. Her latest, but which I did not receive, alas, until she herself was good enough to send me a copy last month. I began to read it for the author's sake, because I knew her and admired her as a publicist and politician. I stayed to read it for the story's sake. Helmi, "the Finn-girl" is so delightfully introduced that it is difficult to lay aside this book until we have satisfied ourselves that she is happy ever after. "Painted Fires" is a wholesome, vigorous story told with vivacity and charm and I am sure Helmi will win a host of friends for the already popular Nellie of Canada!

When you Feel "Discouraged"

AND want to laugh a lot over very little, read that delicious bit of nonsense "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" by Anita Loos. I am somewhat afraid to recommend this book. I mean that when a girl "has a lot of brains" and is very "anxious to get educated" she oughtn't to recommend a book that might make another girl think that she had no brains and was "quite unrefined."

Excuse me dear readers, I cannot help writing in this style, for since reading "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" I have forgotten how to speak correctly. Only yesterday I was seated next to Mr. Bonestell an American artist who had been commissioned by the King's printers, Eyre and Spottiswoode, to produce pictorial representations of the world's famous love affairs. To our left was a countess, a noted composer. Opposite, another countess whose memoirs you may have read—Comtesse des Boullets. Before I realized what I was doing, I said to my American companion at this luncheon, "Two countesses, I wonder what they have to sell?" and in a flash he responded with a fine Amurrican burr, "You seem a girl with brains who desires education, the sort of a girl a sardine king would spend his money on." And I said I was "just that kind of a girl but, alas, my sister was most unrefined and would not read a book." And then we both burst out laughing. You see we had both been reading Anita Loos' nonsense and were both infected with her poisonous lingo! And after the luncheon, Mr. Bonestell wanted me to think of history and mention all the great lovers who have made history books readable but "I felt most discouraged" and said I thought "it would be nice to go shopping. I mean when a girl feels discouraged the best way to lose this feeling is to go shopping." Oh, Anita Loos, what a lot you have to answer for. when the Editor reads this paragraph he may "fire" me and then I will indeed "be discouraged" and shall have to meet other literary gentlemen who prefer—brunettes! From now on, I write sensibly!

Service, Again

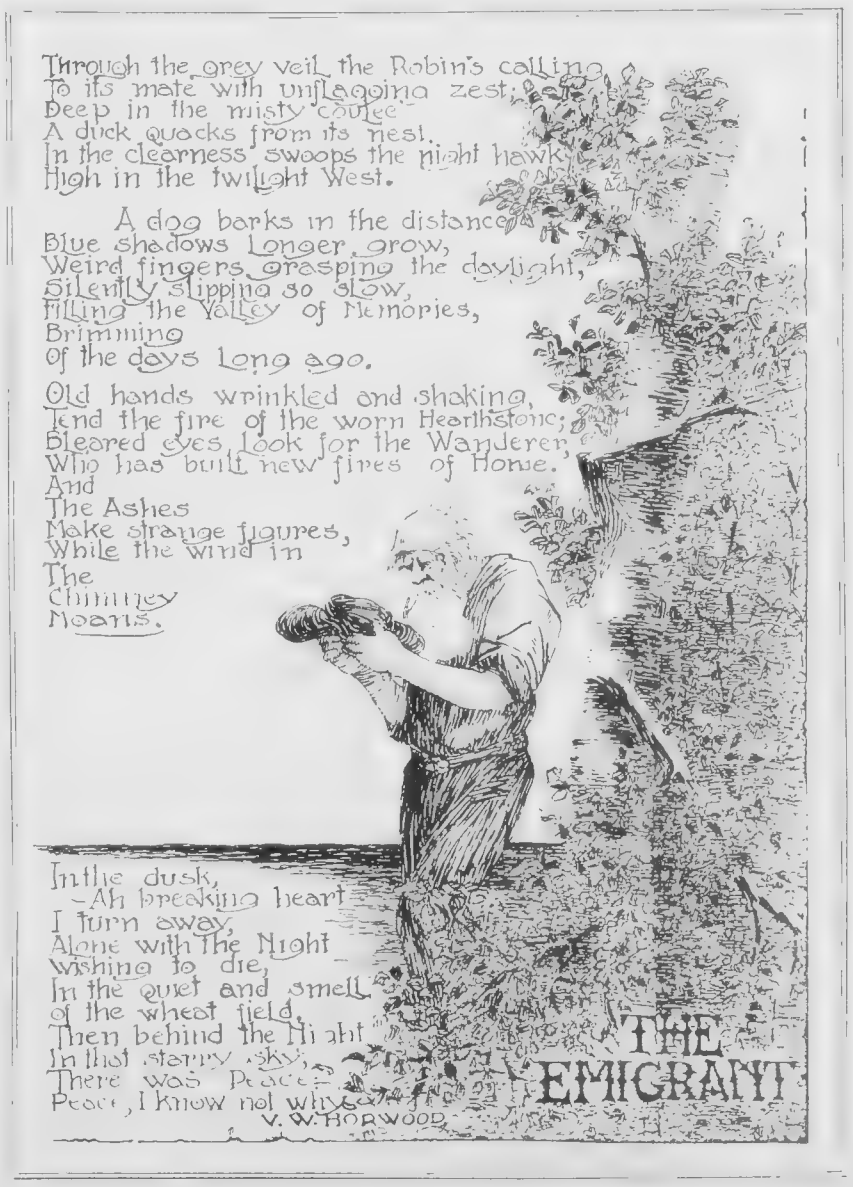
I TOLD you last month of Radclyffe Hall's splendid novel, "Adam's Breed" with a waiter for a hero. Since then I have read a novel about a housemaid. It is called "The Housemaid" and its author is Naomi Royde-Smith. Last Christmas my gift to myself was a slender book called " A Private Anthology". There was about the preface to this anthology such an air of I don't care a hang for anybody and behind this impertinent provocativeness a vision of depth of feeling and understanding of what poetry can and should mean to the individual that I felt Miss Royde-Smith must be one of the most delightful personalities in existence! Her private anthology has become one of my favourite preserves and I have suffered no penalties for poaching—except this. I had to read "The Housemaid" because she had written it. The first part was extremely fascinating because it was the study of the mind and character of a woman who thoroughly enjoyed her work as a domestic servant in a very kindly family. I cannot recollect any novel depicting just such a woman as Ann and later her daughter—both ornaments to the service in which they are employed. But the style of this novel was both queer and irritating. There are really three distinct short stories in this book, strung together on the frailest thread to make a novel. The humble characters are splendidly portrayed and every once in awhile Miss Royde- Smith's handling of John Page and wife made me think of H. G. Wells at his best. Possibly I am quite wrong, but I felt after reading "the Housemaid" that Miss Royde-Smith was disappointed with herself. She had set out to write a certain novel and had achieved something quite different. It was as if the housemaid part of the book had come to an end much too quickly and the author had been left high and dry. So for want of a stronger plot, she tacked on the story of Michel Sherlock.

Nevertheless, it is well worth reading for several fine and understanding passages.

Stormy Journeys

OFFICIAL, military, mystical and civil India is well-known to Mrs Perrin, and her latest book of stories "Rough Passages" (McClelland and Stewart) embraces tales of all these aspects of that fascinating land.

It is a series of vignettes. Sometimes dramatic, sometimes mystical and unsatisfying, but always entertaining and invariably charmingly told. Dashing cavalry captains; overweighted, responsible officials; fakirs; tigers; all figure in these little cameos of Indian life. Of them all I think I liked "The Tiger's Luck Bone" and "Anne White" best. They represent the extremes of Alice Perrin's style. But there are eight other stories and all interesting.



Let's Sketch the Artist

BERTHA RUCK, the wife of Oliver Onions (pronounced O-Ny-Ons), began life as an artist but gave up the brush for the pen. So let me try to draw a sketch of her, as she appeared to me when addressing The Writer's Circle last month. She is very tall, queenly, dashing-looking woman. One of those Englishwomen that have given rise to the opinion that an Englishwoman looks best in evening clothes. Black glossy hair, not bobbed and dressed very simply, bright pink complexion of the woman who daily walks for miles in the country. She was dressed in black velvet and her frock looked like the sheaf of a flower glistening with steel dew drops! When she spoke, one knew at once that she was generous in her judgments, kindly and, oh, fortunate woman, humorous. She told the audience of aspiring authors exactly what she did at the beginning of her career. She admitted that she wrote little articles on household matters for various twopenny publications. "I became" she laughed, "a great authority on what to do with Monday's cold mutton." It was not until 1914 that she tried her pen at a novel. Since then, as all the world knows, she has won tremendous success in her own sphere. Her stories are frankly love stories, with the impossible "He" and perfect "She" portrayed so fascinatingly that Bertha Ruck is bombarded with queries from anxious maidens, "Where can we meet men like your heroes?"

She paid a very touching and very beautifully-worded tribute to the late Mrs. Nesbitt who, she avowed, had been her greatest help and encouragement and to whom she really owed all her success. There was not, I'll wager, an unmoved heart in that audience for nothing makes so strong an appeal as to hear a successful person admit with sincerity their indebtedness to another writer.

A Poet Praised

HOW glad I was to read in The New Outlook, Lorne Pierce's appreciation of A. E. Johnson's first volume of poems to which I had the pleasure of referring a couple of months ago. Lorne Pierce has a reputation in Canada for sound literary judgment and it was therefore a delight to me to read this sentence in the lengthy review. "The word 'distinguished' will some day be applied also to this particular Johnson, or I miss my guess." On looking at this review again, I find I have made a careless mistake. It was written by Albert Durrant Watson and not by Lorne Pierce. But what I have said is as appropriately applied to Mr. Watson, except that I know him better as a poet himself rather than a critic, which perhaps makes his review all the more valuable.

"Abou A Edward"

IN THE wholly delightful chapter "On Commencing Author," I found Kit Morley's delicious parody of Abou Ben Adhem, entitled "Abou A Edward." This was too good for an audience of two, so son was bidden to the feast. He came to hear a parody, which form of poetic exercise appeals tremendously to a boy who has a grudge against Browning for having written anything at all! He stayed to hear of Mr. (no, Doctor!) Newton's experiences at Bart's and is now more anxious than ever to enter medicine, if only to test the truth of the description of the Pitcairn Ward, which once received Mr. Newton (not then Doctor) and his broken leg.

We read much more, but space forbids my giving you any more information about one book when there are so many on my desk. Moreover you will take my advice, as I took my mother's when she wrote a few weeks ago, "Be sure to read A. Edward Newton's 'Magnificent Farce.' I enjoyed every word of it." It is published by Putnam's and The Atlantic Monthly Press. Oh by the way, A. Edward Newton says that when he wants to go to sleep — he reads Wordsworth!

The Difference in Religion

"AS FOR me, I think one religion is about as good as another. It's mostly a matter of climate and race and traditions."

"That's so," said the other man. "Christianity is sentimentally attractive. But what has it ever really done? It has broken down under the war. It's no better than any other religion."

The world is small, and travellers in America may expect the unusual. The two men were on a transcontinental train. A man seated across the aisle who had the air of a foreigner suddenly leaned forward and said very politely:

"Pardon. But your remarks, which I could not help hearing, deeply interest me. May I say why?"

"Surely. Go ahead," the first speaker replied, looking curiously at the foreigner.

"Thank you, sir. I am an Armenian. I was born in Bitlis. Bitlis has about forty thousand people. Have you a town of that size you can think of in America?"

"Just the size of my own town," said the second man.

"Take your town, then, and call it Bitlis; and say of your town these things: no hospital, no doctor, no dentist, no church except the mission and the Armenian, no press, no telephone, no sanitation, no water system, no library, no transportation, no nurse, no public school. And that is your town, here in America. That is, you understand, my town of Bitlis in Turkey.

"The one bright spot of my town is the Christian mission, which supports a dispensary and a school and the hope of life. During the recent uprising against the Armenians, in which over three hundred thousand of them were massacred, the missionaries in Bitlis, aided by those in Van, at the risk of their lives saved me from torture and death. All my relatives were murdered and our property was utterly destroyed. My wife and children were tortured and burned alive in my house.

"Do you wonder that I cannot agree with you that one religion is as good as another? Gentlemen, it is Christianity that has stretched out its healing hand to the tortured people of Europe. I am a witness of it."

The men who had flippantly dismissed Christianity in two sentences spent the next hour learning some wholesome truths about Christian missions and the heroes of the cross. The Armenian was helping the Bitlis missionaries raise money for a hospital in his city. The two travellers pulled out their pocketbooks to make a contribution.

"Send it to the headquarters in Boston," said the defender of Christianity. And they did, to the agreeable surprise of the treasurer.

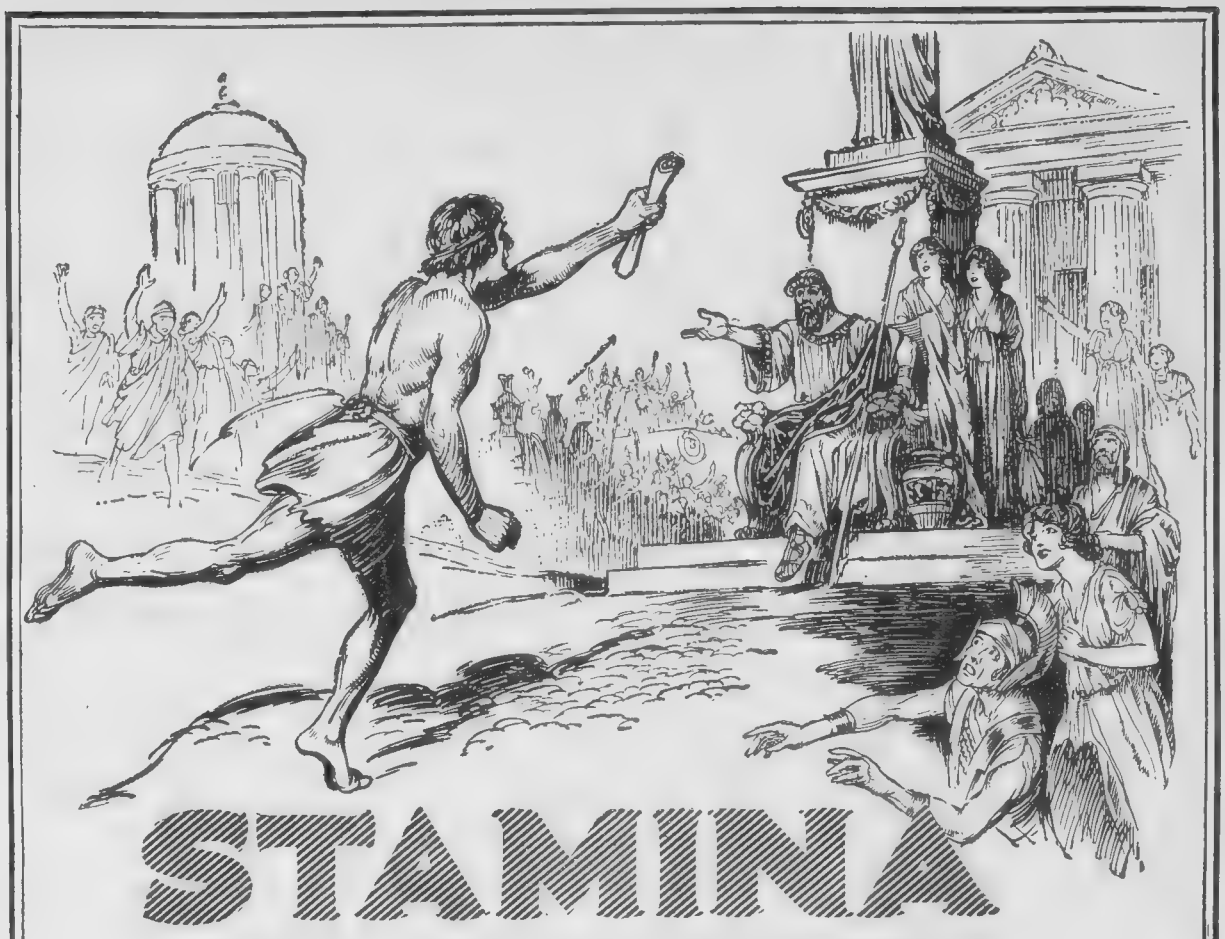
Navies of Seven Powers

A Blue-book giving particulars of the navies of the seven leading Powers shows that the United States possesses ninety-nine more vessels than the number belonging to the British Empire. Although possessing fewer cruisers than this country she has 309 destroyers compared with the 172 British, while she has 120 submarines against our 56. All these vessels are actually built. The totals for the respective Powers of the vessels built or building are:—

	Built.	Building.
British Empire	444	35
United States	543	36
Japan	222	62
France	219	127
Italy	247	55
Soviet Union	176	30
Germany	87	1

It is shown in return that the following lengths of life have been assumed for vessels:—Battleships, battle cruisers, aircraft carriers, and cruisers, twenty years each; destroyers, sixteen years; submarines, twelve years; coastal motor-boats, ten years; other vessels, twenty years.

Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



STAMINA

IN 490 B.C., when the Greek Army of 9,000 defeated 40,000 Persians and saved Greece from a devasting invasion, the good news was carried from the battle field of Marathon to Athens, 25 miles, by a runner, whose feat is famed in history. The vitality, the STAMINA to run 25 miles at full speed, has challenged the admiration of every generation for 2,400 years. STAMINA, the ability to endure the shattering strain that breaks the weak, is the ambition of the athlete and the ideal behind the tires that are "built better to wear better".

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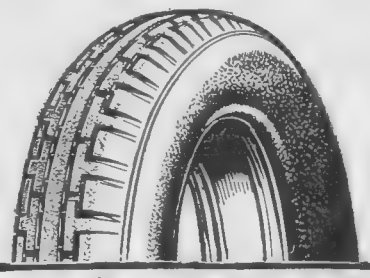

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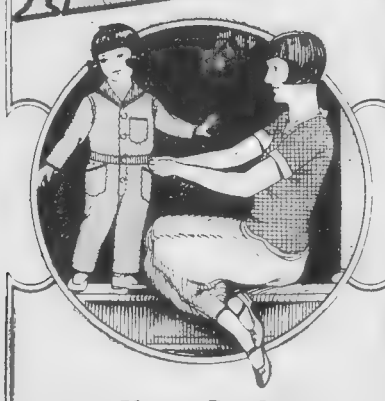

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RADIO

Seeing Around the World by Radio

RESEARCH engineers are making rapid progress in developing an "eye" for broadcasting, so that television, or seeing distant scenes by radio will be as common as tuning in music. It has been learned upon good authority that television apparatus in simple form will be on the public market just as soon as all phases of the system are protected by patents, says the "Scientific American."

When the radio optic, and its associated instruments, is released to supplement broadcast service, it will work in conjunction with the microphone, the former picking up light waves, so that they can be transformed into electricity and radio waves, and the latter doing likewise with sound. Then the radio announcer will snap a switch connecting the mechanical eye and ear with the transmitter and all scenes and sounds within range will be sent through space to millions of homes. For example, the eye-ear device might be placed in front of Niagara to record the thunder of water, camera the spray cloud and forward the picture along with the roar to firesides and schools throughout the nation, and some day to a world-wide audience.

It will all be true to life and nature, is the prediction of radio men. Today it may seem far-fetched; but so did broadcasting six years ago. Those in touch with the research laboratories know that television will be a reality. Today there are approximately 1,000 broadcasters in the world; and when they are equipped with "eyes," the scenes of the earth, now thousands of miles apart—from the Orient to America, from New York to Moscow and from the North to the South Pole—will be separated by just a few marks on the scale of a simple tuning device.

When a broadcasting station goes on the air there is a carrier current or steady stream of energy sent through the ether. It serves as a wire or pathway through space over which the music and words take flight. When the microphone is switched into the circuit all sounds within its range are picked up and their vibrations in the microphone cause corresponding fluctuations in the electrical circuit connected to the broadcast transmitter. Thus, the carrier wave is modulated accordingly, that is, instead of it being a constant flow of electricity it is shaped to correspond with the tones of the music or of the voice.

The main problem has been to produce a device which will treat a shadow as the microphone does a whisper. The photo-electric cell, employed in various processes, is apparently the important link in the chain of developments, which will make television and radio movies possible. The fundamentals of the photo-electric cell were discovered by Hallwachs, a German physicist. The principle is based upon the fact that certain metals give off electrons when their surfaces are illuminated. Generally, an alkali metal is employed, such as potassium, sodium, caesium, rubidium or lithium.

This cell has been combined, by V. K. Zworykin, a physicist of the Westinghouse Electric Research Laboratories, with the radio vacuum-tube amplifier to form a new step in science. It resembles the ordinary vacuum-tube detector and amplifier used in broadcast receivers, but variations of light falling on this device instantly become variations of electrical current and are amplified thousands of times. The current, which the light waves create as they strike the tube, is amplified by the tube itself.

The photo-electric cell is built into the tube, one end of which is coated on the inside with potassium, or an alkaline metal which throws off showers of electrons when light falls upon it. This electron stream is an electric current. The electron flow is feeble if the light is weak, heavy if the light is intense. Thus the variation in light governs the strength of the electron showed. In order to prevent the light from the filament falling on the sensitive film of alkaline metal, metal shields are used and the filament is operated at a temperature below visual emission.

The device is so sensitive to light variations that a thin veil of cigarette smoke was utilized to ring a bell in the initial demonstration. The smoke was blown so that it drifted between a light and Zworykin's mechanical optic. The smoke intercepted sufficient light to reduce the electrical current, which the illumination from the lamp had been actuating. The reduction in current caused a switch to close and completed an electrical circuit in which the bell was located. The "eye" was then used in connection with a loud speaker which howled when a wire one millimeter thick was passed between the source of light and the photo-electric cell.

It is understood that the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company are developing a process for broadcasting pictures, and that this new tube is the basis of the system. Mr. Zworykin has pointed out that all the processes needed for television, or the projection of motion pictures by radio, are already in existence.

"The theory is all right," he said, "but at present the apparatus would have to be endless, cumbersome and uncertain. But it will be simplified. It will take some years; but we will have eventually the instantaneous or nearly instantaneous transmission of motion pictures."

C. Francis Jenkins, the Washington inventor, who has demonstrated a machine for sending silhouettes of moving objects, which some have termed the real step in the broadcasting of movies, uses a photo-electric cell in his apparatus to convert the high lights and shadows of objects into corresponding intensities of electric current. Captain R. H. Ranger, an engineer of the Radio Corporation of America, who has developed a pen-and-ink method of reproducing pictures sent by radio, also employs a photo-electric cell as the "eye" of his system.

Mr. Jenkins, in explaining the essentials of television, says, "If one puts his head under the black cloth of an old-fashioned camera pointed at a baseball game he sees in miniature on the ground glass an exact reproduction of the game as it progresses. It is carried by light from the ball diamond to the ground glass screen. That is exactly what we want, only we want it in our homes. Light working alone will not do it, for light goes only in a straight line, and obstructions cut it off; we must, therefore, have some kind of carrier which can go around obstructions and through the walls of our homes. A copper wire will do, but a wire carries only to one place.

"Let us take radio that travels everywhere!"

Radio clubs will be interested in the following tabulation of types of interference encountered by 148 persons to whom questionnaires were mailed.

Induction noises, 58; radiating receivers 50; spark interference, 17; satisfactory reception, 23.

From the above figures it is apparent that our old enemy the "Blooper" is not to be blamed for everything. Induction noises run a close race, well out in front, while spark trouble comes in for a share of the blame. But why have nearly fifty per cent. of the trouble arising from bloopers? Be a good fellow and show your blooping friend how to tune his "getter," as one fan terms his radio.

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HOME DOCTOR

Hives

IT IS usually caused by some food that does not agree with the system: e.g., shellfish, mushrooms, cucumbers, strawberries. Sometimes the result of inhalation of fumes, e.g., turpentine cubebs. No part of the body is exempt. It is either acute or chronic. The former accompanied by headache, vomiting. Appears in the morning and soon vanishes to reappear several times during day. After six or eight days, disappears. Chronic form is difficult to remove, but it is not accompanied by feverishness. Treatment is an emetic, followed by a sahni aperient. For chronic form best thing is active exercise, careful diet, tepid bath. Dust irritated parts with a starch powder.

In-growing Nails

FIRST get an easier shoe. Next scrape middle of nail persistently with a piece of glass until it is as thin as possible. Do not cut nails at corner, but cut straight across or even with notched centre.

Apparently Drowned

ACT quickly and persevere.
Do not move patient farther than necessary, but hurry.

Send for medical assistance.

Place patient face downwards, forehead resting on bent arm. Pull tongue forward using forceps or fingers. Let any liquid flow out of mouth or throat.

Bend arms slightly at elbows; grasp forearm near elbows, firmly press elbows against lower part of chest for three or four seconds; sweep patient's arms at full length outward and upward along side of head until hands touch; pull firmly up on arms so as to expand chest; in other words imitate action of breathing; repeat twelve or fifteen times a minute—keep going for two hours before giving up. Apply warmth; rub surfaces and rub limbs upwards.

Arthritis Deformans

THIS is a chronic and progressive disease of the joints that impairs or destroys their usefulness and often produces serious deformity. Arthritis deformans has afflicted the human race as far back as we can trace it, for archaeologists have found bones deformed by it in the ancient tombs of Egypt. The disease was once believed to be closely related to gout and rheumatism; but that opinion is no longer held. There is apparently a predisposition in some constitutions to gout, or rheumatism, or arthritis deformans; but the three diseases are distinct.

Women suffer from arthritis deformans more often than men. The disease does not often appear in early life, but usually begins between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five. If it afflicts children, it is generally because of bad hygienic conditions, insufficient food, or exposure. The same evils may also account for the fact that it is of such frequent occurrence among the poor.

Arthritis deformans is a chronic affection; sometimes it appears to be of nervous origin. At any rate there is constant evidence that worry, grief, and mental fatigue play a part in its occurrence. The principal symptoms are pain and stiffness in the various joints as they become affected one after the other. The small joints, those of the fingers and toes especially, are first attacked. The acute symptoms subside and then return, and with each return the deformity becomes more marked.

Persons who suffer from this disease are always "below par," and everything must be done to improve their general condition and to maintain their general health. The disease does not directly menace life. A warm and dry climate, with plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and with complete absence of care and worry, are the ideal conditions for the patient. Where they cannot be obtained, approach them as near as possible. The patient should be careful to avoid any chilling of the surface of the body, and his diet should be nourishing and abundant. Medical treatment by means of hot air, certain baths, and electricity is beneficial in many cases.

Noises in the Ear

NOISES like sounding of the sea, the ringing of bells, hissing or singing, indicate a rush of blood to the head. When accompanied by deafness indicates wax in ears, or a stoppage of the Eustachean tube. Bathe head every morning in cold water. If the cause is cold or a disordered stomach, the noises will soon pass away with the cause that produced them.

Rheumatism

TAKE mutton broth, chicken or beef tea, fresh fish, bacon, ham, whole wheat, brown bread, dry toast, spinach, green peas, cabbage, celery, lettuce, tea (sugarless), buttermilk, water.

Do not take pork, veal, turkey, goose, salted fish, salmon, eggs, gravies, rich foods, potatoes, tomatoes, beans, mushrooms, candies, pastry, coffee, cheese, wines or liquors.

Contagious Diseases

AT ONE time medical writers insisted upon making a distinction between contagious and infectious diseases, but there is really very little difference. All diseases of either class are germ diseases, and are spread by means of germs, which are transmitted from the sick to the well either by direct contact, as in the case of a purely contagious disease, or indirectly by insects, food or water, toilet articles, toys and so forth.

A few diseases are not transmitted from the sick to the well, but are caused by germs that are found in the soil or on articles that are handled in the course of daily life. This is the case with tetanus and anthrax (malignant pustule): the germ of tetanus thrives in the dirt; that of anthrax is found in hides and wool.

Formerly the belief prevailed that most diseases were spread by infected articles (fomites was the technical term) hence there was a great ado about disinfecting merchandise and baggage, fumigating rooms in which a sick person had been, and destroying and disinfecting all articles that the sick person had handled. The last precaution is still regarded as necessary in the case of such a disease as typhoid fever; but it is seldom necessary to disinfect the baggage of persons arriving at quarantine, even if they come from an infected port. When a ship's hold is disinfected by steam, or burning sulphur, it is usually done to kill the insects or the rats that may harbor the germs of yellow fever, plague or other diseases.

Insects are the greatest enemy of man in the way of disseminating disease; typhus fever, malaria, yellow fever, the plague and a host of tropical diseases are chiefly spread by them, and many other diseases are occasionally so carried. But man himself is often the innocent carrier of infection, and the recent discovery that an apparently healthy person may harbor the germs of infectious disease and transmit them to others with whom he comes into contact has presented a difficult problem to the sanitarian. An insect that carries the germ of an infectious disease can be killed if we get at it, but a man who is doing the same thing must be treated with more consideration; and how to prevent him from sowing the germs broadcast without killing him or keeping him locked up is a puzzle that the physicians have not yet solved.

Plenty of Quarrels

Among the applicants for employment in the service of a New Jersey household there once came a big, strong Irish girl named Rosalie.

"What was your reason for leaving your last place, Rosalie?" asked the mistress during the course of examination.

"I couldn't stand the way the master and mistress used to quarrel, mum," was the reply of Rosalie.

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed the lady. "did they quarrel all the time?"

"All the time, mum," repeated Rosalie, "and, mum, whin it wasn't me and him, it was me and her."

A frankly written book

which every mother will want to show her daughter

WHAT is more difficult for a mother than the instruction of her daughter in the facts about feminine hygiene? No matter how scientific and up-to-date her own information may be, it is hard to know just where to begin, and *how*. This little book solves the problem for mother, daughter or wife. It carries a clear and sensible message for every woman who values her health and peace of mind.

In this age of wholesome frankness there are still far too many women who stumble along unguided. Some have absolutely nobody to tell them what they should know. Some have received wrong or incomplete advice. Others are simply too shy or too timid to ask. The result is that thousands of women today are running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. A shameful condition, but physicians and nurses will vouch for the truth of this statement.

It is unnecessary to run these risks

Happily, science has now come to the aid of woman in her natural desire to achieve a complete surgical cleanliness *and to do it safely*. She can now throw out all such deadly poisons from the home and install in their place the great new antiseptic called Zonite. Though absolutely non-poisonous and non-caustic, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and *more than forty times* as strong as peroxide of hydrogen.

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

These comparisons give some idea of the standing of Zonite as a genuine germicide. How different in its nature is Zonite from the compounds containing bichloride of mercury or carbolic acid. These fluids, even when greatly diluted, remain so caustic in their action that they cannot, for instance, be held in the mouth without sharply corroing and withering the delicate tissue-lining. Zonite, on the contrary, is non-poisonous and so absolutely safe that dental authorities are actually recommending it widely for use in the practice of oral hygiene.

The clean wholesomeness of Zonite

Enlightened women of refinement everywhere have been the first to see the change that Zonite has brought into their lives. While knowing the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness they have in the past shrunk from the use of poisonous antiseptics. Now they have Zonite. And Zonite, clean and wholesome as an ocean breeze, is an assurance of a continued period of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

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Women's Division

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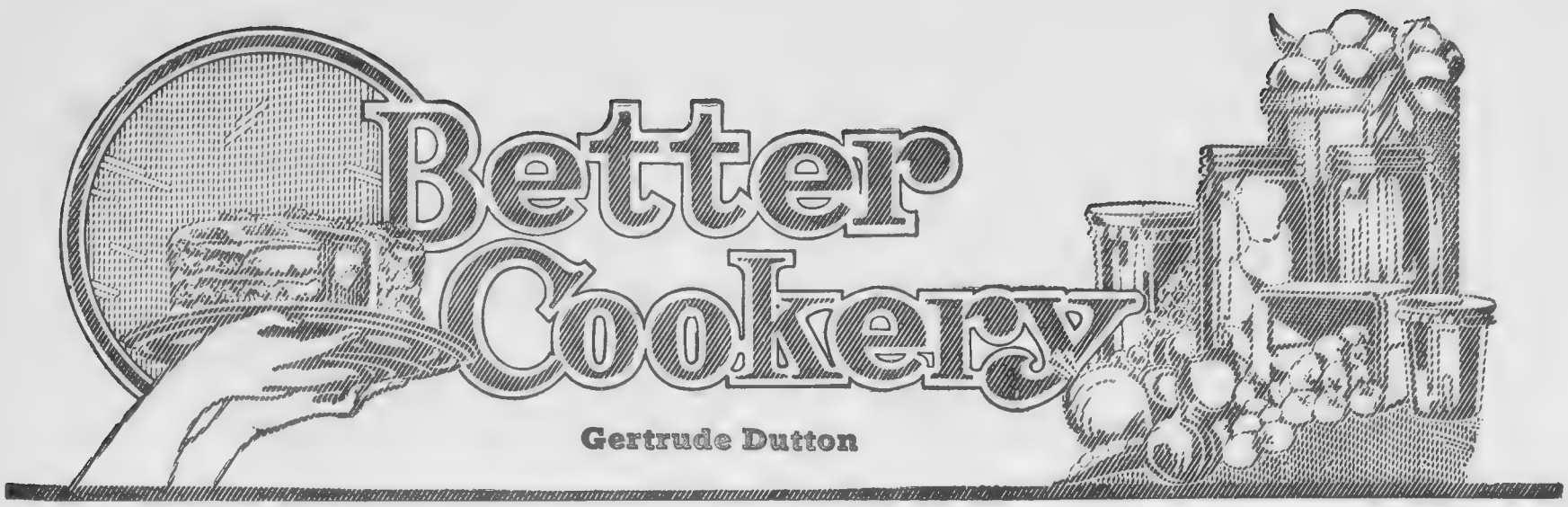


Cakes With Many Eggs

IN the summer time we all enjoy the very light cakes which are made largely of eggs, sugar and flour with neither butter nor baking powder. When eggs are cheap, they are among our most inexpensive cakes, and may form the basis of our daintiest desserts.

These cakes are raised by the action of the air which has been beaten in with the eggs.

To Mix Sponge Cakes

Separate the yolks and whites. Beat the yolks till thick and lemon colored, add the sugar gradually while continuing to beat, then any liquid which may be added, and flavoring. Fold in the very stiffly-beaten whites, then the sifted flour, being careful not to beat the batter after adding the flour, or the cake will be tough. The air bubbles will be broken by the beating.

Macaroon Layer Cake

Sponge cakes may be baked in long narrow pans, in flat pans, or in tube angel cake pans. When it has been removed from the oven, invert the cake on a wire cooler, and have patience in letting it loosen itself from the pan. Wringing a towel from cold water and placing on the sides and bottom of the pan, frequently helps to loosen the cake. It is desirable to line the pan with paper. The oven should not be too hot. Sponge cakes require from 25 to 40 minutes, according to the shape of the pan. Sponge drops and lady fingers 10 minutes. Angel cake from 40 minutes to an hour. The most frequent cause for failure in these cakes, is in removing them from the oven before they are done.

Angel Cake

Sugar, 1 c.
Egg Whites, 1 c.
Flour, 1 c.
Salt, ¼ t.
Cream of tartar, 1 t.
Vanilla, 1 t.

Beat egg whites on a platter with a wire beater. When foamy add the cream of tartar. When stiff, add the sugar gradually, using as fine granulated sugar as can be obtained. Sift the flour and salt at least four times. Cut and fold it with the vanilla into the egg and sugar mixture.

Marble Angel Cake

To half of the batter add two or three spoonfuls of cocoa sifted with the flour, or color half of it pink. Drop alternate spoonfuls of white and colored batter in the cake pan.

Chocolate Angel Cake

Sift a little cocoa with the flour in making a regular angel cake, following the recipe above.

Angel and sponge cakes should not be cut with a knife, but are divided by tearing apart gently with two silver forks held with the backs of the tines together. They should never be iced with cake frostings, as the result is too sweet. But they may be combined in delicious desserts.

Pineapple Surprise

On a slice of angel cake put a large spoonful of whipped cream in which has been folded either crushed pineapple, or sliced pineapple cut in small cubes.

Strawberry Delight

Is made like Pineapple Surprise, with fresh strawberries cut in pieces, folded in the whipped cream. Any desired fresh or canned fruit may be used in the same way.

Peach Melba

On a slice of angel or sponge cake, put half a canned peach. In the cavity in the peach, put a spoonful of whipped cream or marshmallow cream, and on top place a cherry or a cube of bright red jelly.

Angel Cake—Chocolate Sauce

Over each serving of angel cake, pour the following chocolate sauce.

Milk, hot, 1 c.
Cornstarch, 2 t.
Chocolate, 1 sq.
Sugar, 2 tb.
Hot water, 1 tb.
Egg, 1.
Vanilla, 1 t.

Dilute the cornstarch and add to the hot milk, and cook about 10 minutes. Mix the chocolate, sugar and hot water and add to the milk. Cook till smooth. Add the unbeaten egg yolk, then the stiffly beaten white. Cook one minute, cool, add the vanilla.

Sponge Cake

Egg yolks, 6
Sugar, 1 c.
Lemon juice, 1 tb.
Egg whites, 6
Flour, 1¼ c.
Salt, ¼ t.

Beat the egg yolks till thick and lemon colored; gradually add the sugar, continuing to beat. Add the lemon juice and cut in the stiffly beaten whites. Fold in the flour and salt sifted four times.

Sunshine Cake

Whites of eggs, 10
Yolks of eggs, 6
Sugar, 1¼ c.
Lemon extract, 1 t.
Flour, 1 c.
Cream of tartar, 1 t.

Beat the whites of eggs till stiff and dry. Add the sugar while continuing to beat. Powdered sugar may be substituted for granulated, in that case, using 1½ c. instead of 1¼ c. of granulated sugar. Then add the well-beaten egg yolks and flavoring. Cut in the flour and cream of tartar mixed together and sifted four times.

Lady Fingers

Use half of the recipe for sponge cake. Shape on a piece of unbuttered paper on the bottom of a large pan, with a pastry bag and tube, in strips one inch wide and about four inches long. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and bake in a moderate oven.

Sponge Drops

Drop sponge cake batter from the tip of a spoon, on unbuttered paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven. These are delicious for afternoon tea, put together in pairs with a thin layer of frosting, or to serve with ice cream.

Hot Water Sponge Cake

Egg yolks, 2
Sugar, 1 c.
Hot water, ⅜ c.
Flavoring, 1 t.
Egg whites, 2
Flour, 1 c.
Baking powder, 1½ t.
Salt, ¼ t.

Beat the egg yolks well. Beat in the sugar and hot water alternately. Add the flavoring, and stiffly-beaten egg-whites, then the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Bake in a moderate oven.

When Potatoes Are Scarce

In the late spring and early summer we must look for substitutes for potatoes, before the new ones are available, and when the old ones have lost considerable of their firmness and flavor.

Rice is one of the best of these substitutes, but it must be properly cooked, with each grain standing out distinctly. The Orientals cook it in a very small amount of water for a while, then put it on the back of the stove to simmer for an hour or longer.

A large kettle of rice may be cooked, then used for several different dishes.

Rice Au Gratin

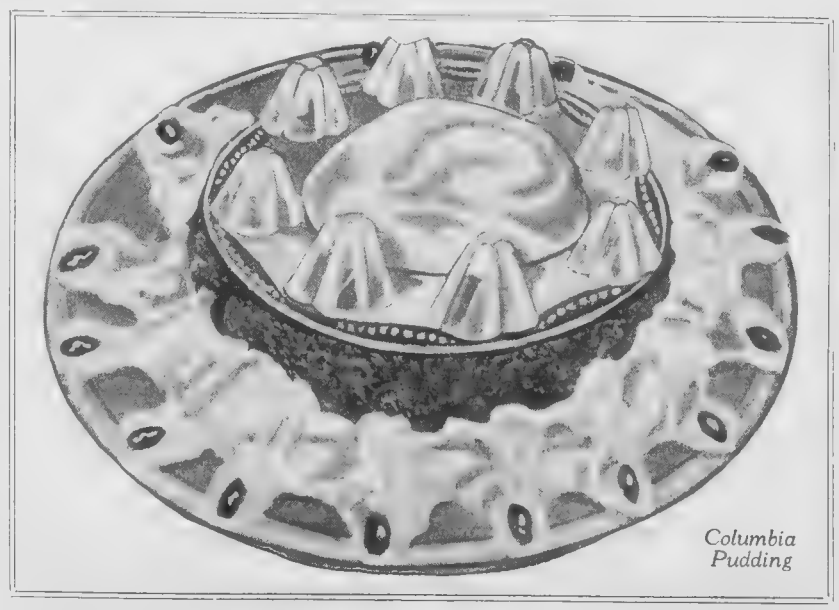
In a buttered bake-dish put alternate layers of boiled rice and grated cheese, with dots of butter. Cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake in the oven till the crumbs are brown.

Rice Balls

Two beaten eggs, 1 c. milk, 2 tb. flour, 2 t. baking powder, 1 t. salt, and enough boiled rice to make a batter thick enough to drop from a spoon into hot fat. Fry to a golden brown.

Italian Risotto

Brown an onion in butter in a frying pan. Stir in ½ c. washed rice, stirring till yellow. Add enough soup stock to cover the rice. Cover the pan and simmer till the rice is tender. Pack into a bowl to mold, then while still hot, turn out on to a platter, and pour around it a tomato sauce to which grated cheese has been added.


Columbia Pudding

BETTER COOKERY

Chop Suey

Boiled rice — Onion, 1
Celery — Soy sauce
Cooked meat (chicken or veal or roast

Use quarter as much meat as rice. Brown an onion in a frying pan, add the rice, cooked celery cut in rings, and meat. Stir till hot. If it is impossible to buy the Soy sauce in a grocery store, H.P. or Worcester sauce may be used. If the mixture appears to be too dry, a very small amount of water or soup stock or the water in which the celery was cooked, may be added.

Lima Beans

Pick over and wash, dried lima beans. Soak overnight in enough cold water to cover them. Next day, simmer till tender, in the water in which they were soaked, with a few strips of bacon.

Italian Pastes

The Italian pastes are our real standby as a substitute for potatoes. They may be macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, or one of the numerous fancy shapes. All are made from the same dough, which is flour, water and a little salt, with perhaps an egg added to give the yellow color. A not-strictly-honest manufacturer may use a little saffron.

With meat and gravy we may serve plain boiled spaghetti with salt and pepper and butter, and possibly a little cheese grated over it. It is especially good with stew. It should be boiled in a large amount of salted water which is bubbling actively, till tender.

Baked Spaghetti

In a buttered baking-dish, put alternate layers of boiled spaghetti, grated cheese, and tomato sauce. A little chopped green pepper may be added. Bake about twenty minutes.

Italian Spaghetti

Ground meat, 1 lb. — Dripping
Spaghetti, 1 lb. — Onion, chopped, 1
Water or stock, 1 c. — Tomato, 1 pt.

Brown the meat in a pan with the dripping, and the chopped onion. Add the tomato and water or stock. Cook about 20 minutes. Pour over the macaroni or spaghetti which has been boiled and drained, heat, season if needed, and serve at once.

Paste Shells

Cook the shell-shaped macaroni in soup stock. Skim from the liquid, and serve in place of potatoes, with salt, pepper and butter. The shells will require from 20 to 40 minutes to cook, according to the size.

Curried Rice

Rice, 1 c. — Tomatoes, 1 c.
Butter, 3 tb. — Egg, 1
Onion, 1 — Curry powder, 1 t.

Wash, cook and drain the rice. Add 1 tb. of the butter, and the egg, beaten. Cook the onion, minced, in the remaining 2 tb. of butter. Add the curry powder, cook a minute or two, then add the tomato, either strained or not, as desired, and season with salt and pepper. Add to the cooked rice, and heat either in the oven or over hot water.

Gelatine as a Food Substance and its Health Value

All the world has long known the appetizing daintiness of gelatine in the form of various attractive desserts and salads, meat, fish and vegetable dishes. Everyone has known how delicious these gelatine dishes taste and how charming they look on a well-appointed table.

But, in the enjoyment of these dishes, few of us have realized the great benefit that we are receiving from them, although eminent physicians have long recognized the dietary value of plain edible gelatine.

As early as 1879, the famous Dr. Abraham Jacobi in his book "The Intestinal Diseases of Infancy and Early Childhood" proved and recorded the highly beneficial results of adding small quantities of dissolved gelatine to the cow's milk for infants and adults.

Physicians are also finding gelatine of supreme importance in cases of diarrhea and summer complaint in infants. By helping the little one to assimilate his food, and by soothing the inflamed intestines, it often prevents and invariably retards these dangers of infancy.

Not only does gelatine aid in the complete assimilation of milk but also in the digestion of other foods. This is of great benefit to people of all ages who suffer from dyspepsia, stomach disorders, diabetes, tuberculosis, fever and other wasting diseases where it is necessary to obtain the highest percentage of nourishment with the least taxation of the digestive powers.

Not the least of its virtues is its adaptability to so many uses. There was a time when gelatine was considered only when desserts were being planned, but today it has its place in every course from soup to dessert. Salads, puddings, ices, candies, jellies, ice cream and fancy desserts—all have an added tastiness when gelatine is used.

As a real economy in your cooking its value is unquestioned.

By the use of gelatine, you are enabled to use up all small pieces of meat into a meat loaf, rice and nuts into a loaf used in place of meat, vegetables, left-over berries, fruit and fruit juices (fresh or canned) that are left over into salads and desserts—there is no end to the good things you can use it for.

Jellied Fish

Mix 1½ c. of any well-seasoned cold flaked, freshly cooked fish with 2 tb. of chopped green peppers or capers, add a little onion juice if desired, a little salt and a dash of mace. Soak 1 tb. gelatine in ¼ c. cold water 10 minutes, dissolve in 1 c. boiling water, add 2 tb. lemon juice. Put slices of hard boiled eggs in the bottom of a dish or mold, and add the fish and jelly. Chill and remove to platter and

Continued on page 44

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should be cold to give the best effect and the Mustard should

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Continued from page 43

garnish with watercress or lettuce. Use any kind of salad dressing or sauce tartar.

Butter Scotch Rice

Wash ⅓ c. rice and cook until nearly tender in a double boiler with 2 c. of milk, scalded, and ¼ t. salt. Meanwhile cook together in a shallow pan 1 c. of brown sugar and 2 tb. of butter until it gets very dark brown, but not burnt. Add to this the rice and milk and finish cooking until the rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak 1 envelope of gelatine in ½ c. cold water until it is softened, and then dissolve it in 1 c. of hot milk. Strain into the cooked rice mixture and turn into a cold wet mold.

Mayonnaise Dressing

Mix 1 t. mustard, 1 t. salt, 1 tb. sugar and a few grains of cayenne (sugar and mustard may be omitted). Add 2 egg yolks and when well mixed ½ t. lemon juice; then add 1 t. gelatine soaked in ½ tb. lemon juice 5 minutes and dissolved over boiling water. Cool and add 2 c. olive oil gradually, at first drop by drop, and stir constantly. As mixture thickens thin with 3 tb. lemon juice. Add the oil and lemon juice alternately until all is used, stirring or beating constantly. If oil is added too rapidly, dressing will have a curdled appearance. Olive oil for the making of mayonnaise should be thoroughly chilled. Mayonnaise should be stiff enough to hold its shape.

Columbia Pudding

Cover the bottom of a fancy mold with wine jelly mixture. Line upper part of mold with halves of figs, cut crosswise and soaked in jelly mixture 5 minutes, having seed sides next to mold. When both are set fill with Spanish Cream mixture and chill. When ready to serve remove to serving dish and garnish with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla (forced through a pastry bag and tube) and sections of glaced cherries.

Spanish Cream

Gelatine, ½ envelope — Milk, 3 c.
Sugar, scant ½ c. — Eggs, 3
Vanilla, 1 t. — Salt, ¼ t.

Soak the gelatine in the milk 10 minutes. Place over hot water, and when gelatine is dissolved add sugar. Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from stove and add salt and flavoring, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice box. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top).

If desired, serve with whipped cream, or sliced oranges or other fruit. A c. of orange juice may be substituted for 1 c. of the milk, adding it after removing custard from the stove.

Crab Salad

Gelatine, ½ tb. — Cold Water, ¼ c.
Flour, 1½ tb. — Mustard, ¾ tb.
Sugar, 2 tb. — Salt, ½ tb.
Celery Salt, ¼ t. — Egg, 1
Lemon juice, 5 tb. — Butter, 2 tb.
Crab meat, 1 c. — Heavy cream, ½ c.
Condensed milk (unsweetened), ½ c.

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Mix dry ingredients, add egg slightly beaten, condensed milk and lemon juice. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Strain and add gelatine and butter. When it begins to thicken add crab meat and cream beaten until stiff. Turn into buttered molds and chill. Remove to bed of lettuce leaves.

Macaroon Layer Cake

Butter or Shortening, ½ c.
Sifted Flour, 2 c. — Baking Powder, 3 t.
Salt, ½ t. — Lemon Extract, 1 t.
Yolks of 3 Eggs — Milk, ½ c.
Confectioners or Powdered Sugar, ½ c.
Finely Ground Nuts, 1 c.
Vanilla, 1 t. — Egg Whites, 3
Granulated Sugar, ¾ c.
Macaroons, 1 dozen

Sift flour and granulated sugar with baking powder. Cream butter and add the well-beaten egg yolks. Add to last mixture first a little of the prepared flour, then a little of the milk until all is used. Do not beat after the eggs are added, just stir until smooth. Add salt and the flavouring and bake in two layers. Put together with any bright colored jelly-currant, grape or quince. Beat egg whites until very stiff, adding a very small pinch of cream of tartar, and beat in the powdered sugar, adding half of this then some of the nuts, which may be almonds, filberts, pecans or peanuts. Reserve about two tablespoons to dust over cake. Spread sides with the meringue and place on the macaroons, then with a pastry tube put it on top in close lattice pattern. Dust on the nuts and set cake in oven for a few minutes or until brown. This frosting will never become hard and the cake should be eaten with a fork. It is very delicious.

Prepared Spaghetti on a Hot Day

By Richard S. Bond

WHEN it is hot and sultry, heavy meals are not in order. Not only is it ardous for the housewife to prepare them, but too much heavy meats and potatoes are not good for the eaters, no matter how much they relish them.

Most men, however, like at least one hot meal, no matter what wives, dietitians or writing men may say. To please them and yet to keep away from heavy foods, necessitates considerable thought.

A can of prepared spaghetti, a dish already cooked and seasoned and really a full meal in itself, will be found very delicious. It may be heated and served as quickly as the old-fashioned can of beans which has been a favorite heretofore.

In a dish of prepared spaghetti, the eater not only gets the food value of the spaghetti itself, but also the vitamines of the tomato sauce and the richness of the cheese.

With such a dish to take care of the "hot" requirements, a whole-meal salad fits in admirably—a salad composed of several luscious fruits and vegetables, heaped on lettuce leaves, with a little mound of jelly as a tidbit. Iced tea or cold lemonade completes the meal.

Some might say that this is a nonsensical meal for a working man. Perhaps a blacksmith, a farmer or a coal miner could well add another dish or two to such a repast, but nine out of ten men will find that a meal of this kind in hot weather will act as a tonic to their over-fed bodies. More people are dying from overeating than from starvation, and statistics do not seem to prove that the hard-working man is at all immune from those diseases that come from over feeding.

Watch the children's noon-time lunches also. It is sometimes difficult to get a kiddy to eat raw cabbage, lettuce, tomatoes, or some of the other foods that we need, but it is never very difficult to get him to eat a peanut-butter sandwich. Use whole wheat, graham or rye bread. Spread it with peanut butter, and pass it out at noon with a large glass of milk. The kiddy will have more nourishment in this light lunch than in many a hearty meal.

Vary the straight peanut-butter sandwich with combination sandwiches, such as peanut butter and raisins, or peanut butter and orange marmalade.

One-half cupful each of peanut butter and finely chopped seedless raisins moistened with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, makes an excellent sandwich filler.

Be sure to purchase your peanut butter in tightly sealed glass jars. Peanut butter in bulk has the tendency to take up odors the same as dairy butter. As a consequence, if the grocer allows it to stand too near onions, or other highly-flavored foods, it is likely to come to you far from

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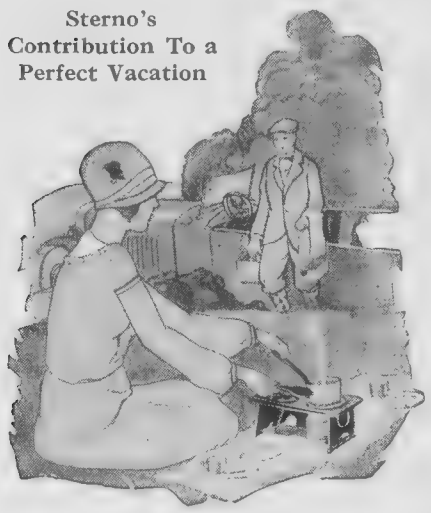

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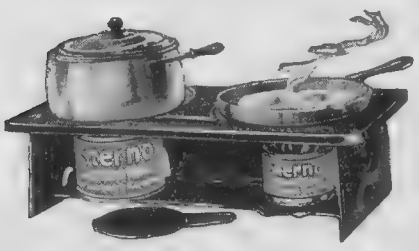

perfect. By purchasing it in little vacuum-sealed jars, you are sure of freshness and uniform quality.

PICNICS

By Barbara B. Brooks

AT this time of year the picnic fever seizes us anew and the enjoyable task of packing baskets and filling thermos bottles or coffee pots is ours once more. There is no better relaxation after a busy day than taking the family to some lovely outdoor spot for a meal. No dishes to wash in a hot kitchen—no floor to sweep—nothing to do but burn the paper plates and napkins in the campfire.

The ideal picnic is the one which requires little work to get ready. Each "Picnicker" can do his own cooking so that no one is burdened. A favorite meal has a hearty sandwich for the main dish.

Butter a thick slice of bread, place it on a pointed stick of green wood and toast the unbuttered side. Broil bacon, steak or ham and put between slices of toast. Serve fresh, ripe tomatoes or cucumbers cut in eighths, cookies and milk or coffee.

Denver sandwiches are appetizing and form a well-balanced meal if fruit is the dessert. For six persons, use one pound of smoked ham, chopped, six onions and six eggs. Cook the onions and ham in a frying pan, add the eggs and stir until they are well scrambled. Put between rolls or slices of toast.

One man who enjoys picnics has a specialty which is very popular with his friends. He fries bacon and while it is draining on paper, he crisps corn flakes in bacon fat. These taste almost like potato chips. After the corn flakes are taken from the pan, he fries minute steaks. The steak is served garnished with bacon, corn flakes, sliced cucumbers, and tomatoes.

A real luxury for a picnic is strawberry shortcake. Wash and hull the berries, put them in a quart fruit jar and sugar them well. Make a rich biscuit dough and cut it in rounds. Bake. Wrap each biscuit in paper. When ready to use, split, butter and add the sweetened berries. If the berries are to be served without the shortcake, leave the hulls on. Serve powdered sugar into which they can be dipped before being eaten.

Camp Fires and Camp Cookery

There is widespread interest in camping among schools and colleges. The New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, has published a leaflet called Camp Fires and Camp Cookery, which would be of value to scouts, camp fire girls, and tourists.

A very realistic touch has been added to this bulletin by having a real live scout pose for the pictures of Peter—the imaginary boy who understands building camp fires, cooking, cleaning up, and leaving everything safe for the next time.

Scouts probably know all about fires, but the average person will be amazed at the number of different kinds described—fires for heat, fires for stewing, frying, and baking. There is the open trench fire, the automatic stew fire, back log, and reflector fire.

Two Meals for a Hike

Many of us on our first hikes carry either too much or too little food. In a one-pound baking-powder can can be carried sufficient food for two meals, comprising, for one meal, bacon and egg with biscuits and cocoa.

To do this stunt, first wrap four slices of bacon as compactly as possible, and place them lengthwise in the can. Sprinkle a thin layer of corn meal on the bottom of the can and put the first egg on this. Fill up the space around the egg with corn meal so that the can is nearly half full. Mix a couple of spoonfuls of cocoa and a couple of spoonfuls of sugar, and wrap them in as little paper as possible. Place this package in the can on top of the corn meal, so that your can is about half full. On top of this place your other egg. Mix up a quantity of biscuit materials, wrap, and put in as much of this as the can will hold. Then put on the cover. When you are ready to prepare your meal, use the can to make your cocoa or your corn-meal mush in. The bacon and eggs may be cooked on stones, using two slices of bacon and one egg for each meal. The biscuit dough can be made into a twist and cooked on a stick or baked by means of a reflector fire.

If possible add an apple, orange, or some vegetable such as radishes or celery to furnish those illusive, but important things—flavor and vitamins, without which no meal is complete.

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It is a bone and muscle builder; it strengthens and satisfies tired and hungry workers, for Kraft Cheese contains the vital food values the body demands and has double the nourishment of meat. Its uniform high quality and mellow flavor win the favor of young and old.

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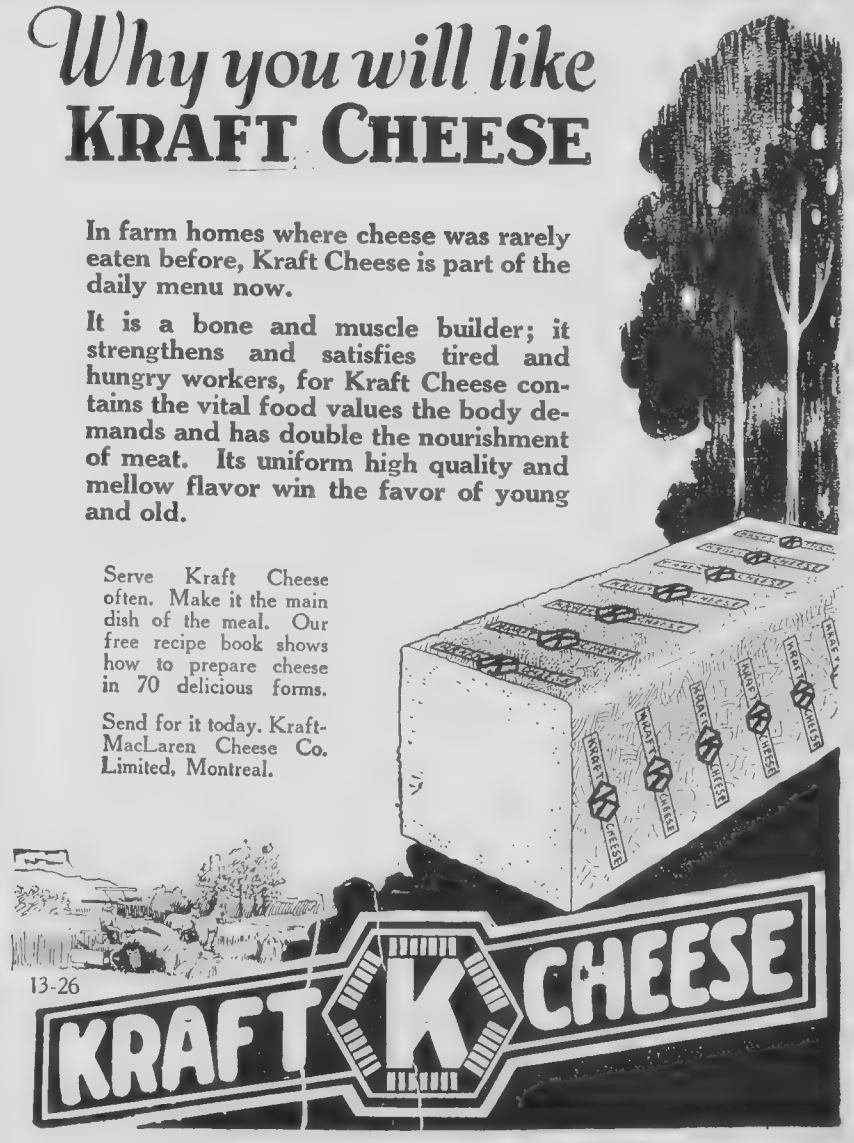

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Banish gray hair this safe way

INECTO-Rapid may be used with safety on any healthy scalp. Tested and pronounced the world's best hair recolorative by W. T. Pember, Canada's leading hair and scalp specialist, qualified by 39 years' experience to make most exhaustive tests.

Use only the genuine—there is only one.

PEMBER'S ANTISEPTIC LUBRICANT for applying to the scalp before using INECTO-Rapid prevents soiling scalp with dye and system from absorbing dye. Leaves scalp clean and healthy after washing. One tube in every case of INECTO-Rapid.

INECTO-Rapid is sold by all good hair goods stores, beauty parlors and drug stores, or write

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Attention

It is essential when ordering patterns of any of the fashion plates appearing on pages 53, 54 and 56 that the order is accompanied by the correct size you require.

The Value of Mothers

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

FOR a mother to have her child die is a terrific, never-to-be forgotten experience. I have known women over seventy who had lost a little one in their early married life and the old ache was still there. As the birthday came around it would be, "Well, if Willie had only lived he would be such-and-such an age today."

A gap of that kind in a family is certainly a great grief and mother love is a wonderful thing, so wonderful that had the mother been taken and the child left one can only imagine how much care the living Willie would have missed in losing his mother. When one looks around and sees of how much children bereaved of their mothers are deprived, it should cause the wise mother to, if only for her children's sake, conserve her strength, run no unnecessary risks, give herself a reasonable chance to see all her family through to an age when they are self-sufficient and at no one's mercy. As a mother of two little boys said to me, "I pray to live to see my boys old enough that if things don't suit them where they are they can just put their hats on their heads and walk out."

It is perfectly astounding when one considers what some women do. No wonder that home is such a marvellous place, for the poorest place is transmuted by the miracle-working magic of mother love into a palace of light. Mostly married to men of very moderate earning capacity these women go on year after year raising a large family. The man's earning capacity seldom keeps pace with his responsibilities, but, miraculously, it seems, the home is kept together, all have food and clothing of a sort, the few dollars stretched to the utmost as the family increases.

But let the mother reach the breaking point and die, then see what happens. The bit of money no longer transmuted by the mother love, the mother industry, the mother ingenuity into a sufficiency for all would not any more than sustain one or two members of the family if boarded out to strangers.

The resourceless father of all this brood "adopts them out" here and there to whoever will take them—I know lots of such cases—and so the home that love has wrought and welded is broken, dissolves! There is no home any more, no family, just a lot of disorganized units.

So mothers should take care of themselves; to do otherwise is to do very wrong. When they wear themselves out waiting on a husband and family, doing for them things that they are quite able to do for themselves they are only digging their own graves. And besides, the more waiting on a husband and family gets, the more they will miss it and the more helpless they will be when deprived of it.

To begin on, a little holiday for the mother now and then leaving the husband in charge will give him some idea of his wife's ever-increasing responsibilities and open his eyes. And a little introduction to work and thought for the children as they get old enough for it will let them know and appreciate just of what their mother's job consists.

Both fathers and families have often found when it was too late just what the mother's problems were. The man feels remorseful, the family, too, has unavailing regrets, and a lot of this grief could have been avoided had the mother but realized her value, and made her husband see it too. Suffering in silence, the martyr role for mothers, is a morbid, disastrous one. She only wrecks her health, probably fills a premature grave, and brings ruin and unavailing grief to her family. But to do the right thing by her loved ones and at the same time respect the high value of her task, and teach all concerned to realize the weightiness of it too, is the course leading to the most happiness and peace of mind.

Baby Knows

By Nestor Noel

I WAS visiting in a house the other day and was asked to stay to tea. It was rather an elaborate affair. There was so much to eat that it was hard to decide what to take. However, being grown-up, I knew when I had had enough!

Do children know when they have had enough?

I think, in most cases they do. Even baby knows!

There was a baby girl of about two or three years of age. She was a sickly-looking baby. At one time she sucked at an orange, then took a few bites of an apple. Next she was eating a raw tomato. After that her mother pressed her to have bread and jam, cake, muffins and other dainties. The child shook her head. Evidently she was wiser than her mother. Probably the fruit juice did her good. But the mother was troubled.

"I can't get baby to eat anything," she complained. "She always plays with her food. Now, I do not know why she cannot eat this delicious sponge cake!"

The truth of the matter was that the baby had come to table with grown-ups and been given bits of every kind of food long before it had enough teeth.

This habit of giving baby pieces of this and bits of that are ruinous to a baby's delicate constitution; yet I have heard parents brag that "baby eats everything we do!"

Even in houses where there is not so much choice of dishes, still they want to stuff the baby. They think it will make him fat. I have seen the opposite result. It is certain that the food a baby eats and does not digest does him much more harm than good. The result of this over-feeding is a cross, listless baby.

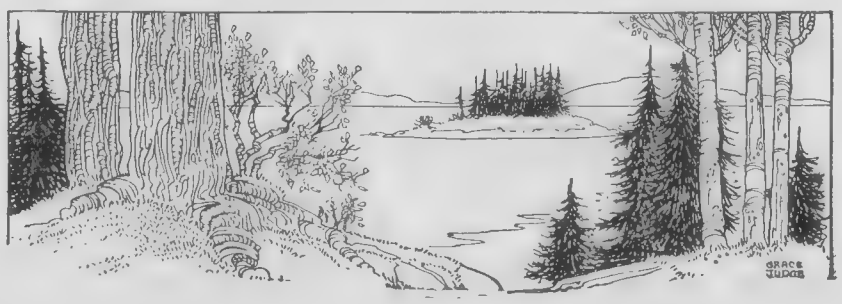
How can a baby roll about and run and play when his poor little inside is too full?

"I cannot make out what is the matter with baby," I heard one mother say. I told her he was over-fed; but she was shocked and would not believe me!

She even thought he was naughty because he would not eat!

One day that baby will be so sick that he will want a long fast—probably this fast will save his life.

If a baby be fed regularly and given the right kind of food and nothing solid between meals it will be healthy, good tempered and beautiful.



Federated Women's Institute

Annual Convention of the Women's Institute of Manitoba

THE 16th Annnal Convention of the Women's Institute of Manitoba was held at the Agricultural College, on June 9th, 10th and 11th. Over hundred and fifty delegates and many visitors attended.

Mrs. T. A. Cohoe, the President of the Women's Institute of Manitoba, touched a basic note when she remarked: "In an organization such as this, whose ethical ideals are of the highest, and whose chief aim is that of unselfish service, there is no room anywhere for the self-seeking adventurer, neither in its highest elective position nor in the rank and file of its membership."

Mrs. Cohoe went on to review the origin and progress of the Institute movement in Canada, England, Scotland, Wales and other countries. This review was so intensely interesting and illuminating, that the Convention requested that the President's Address be typed, and sent to the Institutes. The Annual Report reflected progress. For a time, after the services of the Extension lecturers and demonstrators were cancelled, many of the Institutes paused in their activities, and were at a loss to know how to continue. They are no longer pausing, hesitating, and sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt; the Institutes have discovered leaders in their own midst, and talents among their own members, and are proving that they can carry on with little assistance from the outside. The Report showed that most of the Institutes are planning programmes for the twelve months, and that members give most of the demonstrations, papers and talks. The District Conventions which were held just before the Annual Convention, were referred to, and were reported "red letter days." The districts which were muddling along without officers, a district fund, and proper records, are organized; indeed, a new foundation has been laid for district activities. While few new Institutes are being formed, those which are in existence are developing "roots." When a plant is transplanted the growth appears to be arrested for a time; during this period the roots are developing, and on that root development depends the vigor, fertility and beauty of the plant. The Institutes are developing roots, which promise vigorous growth.

Mrs. W. C. McKillican, whose sympathy with and knowledge of rural people enables her to mingle so easily with rural women, welcomed the delegates, and made them feel, at once, at home and among friends. Mrs. Goodale, the President of the Portage Women's Institute replied for the delegates, and after thanking Mrs. McKillican for the welcome, reminded the delegates of their duties as guests, which the delegates on the whole did well to observe. Miss Rebecca Hyams, who was in the Department of Agriculture in London, when the first Institute was formed in England, brought greetings from the Institutes of England, Scotland and Wales, and told the Convention how the Women's Institute movement began and grew over there. "Our Social Objective" was the theme of one of the most inspiring addresses of the Convention, given by Professor H. C. Grant. This, too, is being typed and will be sent to the Institutes at the request of the Convention.

The Second Session of the Convention was devoted to the discussion of agriculture. Dr. Bailey, Director of the Dominion Rust Research Laboratory, explained the cause of rust, and spoke of what is being done to develop a rust resisting wheat, and asked that rural people be patient, as years must pass before the task can be successfully accomplished. Mr. F. B. Hutt told the Convention about the World's Poultry Congress, which is to be held in Canada next year, and explained what this will mean to Canada, Manitoba, and individuals seriously engaged in poultry keeping. The work of the Co-operative Poultry Marketing Association was presented by Mr. Landreth, President of the Association. Mrs. McKillican, who is an enthusiastic horticulturist, spoke on the growing of bulbs, and making the pursuit so easy and also a source of pleasure, many were touched by her enthusiasm, and may venture to grow bulbs next fall.

THE Third Session was devoted to the discussion of subjects pertaining to the home. "How to make the Home Attractive" was the theme of an address given by Mrs. South, who teaches Household Art at the Agricultural College. Mrs. South told the Convention about colors; how to combine colors and develop color schemes; how to decorate the walls, choose hangings, furniture, and how to upholster furniture. Mrs. South did not just deal with the subject theoretically; she applied the principles; with the aid of papers, hangings, rugs, furniture and the various accessories, she decorated and furnished two rooms. This talk was most helpful as one of the women remarked: "Mrs. South demonstrated how one can have an attractive home with little means, if one only knows how to make the best of what one has." Miss Muriel Leslie, who is with Ashdown's Limited, advising buyers how to plan the kitchen, and select equipment, gave a talk on "Home Helpers." She had on the platform the chart of a well planned kitchen, and, in her own words, introduced a "retinue of home helpers," which are not beyond the means of the average home-maker.

The Fourth Session was devoted to the discussion of Women's Institute Programmes and Women's Institute Projects, which proved an interesting and illuminating feature of the Convention Programme. Delegates from Belmont, Dominion City, Melita, Elva, Lidstone and Minnedosa reported how they developed programmes for the twelve months. Most of the Institutes are still developing a miscellaneous programme; while a few have engaged in an intensive study of one subject. The speakers intimated that all progressive Institutes will ultimately plan programmes for the twelve months, as this plan is superior to the hap-hazard method of planning the programme from month to month. The delegate from Makaroff told the Convention about the Arts and Crafts Exhibition organized by the Women's Institution. Beulah holds an Annual Bazaar, and derives from this sufficient money to support the activities of the year, and the delegate gave an account of this annual event. The delegate from Roblin told about the Health Conference, which is held every year at the Agricultural Fair, and is organized by the Women's Institute. Langruth, which has a library of 500 books, told the Convention how this library was developed and how it serves the community. Hamiota reported how a movement started in the Women's Institute resulted in the development of the Hamiota Horticultural Society. Solsgrith, which has one of the finest club rooms in Manitoba, reported how this was built and how it serves the Institute and the community as a whole. The delegate from Deloraine told the Convention about the rest room and the clinic in that rest room; how the mothers bring the little tots regularly to the clinic, and how the public health nurse helps the mother to further the health of the family.

The Fifth Session was devoted to the discussion of health questions. Miss Elizabeth Russell gave an address outlining the new public health programme. While the Institute knows Miss Russell as their friend, this address will help many to appreciate more fully what her Department has done and is doing, and can do to help the home-maker to further the health of the family and the community. The need of iron, calcium and phosphate in the diet, and the food containing this was discussed by Miss Mary Hiltz, of the Agricultural College, while the subject is a difficult one to present, Miss Hiltz discussed it in simple terms and gave directions which the delegates could easily grasp and take home to the members.

Continued on page 48

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NO worry about the quality of milk produced in the neighborhood! No worry about ice and refrigerators! No inconvenience or uncertainty as to supply. Just take along a few tins of

The New KLIM

and all your milk troubles are over. The new KLIM is what cottagers have been longing for these many years—real whole milk, cream and all, with all the richness and goodness and flavor that Nature put there—but keeps without ice.

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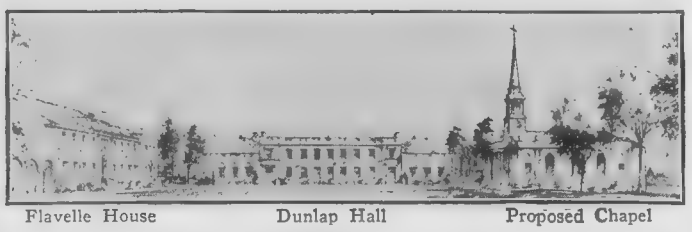

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Federated Women's Institute

Continued from page 47

The Conveners of Standing Committees gave their reports at the last session, and Mrs. Watt and Mrs. Speechly told the delegates about the activities of the Federated Women's Institutes. The Women's Institute Exhibit, which has become a feature of the Canadian National Exhibition, was discussed by Mrs. Watt, who also told the Convention about the Women's Institute Poster Competition, which will be a new feature of the 1926 Women's Institute Exhibit. It is most important that the Institutes learn about this Competition in the near future, that they may have as long time as possible to develop these historical posters. The Advisory Board is arranging to have the Manitoba posters returned and exhibited and judged at the 1927 Annual Convention. Mrs. Speechly told the Convention about the meeting of the Federated Women's Institutes, held in Victoria, B.C. last summer, and outlined what was accomplished at this meeting, and what the Federation aspires to do for the Institutes of Canada.

WHILE the programme of the Convention was like all programmes—too full, a little time was allowed for relaxation. The Winnipeg Institute served tea in honor of the delegates. This being given the first afternoon, gave the delegates an opportunity to meet. On the evening of the first day, the delegates were taken in cars, provided by the Salvation Army, to visit the Salvation Army Institutions, and enjoyed a Band Concert at Grace Hospital, where refreshments were also served. The Department of Agriculture gave a dinner for the delegates, and friends, on the second evening. Mr. Evans, who has many friends among the delegates, presided. Premier and Mrs. Bracken were present, and the Premier spoke. Major and Mrs. Newcombe were also present. Major Newcombe gave an address on "Education" which was inspiring and illuminating, and will help all seriously interested in educational problems to better understand these. After the dinner and the addresses, the delegates assembled in the Auditorium, and enjoyed a three-act play, presented by a dramatic club from the City.

Those of us who organized the Convention know the defects of the Programme. In spite of these imperfections, however, the delegates declared that they had three helpful and happy days. The people at the College united to make the week pleasant for the delegates, and the delegates were, in all matters, thoughtful and appreciative. One lady said, "I have had the time of my life," and another remarked, "This week has been a revelation to me!" The greatest goodwill prevailed throughout the Convention, and the delegates departed under the influence of this.

Manitoba Notes

Amaranth—The members are making preparations for a bazaar to be held in the fall.

Arnaud—The Secretary writes that the Arnaud Women's Institute are having swings erected at the school.

Ashern—The proceeds from the concert and dance held recently amounted to $33.25. This sum goes to the memorial hall fund.

Austin—This Institute reports adding $28.65 to the memorial hall fund, being balance of proceeds from a concert and dance.

Belmont—The Secretary reports the proceeds from the teas given by two different groups to be $34.05 and $48.05 respectively. It was understood that the group which made the least money would give a third tea and entertain the winners.

Bowsman—"Resolved that movies do more harm than good" was the subject of a debate held recently. The affirmative won. The debate was reported as very interesting.

Cartwright—We are very pleased to report that this Institute has welcomed three families of new settlers to the community. Two of these have already received hampers of home-cooking and groceries to give them a start. That's the spirit.

Clearwater—This Institute has a committee meet settlers at the train and take them out to dinner. The members are preparing a hamper for them. The Secretary reports the settlers will be well looked after.

Coulter—The members enjoyed a paper on Sweden, also a demonstration on Swedish weaving at the last meeting.

Decker—A member gave a demonstration on soap making, and many useful hints were given regarding this household art.

Dominion City—A very instructive paper on the care of floors was given by a member.

Elkhorn—This Institute has rented a hall for a year, where Women's Institute meetings will be held. The library has been moved to this hall, and is open every Saturday afternoon.

Elphinstone—This Institute has decided to buy lots, and at some future date build a closed skating rink for the children. It has also been decided by the Institute to plant trees around the sports ground, also in the park.

Gimli—The members are making articles for a bazaar to be held this summer.

Hamiota—The local Agricultural Society has asked the Institute to hold a Health Conference at the summer fair again this year. The Secretary reports having decided to do this, and has written to Dr. Day, of Winnipeg, to see if his services can be obtained.

Hartney—A very interesting address was given at the last meeting on "Bee-keeping." The invalid spring and stretcher has been purchased and delivered to a local doctor for community use.

Langruth—This Institute has decided to organize a Health Conference as soon as money can be raised. The members enjoyed a very interesting paper on "Iceland," and a lunch of several Icelandic dishes was served.

Makaroff—The members are making arrangements for their Home Crafts Exhibition. "How Linen is Made" was the title of a paper given by one of the members.

Mayfield—The sum of $25.00 has been given to the Gladstone hospital.

Melita—At a recent meeting, the members had an exchange of flowers, slips, seeds, roots and bulbs. Isn't this a good idea?

Miniota—A splendid talk on painting was enjoyed by the members, showing them how to decorate articles for the home.

Minnedosa—A paper on "The Control and Direction of 'Teen Age Children" was given at a recent meeting.

Napinka—A demonstration on lace making was given at the last meeting.

Norwood—This institute is supporting the Kiwanis tree planting.

Pipestone—"Scots at Home and Abroad" was the subject of a talk given by a member, comparing life in Scotland to life in Canada. One hundred dollars has been voted to the memorial hall fund.

Roblin—It has been decided to have a tonsil and adenoid clinic. Articles from the Institute of the Blind are to be sold on Fair Day. A demonstration on interior decorating was a part of the programme at the last meeting.

Rochedale—During the past few months, this Institute has enjoyed demonstrations on Chicken Canning, Fancy Knitting, Home Made Soap, also a paper on "The Life of Bobbie Burns."

Rossburn—A splendid reading on "Friendship" was enjoyed by the members.

Tilston—Two or three members prepared a hot dinner for a family of settlers coming to the community, the other members each bringing something—bread tea, sugar, potatoes or meat—to help them out for a few days. This would all be very much appreciated, we are sure.

Treherne—This Institute donated $10.00 to the Children's Aid. A contest "Why I belong to the Women's Institute" was held recently. The apron sale held recently brought the sum of $25.00.

Virden—The Secretary reports having $77.00 towards the memorial fund.

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This new way insures charm, immaculacy and exquisiteness under the most trying conditions, offering 3 features unknown before, including easy disposal

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A CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT BRINGS RESULTS

Over 300,000 readers turn to the page each issue.

The New Freely-Lathering
Cuticura Shaving Stick
For Tender Faces
EMOLLIENT MEDICINAL ANTISEPTIC

A Bunch of Roses

Continued from page 13

The two men glanced helplessly at each other.

"Well, the stores are closed now, anyhow, and my train leaves at seven in the morning," laughed David, a bit of both mischief and relief showing in his tone.

"Will you let me get you a present for your mother?"

"All right—all right!"

"You'll take anything I buy?"

"I suppose the train will hold it!"

THE following morning Professor Muir had just arrayed himself in his spring overcoat and was reaching for his suit-case at the bottom of the stairway, preparatory to leaving the house for his train, when Mrs. Jack hurried in and thrust a narrow, two-foot, wrapped box into his arms.

"Here's your gift for your mother—be sure and keep it in the coolest place—they're beauties."

The professor looked mighty uncomfortable, and gingerly held the parcel at arm's length.

"You surely—don't—expect me to—to—carry *that!*" he gasped helplessly. "You're not asking me to—to—take her *flowers!*"—for the odor of roses was unmistakable.

"*Roses*—the most gorgeous! She'll love them!"

"Oh—mother won't know what to do with flowers—honest! You just open them up and put them on the table there for yourself," and now both eyes and voice were entreating, for his mind was filled with visions of a carload of students—and here he was to enter carrying a box of—*roses!* He hated to hurt Mrs. Jack, who meant only kindness, he knew, but—"Tut! I can't carry those things!" he said and blushed furiously.

"Certainly you can—I just believe you're — afraid they'll — they'll think you're on your way to be married, or taking them to your young lady," and Mrs. Jack laughed roguishly, but only made matters worse by voicing what really was dimly in the back of her victim's mind. "I never saw a man who was so afraid of—of—anything that suggested sentiment. But you just take them; your mother will love them and—it will do your soul good."

"Oh—give us the blamed things, then!" and he desperately snatched the box from the radiator where he had hurriedly dropped it. With that he was off.

It was late afternoon when David Muir reached the old-home station, for there had been many stops on the way and a couple of hours delay because of wash-out. But Will, the "boy who had stayed on the farm," was there to meet him with the old gray mare—the farm-family were still too conservative for automobiles.

"How's mother?" asked David the moment the two had shaken hands—merely in concession to ordinary usage.

"Oh — not complaining any — you know mother's way. But she's not eating much, or sleeping.

During the two-mile drive there was ample opportunity for discussing the family, the farm, and a few inquiries about old neighbors. At last the road took a turn to the west—they were on the brow of the last hill, and the old home was in full view. Just now it was in a setting of indescribable grandeur: amber and rose and vermilion blazed amidst gray and azures—if the "day was 'dying' in the west," certainly it symbolized Death as a glorious consummation. A woman walked down the long lane—opened the big gate; she had a little three-cornered, checked black-and-white shawl thrown about her head.

"There's mother!" and David's voice seemed as casual as though he had seen her but yesterday.

"I expect she's been watching out most of the afternoon."

David got out at the gate and greeted his mother quietly. It was only the eyes of both that suggested an unusual depth of feeling, though the mother held tight to her son's hand all the way to the house.

Every now and then during the walk to the house the old woman would turn her deep-set eyes to her son and ask with a penetrating glance:

"And how are you, Davy, lad?"

"Fine, mother—fine!" and he'd stroke her hand with his free one.

It was only when he reached the steps leading to the front door that he remembered—the roses. Will had set his suit-case and the parcel on the steps there. He was just reaching to gather them up when Mrs. Will opened the front door.

"Here's the prodigal at last!" she laughed. "My, something — smells good!"

David dropped his parcel on the nearest chair and at once turned effusively to a little three-year-old girl who ran to him and claimed recognition.

"What's in the box?" persisted his sister-in-law.

"Oh, just take it—along to the kitchen—and open it, Lizzie," stammered David, trying hard to make his voice and manner suggest the no-accountness of the parcel. "It's for mother," he added.

Lizzie's black eyes snapped.

"You open it yourself, David Muir," she flashed. "If it's something you brought for your mother give it to her like a man—I know you! Open it yourself and don't stand there blushing like a school-boy." It was quite evident that Lizzie was not of the Muir clay and knew the reticencies of the family into which she had married.

He awkwardly passed the box to his mother, hurriedly took the little girl in his arms, and hurried to the kitchen saying:

"Come, Elsie, and let us see what we're going to have for supper."

"Granny maded you an apple cake, just like a pie only its cooked in a long cake-pan—its got brown sugar in it like you liked when you were little like me—and the sugar melted and runned over it and made it all nice and sticky."

But Elsie's attention was soon attracted back to the sitting room where she heard her mother exclaiming at the flowers, so she demanded her uncle to take her back at once to see "the booful flowers!"

When he re-entered the room his mother greeted him with:

"You should no' be wastin' your money on the like o' yon," nodding her head towards the flowers.

"Don't you like them, mother?" he asked with a laugh.

"Oh, they're well enuch!"

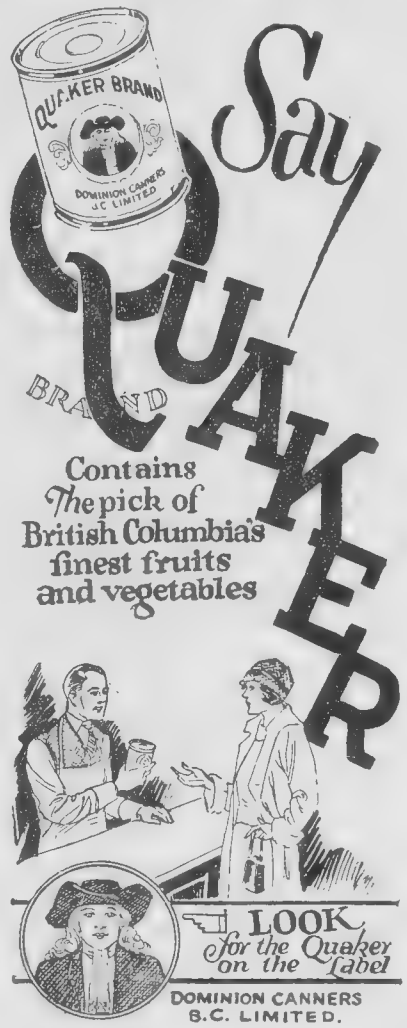
But both David and Lizzie could not but notice that she had "taken on a bit of the Scotch," as she often did when deeply stirred.

"You'll be settin' up housekeepin' one a' these days, and you'll be needin' all your siller!—without buyin fluirs, and the like—you must no be gettin' into the foolish ways o' the city folk."

David blushed anew, and felt just as he did when as a small boy his mother reproved him for some foolishness—he did feel foolish about bringing her the roses—all such outer demonstrations were a sign of weakness—he had been right after all and not Mrs. Jack!—well, thank goodness, it was over and he

Continued on page 52

Try This:—
Mix a Little
BOVRIL
with Cream Cheese
Makes a Very Tasty Sandwich Paste
J



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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. $2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 R Free.
ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strained, Torn Ligaments, Swollen Glands, Veins or Muscles; Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers. Allays pain. Price $1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.
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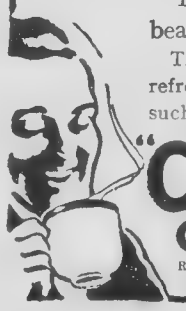
IT'S SO STIMULATING



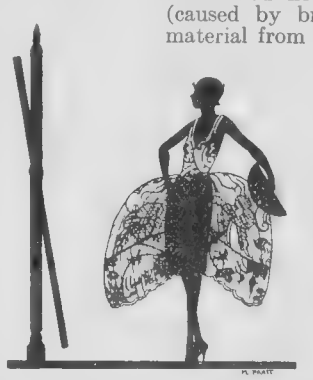
The "best of the bean" is in "Camp."
That is why it is so refreshing and has such a grand flavour.
"CAMP" COFFEE
R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

Short Cuts to Home Sewing

TODAY almost every woman has at least one good fashion magazine. Even though she lives in a village or on a farm far from fashion centres, she knows as soon as her city sisters about the correct styles and she can know what is becoming for her.

So great has been the improvement in the modern pattern, with its printed directions or construction guides, that she can select a design in keeping with fashionable good taste and successfully make it by simply following the directions given.

Fabrics grow lovelier every season. So colorful, so soft and lustrous, they are a joy to handle and use.



But most amazing and most satisfying of all is the modern sewing machine itself, without which all other aids would be futile. All good types of machines are easy to operate, so smooth running, so quiet so efficient in its quick completion of the sewing you ask it to do that it is a delight to use. The task you once thought was tedious becomes a joy. Seams flow like magic. And with the aid of ingenious attachments, the most skillful work can be done more perfectly than by hand and in a mere fraction of the time. Hems, plaits, ruffles, binding, braiding—all those deft details that add to the beauty of the frocks you make, are easily and quickly done because the modern machine has made them a matter of course as simple seams and stitches.

The more you use your sewing machine, the more you will depend upon it. And gradually a sentiment will grow up around it. You will think of your sewing machine as a never failing friend, as one who has helped you in the joy of creating lovely things for those you love, and one who has helped to make your home a more treasured place in which to find your happiness.

Proper Needle and Thread Important

A perfect stitch can be obtained only when the thread is selected to suit the fabric which is to be stitched and the needle is the correct size for the thread. If the needle is too fine for the thread and the material to be sewn is quite likely to break when crossing a seam. If a large needle is used on fine material the perforations made by the needle will show on the finished work.

Machine Not Feeding Properly

Improper feeding is often due to the pressure being too light for the material to be sewn.

The feed dog may be worn smooth. This may be determined by running the finger over the teeth. If they are not sharp, the feed dog should be replaced by a competent adjuster.

The stitch regulator may have been turned back so far that the feed is entirely out of action. Needle may be bent.

Common Causes of Machine Trouble
Causes of Upper Thread Breaking

Machine improperly threaded.
Tensions too tight.
Needle bent or having blunt point.
Thread too coarse for size of needle.
Needle too fine for size of thread and material to be sewn.
Burr on needle hole in throat plate (caused by breaking needle in pulling material from machine).
Burr on needle hole in presser foot (caused from sewing over pins or breaking needle).
Needle set with flat side to outside of clamp.
Needle too long for machine, or not all the way up the clamp.
Take-up spring bent or broken.
Tension discs worn so that thread works in groove.

Causes of Lower Thread Breaking

Improper threading of bobbin case or shuttle.
Tension too tight.
Thread wound uneven on bobbin or bobbin wound too full.
Spring on bobbin case or shuttle worn to sharp groove.
Burr on under side of throat plate (sometimes caused by sewing over pins or breaking needle).

Puckered Seams

Tension too tight.
Stitch too long for material being sewn, especially on fine material.

Noisy Treadle

If the treadle is noisy, the screws on which it is pivoted need tightening. Release one of the screws by backing off the nut one or two turns with a wrench, place a screw driver in the slot of the screw and advance the screw toward the treadle just enough to take up the slack. Tighten the nut and test the treadle. If still noisy, repeat the operation on the other side.

Finishing a Seam

When finishing a seam, nevew sew beyond the end of the material. Stop the machine by placing the hand on the balance wheel shortly before the end of the seam is reached. This will prevent the thread from becoming caught in the bobbin case.

Interesting conversation between the two "Stars" in the film line about turning an historical film in Egypt. Miss Pearl White, the well known American star of the Fox (American) and Pathe (France), is actually with her troup in Cairo at the Theatre Kursaal Dalbagni; and the Comm. Gr. Uff. Enrico Guazzoni, the author of "Quo Vadis," "Messalina," "Sacco di Roma," etc., being also in Egypt, is studying with Miss Pearl White, his future argument about turning an historical film concerning Egypt.

You Don't Need to be a Food Expert

to Select an Adequate Diet!

In Crisp, Tempting GRAPE-NUTS are those Essential Elements which Will Keep Your Body Right

THE selection of the foods you eat each day—suiting them to your particular needs—is worth the best thought you can bring to it.

But don't think that giving thought to the food you eat means being a "crank." Don't think that it means cutting out things you like. Don't think that it means eating things you don't like. It simply means making sure that you give your body, every day, an adequate quantity of ***all*** the food elements it requires.

Grape-Nuts is a tempting food especially planned by a food expert to supply ***five*** of the essential elements of nutrition to the body—and in proper form. It is made from whole wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special baking process which makes it very easy to digest. It supplies to the body these vitally necessary elements of nutrition: Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for energy; iron to enrich the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the valuable vitamin-B.

And millions enjoy the Grape-Nuts flavor! The nut-like taste of Grape-Nuts, coupled with its ***crispness,*** makes it one of the most delicious of all foods. There is an important reason for this crispness. It was designed to encourage thorough chewing, thereby helping the health of teeth and gums.

Try Grape-Nuts to-morrow morning with milk or cream. Four teaspoonfuls, costing less than one cent., is sufficient for each person. Sold in wax-wrapped packages ready to eat. Ask for it to-day at your grocer's, or accept the following offer.

CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED. 539
45 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO, 2, ONTARIO.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former college physical director.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Prov.....

Send For Trial Packages

"There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts

Made in Canada

Either Pattern FREE!

with a Copy of the Big Fall Number of the

PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHION BOOK

HOW would you like to have a smart frock for yourself like the one pictured here? At no expense whatever for the pattern? Or perhaps you'd rather make your small daughter a dainty embroidered frock like the one at the right. Whichever you prefer, you can have the pattern *absolutely free*—provided only that you accept this special offer at once. Even the embroidery design for the child's dress is free, if you choose that pattern. But you must act immediately.

Special Demonstration Offer

It's just that we want to prove to you by actual demonstration that Pictorial Review Printed Patterns are the most perfect printed patterns in the world. And we know that once you try them you will see for yourself why they are the simplest to use, most authentic in style.

And we have another good reason for making this special demonstration offer. We want you to have a copy of the beautiful Fall Number of the Pictorial Review Fashion Book, containing over 400 smart designs for dresses of every type, lingerie, children's clothes—and page after page of practical helpful information about the new colors, fabrics and accessories.

This wonderful Fashion Book is now only 15 cents at pattern counters and newsstands, or 25 cents by mail, postpaid. And every copy includes a

Coupon Good for 10 Cents

toward the purchase of a Pictorial Review Pattern! The regular price of a Pictorial Review Pattern is 45 cents, but if you send us only 25 cents for the Fashion Book itself—the big Fall Number, just issued you will get with it ABSOLUTELY FREE your choice of either of the patterns for the dresses shown above, in the correct size you require.

Only 25 cents, remember, will bring you both the Fashion Book and the pattern for one of these lovely frocks. Learn what a delight it is to make your own clothes with a Pictorial Review Perfect Printed Pattern to guide you step by step. Decide which of the dresses you would rather make. And send only 25 cents with the coupon today—Now.

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I enclose 25 cents for which please send me the Fall Number of Pictorial Review Fashion Book and a demonstration Pictorial Review Printed Pattern for the dress before which I have marked X:

☐ Lady's Dress, Size_____

☐ Child's Dress, Size_____

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Province*_____

A Bunch of Roses

Continued from page 50

—he and his mother were made of sterner and finer stuff than the common mass—they were not weak sentimentalists!

THE "Sabbath" over, David was anxious to visit as many of his boyhood haunts as he could get in on the Monday forenoon, and leave his afternoon free for his mother. Fortunately, a blackbird on an apple tree near his bedroom window awakened him early and set his nature in tune for the day. As soon as the early breakfast was over he announced:

"I'm off to see if my name is still carved amongst the immortals on the old bridge."

"You'd better keep away from the swimmin' pool" warned his mother with a twinkle, "so's you'll no be tempted to go in—for ye ken it's no a city bath-tub—and it's the spring o' the year yet."

So, for one whole morning Professor David Muir of Philbury University was a boy again, rambling amidst brook and bush and fields on the old farm, until up under the big beech his watch reminded him of the near approach of the mid-day meal—he was just a bit afraid of his black-eyed sister-in-law who had a weakness (David called it that) for promptness at meal time, even on the part of visitors.

Just as he turned the corner of the house he was aware of voices — his mother's he recognized and, yes, it was Mrs. MacPherson! the old Scotch neighbor down the road — she and his mother had come as girls together from the Old Country. Their voices wafted clearly through the open "spare-room" window right behind him. Mrs. MacPherson was saying:

"I'm surprised at David!" — she sniffed her words out contemptuously just as David remembered she used to do in the old days as some "foolishness" of the neighbors vexed her righteous soul; for the old Scotch-woman had been one of the "characters" of his boyhood.

Surprised, David without realizing what he was doing, hurriedly sat down on the step of the side-porch.

Then his mother's voice came, fraught with indignation:

"I ha' ye ken, Peggy MacPherson, that David's none o' your common-folk—a geein' common-like gifts to his mither."

"But—*fluirs*, Janet! Now if he'd geein' you a dress or shoes! or the like! what a buidy could mak' some use o'!"

Surely ye ken, Peggy MacPherson, that *fluirs* are the gifts quality gee—e'en Queens and Kings and the like—and sweethearts and sich! For what noo wud David be geein' me shoes an' the like when he sends me a cheque every month for the common things o' life! Oh, no, Peggy—when a lad like my David gees his mither presents, he gees the best—*roses!* Gifts o' pure affection—direct from the heart, with nothin' common mixed in!"

Then the old lady lowered her voice—it was confidential now.

"Peggy, I'll tell you what I've never told mortal before. The day David's father married me—as we were comin' oot o' the kirk he slippit a bit o' blue-bell into me hand and—*I hae it to this day*—pressed in me Bible! And next to that blue-bell I prize — *David's roses.*"

. . . . . They had a long afternoon together, he and his mother. His mother plied him with questions about his work at the university, then they slipped to reminiscences of David's childhood—about his father—and, finally, as it came time to retire the old lady reached for a Bible.

"Read to me from the buik, Davy," she said. "Your father's psalms—the one hundred and twenty-first, and the twenty third."

PERHAPS it was only natural that sleep refused to come to David for hours after he had gone to bed. The scenes of the morning kept coming before him, and more particularly bits of his mother's conversation of the afternoon—scenes of his boyhood, until at last the old kitchen clock struck twelve. Shortly afterwards he heard sounds of movement in the room directly below his — his mother's bedroom he knew. Hastily slipping his feet into his slippers he stole softly down the stairway; on his way, through the open door, he saw into the sitting-room.

To his surprise, there was his mother in her white nightdress, a lighted candle in one hand—she was bending over the table; her face framed in its mass of floating gray hair was pressed closely into the big bowl of pink roses. She rapturously sniffed them again and again, and a smile of great sweetness and utter abandonment to happiness was upon her face. Then she put up her hand and gently fondled the roses—her lips seemed to be framing caressing words . . . . . David slipped back to his bed, smiling and whispering to himself:

"Oh — the mothers o' men! The mothers o' men!"

After a bit he dozed. Then something wakened him. He was almost sure someone called from the room below. He sat up and listened. All was still. But he was restless—uneasy. Although feeling a bit foolish for thus giving way to his feelings, once more he slipped down the stairway and into the sitting-room. The door into his mother's room was wide open. The eerie gray-light of dawn was stealing into the little chamber, casting mystic shadows about his mother's bed, while a flickering bit of candle still feebly burned on the little table there by the bedside as though vying with the dawn in its feeble illumination; but the two were sufficient to show—an open Bible there by the candle and in the Bible a bit of withered blue-bell, and in the bed, pillowed up almost to sitting posture, was his mother, her face pale and still but lighted with a smile of great rapture; and in her hands was clasped—one of the pink roses.

David knew in an instant that his mother was—dead.

* * *

Every year in the spring-time now, Professor David Muir delivers a wonderful lecture called "The Mothers o' Men" to the university students.

And on this occasion he always wears a pink rose on his coat.

Song of An Oriole

By Nellie McClelland

Crimson sunset,
Purpling hills,
Can you wonder
That my heart thrills?

Deep'ning shadows
Are stealing round,
Oriole's song
The only sound.

Notes like silver,
Enraptured, he
Sings to his mate
From yonder tree.

Love made vocal
In song divine,
Thus would I sing,
Oh, heart of mine!

Dame Fashion's Latest Edict

Fullness, gracefully and attractively placed, is the outstanding feature of the new styles. The circular flare is with us still, with its fascinating undulation, but plaits, inserts and godets also express the increased width that fashion permits.

Some frocks show both plaits and flares.

The bolero in all its youth-expressing chic is shown on many of the new models.

The bolero lends itself to lovely color and fabric combinations.

Chiffon and crepe, silk and cloth may be combined in a bolero style.

Among top coats and wraps the dolman is shown with comfortable cape sleeves, and in lovely seasonable materials.

Cotton coats and capes are made of cretonne, chintz and ratines.

Pongee, shantung and rajah silks are used for summer sports dresses, suits and coats.

Jumper dresses of damask are new and very attractive.

The most popular of all materials are the "prints" which in their most recent expression of the "polka dot" threaten to outshine all other designs.

Pastel shades predominate among colors for summer frocks.

Black is a good street "color" relieved with white, beige or bisque.

Tub frocks of cotton or silk are now made with large bags to match.

The smock is still with us in various materials, showing a variety of neck and sleeve designs.

Fine plaiting, smocking and shirring lend softness to many new frocks.

Peplums, flounces and tiers are in evidence, and indicate that the waistline may soon be back in its natural position.

Dresses of taffeta show full skirts, and fitted bodices.

In black or navy blue they are smart, with collar and cuffs of white organdy or mull.

Collars of every description are worn.

One may have a "string tie" collar, or one simulating a deep bertha.

Sleeves are long, and wide at the hand, or long and puffed, or quite short. The sleeve with shoulder extension is very popular.

Jabots and cascades trim dresses that are otherwise very simple.

Slip-over blouses smocked or shirred are worn with two-piece circular skirts.

For the woman of mature figure there are dresses with panels, vest effects and tunics.

A new style of step-in drawers is made with shadow panels.

A one-piece dress of taffeta shows flounces headed with puffing.

Hips are much in evidence in some of the new fashions.

Small collars that turn over in a becoming manner are shown on sports blouses and dresses. With them are worn gayly colored ties.

Freedom in clothes is a boon to children. Play dresses, in romper and smock style are shown in pretty prints or cool linens, and all have pockets somewhere.

Linen dresses in white are trimmed with bands of cotton print.

Two-piece dresses of bordered washable crepe are serviceable for warm weather.

A dress of navy blue taffeta is made with a bolero and plaited skirt. The skirt is fastened to a blouse of matched crepe de chine.

A coat frock of moire shows an inverted plait at the back below a pointed yoke. The front is in surplice effect. The neck is finished with a scarf collar.

Soft taffeta fashions a dance frock made with a fitted bodice to which a very full scalloped skirt is joined.

A smart one-piece frock shows plaited godets, and the popular gypsy girdle.

A slip-on blouse lengthened by a circular peplum forms part of a two-piece dress.

The skirt is made with groups of flat plaits on the front.

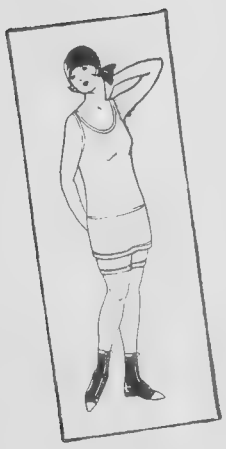
Get into the Swim in an Aberley

Aberleys are just made to swim in! Their snug elastic fit allows perfect muscle freedom for every stroke. Doubles the thrill of water sports.

Aberleys are 100% pure wool, made in all sizes and in one and two-piece styles for men, women, boys and girls, in a variety of pleasing shades.

Swim in an Aberley this summer. You'll see a lot of them at the popular beaches. Ask your dealer to show you Aberleys. **Aberley Knitting Mills Limited, Toronto**

Boys' and girls' two-piece style from $2 up



Women's one-piece style, from $4 up

Men's two-piece style. From $4 up

Aberley

100% PURE WOOL

Form Fitting

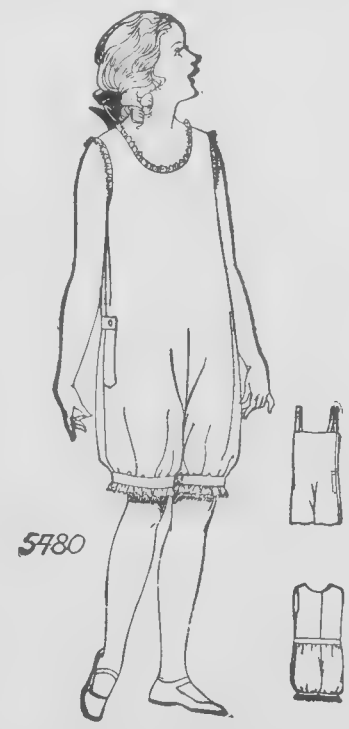
SWIMMING SUITS

Blythesome Beach Costumes and Dainty Intimate Garments

5487—Taffeta and satin, sateen and cretonne, or jersey, poplin or gingham may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2⅜ yards of figured material and 1⅜ yard of plain material 54 inches wide if made as illustrated in the large view. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

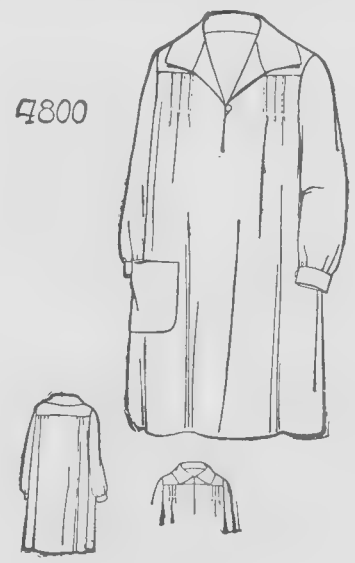
5492—Printed voile, or figured silk with crepe or taffeta for trimming would be very attractive for this model. The sleeve may be long and flowing as in the large view, or may be finished in the "cool shortness" of the smaller view. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make this pretty style for a 38-inch size, with long sleeves, will require 4¼ yards of 40-inch material, together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for vestee and collar. If made with short sleeves 3⅞ yards of figured material will be required. The collar of ribbon requires 2 yards. Width of dress at the lower edge is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5496—Sleeveless jackets are in vogue, and may be worn over a one-piece frock, a blouse or shirt waist. The model here shown was developed in checked sports silk with facings of broadcloth. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 1⅝ yard of 40-inch material, together with ⅝ yard of contrasting material for collar and pocket facings. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5491—Here is a smock that is ideal for warm weather. It is collarless and may be finished with short sleeves. Print and organdy are here combined. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: (for Misses and Ladies) 16, 18, and 20 years, and 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of figured material together with ⅜ yard of plain material 36 inches wide, if made with long sleeves and in full length. With short sleeves 3⅝ yards of the figured material is required. If made in short length the smock requires 2⅝ yards of figured material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5497—The cape is a very popular top garment this season. The model here portrayed is good for taffeta, satin, twill, fine serge, crepe or chiffon. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes— small, 34-36; medium 38-40; large 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material if made in full length. For the shorter length, illustrated in the large view, 2½ yards of material will be required together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facings on the fronts and collar. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5489—Simplicity and grace are here combined. This pretty model may be developed in taffeta or satin. If made with long (peasant) sleeves, the sleeves and the collar may be of georgette or chiffon. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material if made as shown in the large view. If made with peasant sleeve portions 4⅛ yards will be required. Collar, peasant sleeve and band cuffs of contrasting material will require ⅞ yard of 4-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Loving Appreciation

THE following picture of "My Happiest Memory of Mother" came to me from a young woman in British Columbia, in response to a request I made in the May issue of the Western Home Monthly. It will help many young women and mothers. I trust this is one of many letters we shall receive on "My Happiest Memory of Mother."

"I am so much interested in your page that I want to tell you of something which may suggest a paragraph or two which might be instrumental in making things happier for girls with literary or artistic ambitions.

"Just this—a little picture of my happiest memory of my mother, who died just a few months ago.

"We often sat alone by the big fire in our bungalow in the country—she in a big chair, I on a cushion at her feet. It was so that I always read her my newly-written things. When I came to some little bit which had come from my heart, I would pause and look up at her, and, her eyes shining, she would say in her gentle way: 'It's—it's beautiful!'

"Can't you see how great an inspiration is that memory—to 'carry on' with my work, in spite of the loneliness since she went away? To 'carry on,' and to put a little bit of beauty into each thing which I write? I'm telling you this because it may impress upon some mothers, the big truth that artistic inspiration is not some strange thing beyond their ken, but is most often born of loving appreciation."

Two Classes of Girls

SOMETIMES I think girls may be divided into two classes—those with happy dispositions and those with unhappy dispositions. The difference between success and failure is the difference in disposition.

A happy girl has a disposition that creates physical strength, mental power and personal magnetism. It makes a girl popular.

An unhappy disposition weakens one physically, tires one mentally and develops antagonistic personality—the personality that is unpopular.

The spirit of joy in work robs it of drudgery. Every girl is a link in the chain of life, therefore she must forge and beautify it in every possible way.

But you say: "Is it possible to change my disposition?"

Yes, my dear girl, it is. It may be difficult, conditions in your environment may work against you, you may be misunderstood, your talents may be suppressed by thoughtless brothers and sisters, but you can change your disposition.

The discipline itself may mean unpleasant experiences, but in the end it will be worth while. I knew a girl who was superior to the others in her home. She lived in the country. Her mother was not sympathetic, did not seem to try to understand her. She was an ignorant and selfish woman and favored the other children. This was the oldest girl in the family, and she had to do much heavy work while the younger sister did nothing. All the favors went to the younger sister. The father regarded the members of the family as bolts and screws in farm machinery. There was little of the human element in the home. No religion. Yet through it all the girl labored and struggled, determined to make the best of conditions. Meanwhile she studied and read until she was fitted to teach. While the other young people wasted their evenings, she worked even under the ridicule of the young people.

That same spirit urged her on until she became a well known woman in literary circles and popular among young people. It simply proves how it is possible for a girl to overcome obstacles of an unfortunate environment by cultivating a happy disposition. People remarked about her beauty of expression, her personality, her influence. She cast a ray of sunshine and love wherever she went. It was no trouble for her to give service to her community. She became a happy wife and mother. On the other hand, the younger sister developed a selfish and ugly disposition. Children feared her and her mother's life of devotion to her was rewarded only by ingratitude and disgust. She had few friends and no respect. Her years were spent in idleness and indulgence. She is a middle aged woman now, the most unhappy woman I know. Happiness, then, can be developed in one's own mind. Nothing in the world can break a girl's life if she has a happy disposition. It is all in the way we look at things. Disappointments irritate a girl and sometimes threaten the welfare of an entire future. These should be handled sometimes with indifference. Nothing weakens a girl more than a temper allowed to go wild. Control of temper is an art—few can afford the strain mentally and physically of an uncontrolled temper. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

There is an instinct that makes it possible for young men to feel the personality of a happy or an unhappy disposition. So many girls do not realize this. All the rouge and paint your purse can buy cannot cover the expression of unhappiness. It shows through the eyes, the droop of the mouth, the position of the body, the walk, the tone of voice. I know of a young man who broke his engagement because he said he could not endure the voice of the girl. Canada is a land of sunshine and promise. The environment is strong enough to conquer material discomforts that may be irritating. I believe that every girl in Canada may attain her ambition. First make your programme as best you can, see yourself as you wish to be ten years from now, then aim at the mark. It is surprising how quickly obstacles give way to girls of controlled wills and definite aims. You know the story of the man who searched the world over for happiness and found it at his own door. Nothing can give us happiness if our mind is not prepared for it. It is not a matter of wealth or environment if we determine not to be conquered. Angela Morgan says:

"I am aware
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the everyday care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of a marvellous thing:
Voices that murmur and others that sing
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through infinity's doors;
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains,
Here in the midst of the everday air—
I am aware."

A Chaperone?

SOMETIMES I wonder if we have enough faith in the youth of today. The more I see of them the more do I trust them. I hear too much criticism from the women who pride themselves on their old fashioned ideas.

Continued on page 65

The Ideal Fabric for Ladies, Children and Men.

"Tricoline"

"The Equal to Silk."

BRITAIN'S BEST BROADCLOTH.
FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

"Tricoline"

is the most charming and suitable fabric for Ladies' Blouses, Dresses, Lingerie, Children's Frocks, Men's Shirts, Pyjamas, etc., and is obtainable by the yard for home making-up, in a variety of fashionable stripes and a charming range of plain shades.

"TRICOLINE" combines attractive daintiness with perfect wearing and washing qualities, and in its bright, happy colours, and lustrous finish, is all the beauty of silk, without the expense. In economy, as in appearance, "TRICOLINE" is perfection.

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"Tricoline"

If any difficulty in obtaining, write sole Agents for Canada:

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What Did She Do?

"What am I going to do, Ralph? I am scared to stay here, and so bored! Joe won't support me Outside. And how could I stand going back to manicuring, or being on my feet all day long in a store, or maybe a hired girl getting bossed around?"

Read what she did and all that befell the heroine in Sinclair Lewis' thrilling novel "Mantrap," commencing in the August number of The Western Home Monthly. Don't miss the opening chapters.

Womanly Beauty from Childhood Care

The clear, velvety-smooth, unblemished skin of womanhood is a tribute to mother's early care.

Mother has kept the skin normal, the pores open and breathing, the whole body, from head to toe, antiseptically clean.

For this purpose millions of mothers use Lifebuoy, the pure, ultra-refined, antiseptic skin purifier and protector.

Lifebuoy's clean, healthful odour is your assurance of purity and protection.

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Purifies and Protects

The health odour vanishes quickly, the protection remains.

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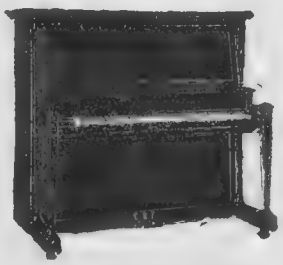

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PIANOS—Steinway, Duo Art. Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Haines, Bell Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Doherty, Lesage and Canada.

Jaunty Wearables for Juveniles

4800—This style is good for jean, drill, cambric, linen, gingham, or sateen. It has a convertible collar, also an underfacing in front, and is especially adapted to the use of artists and decorators, also for gardening. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5503—Crepe de chine or voile with a trimming of motives of "val" lace edging is here shown. The pattern is also suitable for silk, zephyr and prints. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1¾ yard of 40-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5486—The back portions of this model are crossed, and held in place by belt sections that fasten at the centre front. Percale, chambrey, muslin or gingham may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the apron for a medium size, as illustrated, will require 4¾ yards of figured percale, ¼ yard of plain material for facing on belt portions, and 5½ yards of bias binding on pocket and other free edges. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5502—This model is good for sports, and outdoor wear. It may be developed in khaki, jersey, crash or gingham. The sleeve may be in wrist or in elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves 2¼ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5480—This style may be finished with shaped shoulders or camisole top, and straight or knicker leg portions. Muslin, cambric, crepe, sateen, flannellette or crepe de chine may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 12-year size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5506—The smock is such a universal style, that one is pleased to find it developed for girls as well as "grown-ups." The attractive style here shown has the comfortable raglan sleeve, and coat closing. Bloomers accompany this practicable design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material, together with ¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, band cuffs and leg bands. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5488—Crepe de chine, batiste, radium silk or satin may be used for these models. The brassiere may also be made of muslin, sateen or drill. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires ⅜ yard for the brassiere and 1⅝ yard for the step-ins, of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5500—Here is the very latest expression of practical dress for school girls. A middy blouse, with a circular skirt mounted on an underbody. The underbody may be of muslin or lining, the skirt of Jersey, flannel, wool crepe or wash fabrics and the blouse of Indian head, drill, or broadcloth. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. To make this "uniform" for a 12-year size, with short sleeves, will require 1 yard of 36-inch lining for the underbody, 1⅛ yard of 54-inch material for the skirt and 2 yards of material 36 inches wide for the blouse. If the blouse is made with long sleeves 2¼ yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Musical Notes

For Close Study of Musical Selections the Phonograph is An Unrivalled Instrument for the Unskilled Music Lover

ONE of the chief functions and beneficial uses of the phonograph has been, and always will be, to coach students of music, both vocal and instrumental, along the proper channels of interpretation.

As an instance of this, the writer might mention that only a few evenings ago a girl taking singing lessons came to him in great perplexity. She had been given a new song by her teacher that fairly bristled with technical difficulties, and complained that she hadn't the least idea how to proceed with it.

"Have you a phonograph in your home?" I queried.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, then," I said, "when you are near a music store tomorrow, run in and get it in record form for your instrument. Ask for the one sung by . . . ."

The next evening the girl came tripping over to my home in great glee.

"Gee, that was a great brainwave of yours last night," she exclaimed. "I got the record as you told me and played it over three or four times before coming out. Why, after you hear it, it is not nearly as difficult as I imagined at first."

And so it is no wonder that a writer in the "Toronto Telegram" comes along and declares emphatically:

"Radio, with its thrill of unconnected distance and the scope it affords those mechanically inclined, is powerfully alluring, but for close study of musical selections, the characterization of the composer, and the talent displayed by the artist, the phonograph is an unrivalled instrument for the unskilled music lover."

"Lifting, as it has, thousands into a knowledge and appreciation of the opera and other classical productions, the phonograph is hardly likely to get one leg over the grave yet awhile. There are, nevertheless, many who possess really first class machines and get but very little benefit out of them, to the regret of themselves and likewise of the dealer who sold them the machine. Let it be said without hesitation, that extra expense in the purchase of an instrument to get fuller tone and a reduction of surface noises is money wisely spent. The bamboo needle is also a quality booster and should be used on all records where satisfaction can be so obtained.

"Orchestra crashes, high soprano and tenor notes of any volume, have a ticklish time with even the medium steel needle, particularly at the start. The high contralto note is the most liable of all to stripping. In some cases there is an eventual giving way, and it is therefore wiser to give the bamboo needle a trial first.

Musicians and Nationality

Nowadays, when musical nationalism is so much to the fore, we are apt to overlook the fact that many of the greatest musicians have come of a mixed nationality, and some people claim that the more cosmopolitan a family is the more likely is it to produce geniuses. In England, certainly, there is the striking instance of the Novello family, which was very mixed and produced at least a number of very highly talented members. Beethoven was a German of Dutch extraction, and Brahms a German of Danish extraction. Feruccio Busoni, the pianist and composer, was half German and half Italian, as is Wolf-Ferrari, the composer of "The Jewels of the Madonna"; Sgambati, the Italian composer, had an English mother; Frederic Delius, the English composer, comes of a German family of remote Dutch extraction; Frederic Lamond is a Scot, whose parents or grandparents came from Middle Europe, and Eugene d'Albert is also a Scot of Teutonic or Alsatian extraction. And quite a large number of musicians who are generally credited with being Germans: Haydn, Liszt, Dvorak, etc., come from the Slav races and were born outside Germany.

What the Player Piano in Your Home Sometimes Thinks About

"Life's not what it used to be. When I first came here, the family worshipped me like a new baby. Now, they treat me like a piece of old furniture.

"What do they think I'm made of? It's over a year since anyone has even thought of my health. I'm breaking down under the strain.

"If the folks have no consideration for me, why don't they think of all the money I cost? They'll be sorry when I have a complete 'break down' and it costs a lot of money to get me back into shape again.

"Oh, well—complaining doesn't get one anywhere. But I could be a whole lot happier, and I could save the family a whole lot of money if they would only treat me right.

"When the sunny, warm weather comes, I relax just like other folks. My parts extend—my strings stretch. Then, I can't play as I should. But a good tuner could fix me in a few minutes.

"It's strange that the family doesn't notice the change in me. Other folks do. I'm ashamed to have people talk about me when I'm trying to do my best.

"Why don't folks understand that I should be tuned twice a year? Once in the Spring or Summer—again in the Fall or Winter. It would cost so little, and I would last so many years longer.

"B-r-r-r-! The sharp, cold winter days make me shiver. To keep warm, I draw myself together. Of course, the contraction causes leaks in my player mechanism and again, I can't play as I should. I need a tuner badly, then.

"Yesterday, I nearly choked, there was so much dust in the air. Of course, mother keeps me bright and shiny outside, but she doesn't seem to realize that the dust gets inside of me. Week after week, it gradually sifts in, until after several months, it starts to grind away my player parts. Then it's real serious.

"Life's just one hardship after another. Last week, a mouse got into me, and started to nibble away the felt from several of my hammers—till the notes wouldn't play at all.

"I tried to let the folks know when they played me that night, but they didn't seem to notice the change. Oh, well—what's the use. I've done the best I can, to tell them that I shouldn't be played in this condition. But if they won't listen, they'll have to learn by experience—even if it is expensive."

The Value of Early Musical Association

Parents whose musical education has been neglected should not deny their children that which they have been unable or unwilling to attain. Because a man cannot read he does not deprive his child of the opportunity of attending school. A musical education, that is an appreciation and knowledge of good music, is not expensive in these days of moderate-priced instruments.

And early association with good music is of inestimable value to every child, and this can only be obtained outside the large centres by means of the phonograph. To many parents who intend giving their children musical instruction, the question perhaps arises as to whether a phonograph in the home might not detract from the study of the piano or the violin. The opposite effect of the phonograph in the home can perhaps be more easily understood when it is realized that to attain a degree of perfection in any subject such as music, the creative instinct, the desire to produce, must be sufficiently strong to make the necessary effort and labor well worth while.

Musicians at Play

Every music worker should adopt a sport of some kind. Commander Sousa and Josef Lhevinne go in for trapshooting. Brahms is known to have been fond of cards. Kullak, it is said, used to like to box. Verdi made a hobby of farming.

For the full zest of the picnic spread— McCormick's Biscuits

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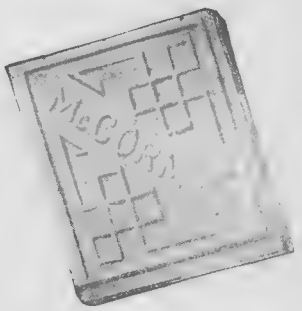
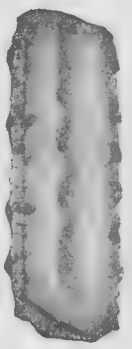


McCORMICK'S Sweet Biscuits add daintiness and a real tid-bit to any picnic spread.



Every variety of sandwich, shortbread, or plain biscuit, all of them fresh, crisp and appetizing, sure to please the picnickers, can be bought by the pound, or mixed in a pound.

Take some to the picnic and see how they are snapped up.

Equally enjoyable at home, of course, for they are delightfully flavored, absolutely pure, made in a great white-tile bakery to satisfy the most fastidious appetites.

Ask your grocer to send over a pound of McCormick's Biscuits, assorted, with your next order.

For every occasion—

McCORMICK'S
BISCUITS

Every one of that Distinctive Quality which makes JERSEY CREAM SODAS famous

604

But she knew Guy was worried about how to pay the remainder of their subscription by the end of the month. Of course they hadn't promised to pay it so soon, but it was needed then. She knew he was worried too, about getting the money that had been promised in time to get the missionary grant.

THE night after that At-Home Janet couldn't sleep. No doubt the excitement from it helped keep her awake. All at once there flashed into her mind what Mr. Beveridge had said that first night over the phone: *"But the Lord hasn't any house here; He needs it worse than you need yours!"* In the morning she wished she hadn't got the coat. She wished she had had the courage to go to the Jacksons' in her old one. Then in a flash she decided: she would take it back. She hated doing it without telling Guy, but, of course, he wouldn't let her if he knew. But she'd do it. It would be such a relief for him to have that fifty dollars; he'd pay it at once into the church fund. It would help out in paying for the material being used for the foundation. "When one's got anything disagreeable to do it's better to get it over right away—the way we used to take castor oil when we were children," she thought as she was washing the dishes. So, directly the dishes were done she started for Hawthorne & Brown's, even carrying the coat.

"Sorry, but we don't return things—you can exchange it," said the saleslady.

"Well, I'd like to exchange it for a—church subscription," laughed Janet and started to explain things a bit.

"You can see the manager if you like," was the saleslady's only response.

Now Janet loathed doing things like this; though, in fact, she had never done anything of the kind before. But, there kept humming through her mind, "The Lord hasn't any house and He needs one worse than you need yours." It was this that fortified her.

It so happened that a member of the firm was with the manager when Janet entered his office. She did not know who he was. She told her story, telling, of course, that she had worn the coat one afternoon. And, when the manager didn't seem the ogre she had imagined he might be, she even went into more details and in her excitement even gave him the quotation about the "Lord not having any house," which had largely prompted her to do such an unprecedented thing as she was at present doing.

"Guy won't like it — in fact he wouldn't let me do it if he knew—I don't think I'll tell him a thing only that I brought it back and give him the money. He'll use it for the church right away. He said this morning that they'd used the very last cent that had been paid in and if nothing more comes in soon they'd have to stop work this week. Guy has a horror of debt. That's why he's so keen on getting our last thousand on the house paid. We would have had half of the last thousand paid at the end of the year if it hadn't been for the church, but now that we've gone into that it seems that our own house must come secondary. Guy and I are both beginning to feel that we owe a debt, too, to the Lord, and that it should be paid first." She hadn't in the least meant to go into things so far before these two men, but, somehow, her enthusiasm for the new church had carried her away and then the men had smiled and seemed so sympathetic and inquiring.

"Think you'll have to take it back, Endicott," laughed the other man, winking jovially at the manager.

"Yes, certainly. Mrs. Davidson, this is Mr. Hawthorne, the leading member of our firm; so you see even if I had

Mrs. Davidson's New Coat

Continued from page 12

felt like refusing you—which, of course, I hadn't, he'd have made me do it."

"I think you said your husband was with Brockway's?" queried Mr. Hawthorne. "I remember him. Indeed I've had several dealings directly with his department through him. We admire your enthusiasm, Mrs. Davidson, in a good cause."

"Thank you. But I should not have let it wane when we got the coat," laughed Janet blushingly. She blushed still more as she noticed both the men glance searchingly at her coat. It seemed to her as if it had never looked so shabby.

But she went home relieved—with the fifty dollars in her pocket book. Sharp at half past six she heard Guy's step on the walk. She was dreading giving him her coat-explanation. But—he seemed to be walking spryer than usual tonight. He almost took the four steps to the door in a single bound. She hurried to meet him.

"Well, what's happened? You look happier than usual and awfully spry," she laughed merrily.

"You bet I'm spry. I've good news—glorious news! You'd never guess!"

"Couldn't I — but! That's easy — when you're like a small boy on Christmas morning. *A new subscription to the church!* Or maybe a hundred dollars of old subscriptions paid up!"

No! No! Guess again! *Six hundred and fifty dollars in cash—cash,* mind you! And all new! The last people I'd have expected it from! It's a miracle! I can't understand it yet—Hurray!"

"Hurry up and tell me, Guy — hurry!" and Janet was now on his knee holding on to the lapels of his coat and jerking them excitedly.

"Mind you a boy landed at the office just about noon with a fifty dollar cheque from—guess who! The man we bought your coat from, the manager of the firm — Mr. Endicott. The boy hadn't more than gone till another one landed with a cheque for one hundred dollars—a hundred dollar cheque, mind you, from Mr. Hawthorne, the head member of the same firm! What do you know about that! I nearly fainted from the shock. And the queer part of it is neither one of them lives out in this district; so I can't understand it. Why, Janet, you're so surprised your face is as red as a beet!"

"But about—about the other five hundred?" stammered Janet.

"If you guess till doomsday you'll never guess that—*Old George!*"

Not Mr. Brockway?" gasped Janet, with eyes fairly popping from her head. "I thought you said he didn't go to church or anything."

"He don't. He just walked in and laid a cheque on my desk, and—blushing, mind you, said, 'Here's a little something to help out on that church you and your wife are so keen on, and denying yourselves so, to build.' I'd never expected it of old George—of all men! And say, Janet, do you realize this finishes us up. This, added to what's subscribed, makes up the amount to entitle us to the missionary grant. This ready cash coming in right now will hustle us along with the work."

Just then the door-bell rang. When Janet opened it she nearly fell over with surprise; it was "Old George," her husband's boss—the owner of the big Brockway firm. He had never before been known to call on any of his employees.

"I suppose this is Mrs. Davidson," he said quite cordially, shaking hands. Guy hurried to greet him, inwardly ejaculating "What next?"

"Got a nice little place here," he commented in quite a friendly tone. "Own it?"

"Pretty nearly; all but a thousand," answered Guy. "Of course we haven't any furniture worth speaking of yet but we get things by degrees as we can afford it. We had hoped to make our second last payment on the house by the last of December, but I guess we'll not quite do it now."

"Giving it to that church of yours, eh?" And now old George's eyes were twinkling.

Then both Guy and Janet began expressing their delight and thanks for his subscription. Guy, before he quite realized it was tumbling out his account of just what this meant at this particular time; with various interjections from Janet which she just couldn't resist telling—even if it was to the great Mr. Brockway.

"Tut-tut, never mind that! I came entirely about another matter. I guess you didn't know, Davidson, you have your wife to thank largely for these new subscriptions today. Have you told him, young lady, that you took your coat back?"

"No—I—I——"

Then Old George threw back his head and laughed as the staff in the store had never imagined he could laugh.

"Well, you see it was your pluck about the coat—and the two of you working so hard to get your house clear and then passing your cash across instead to the church, that got us. Endicott and Hawthorne came to see me at noon and told me the story, demanding a cheque for your church. Of course I felt the same as they did about it and recognized that even apart from the church idea itself you are building up our city in that district." It so happened that Old George was mayor that year and Endicott and Hawthorne aldermen, so they were all strong on the "our" city.

Now Janet and Guy were blushing like two school kids.

"But I came about — about — well, I've decided to give you a little raise. Not much—business is very dull now, as you know — twenty-five extra a month, for the present—starting this month. Now don't for a minute think I'm giving you and your wife this as a reward for virtue—though you deserve it and more. It's pure business. It's just like this: everyone in this section of this city knows how you're working for this church—I've been talking to a number; and even people who never go to church themselves say it's needed here. I take it that you and your work for this church is the best advertisement that the Brockway firm can have up here. A man like you, taking an interest in this kind of thing is always advertising the business firm he is with. Just that is worth this twenty-five to the firm. I won't say anything just now, though I might, about your conscientious work with our firm all these years. A man of whom it is known that his 'word is his bond' is a great business asset to any firm. Now, my dear, *will you get back your coat?"*

But Janet couldn't answer just then. Guy, too, was speechless.

Janet shook her head but finally answered joyously: "Oh, my coat can wait! My coat-money can go to the church now. Guy's extra salary will just make the payment on our house. We're so delighted to be able to do these things—I can't tell you just how delighted!"

And "Old George" knew she meant it, because he noticed, in with her laughing, a couple of tears were gliding down her cheeks.

"Why, sir," added Guy haltingly, "you've made us feel like—like two millionaires tonight—I just can't express it. I——"

"Tut-tut! Don't mention it. Good night!"

The Boulder-strewn bed of the River, Capilano, Vancouver, B. C.

Let's Dance

Continued from page 6

that David scarcely committed the indiscretion of stopping to stare. Well, he had seen her again! A child too! She was lovelier even than he had imagined. And she was wearing violets with a pink rose for a heart! He turned and walked slowly past the house again, but the picture was fading. The man who had kissed her was drawing down the blind.

David turned from the gaiety of Holly Street into a deserted business thoroughfare. Street lamps shed long cold white rays across the marred drab snow. B-r-r-r-r-r . . . that wind was in his face now, raw and cold. What a God-forsaken fool he was to be mooning about a strange city alone—yes, he had seen her again——

AT ELEVEN o'clock he threw down his magazine. He supposed he would accept that offer tomorrow. Would make them come across though —hold them up for every dollar he could get. It didn't matter much which side of the line he lived on—he hadn't any stake in Canada—a man without a home or any prospect of one—and the picture of a ruddy-haired girl with a child in her arms flashed across his mind—no, it didn't matter much . . .

He might as well turn in. Thank goodness Christmas day was nearly over — confound that Chinaman, another pyjama button gone. He slipped on a gay bathrobe, the sort of bathrobe reserved by haberdashing clerks for helpless bachelors. He'd smoke another cigarette before turning in — queer old place with its open fires, but a hotel was a dismal hole at Christmas. Who did she remind him of—more tonight than ever? Yes, of course—that picture in the National Gallery—the bronze lights in her hair, the curve of her lips, her blue dress, and the child! She was awfully like that lovely human Madonna. Queer chap, Titian, even his religious pictures had a worldly touch—and color——!

Then his face grew cold. He remembered that day in the gallery. His last leave before the armistice. Jean had been with him—had promised to marry him when the war was over. She'd been half afraid of Canada, though—queer schoolgirl idea that it was a snowy wilderness—chaps like Kipling and Service had a lot to answer for—! And two months after the armistice she married her father's partner. Well, the sting of that old disappointment had faded with the years. It had been a boy's love—those old days in Inverness —he'd kept clear of women since, that was all. Until last night! That chance encounter—this queer feeling that he'd always been waiting to meet her—but what could he do? He couldn't trespass. And yet other men did it! There must be something wrong when a man let a wife like that fag away all day doing district nursing. Other men went out after what they wanted. Why shouldn't he? He had plenty of money —and after tomorrow — California — Europe—leisure—all of the things a pretty woman ought to have——

Just then, clear and insistent above the roar of a passing street car, the clamor of near-by trains, came the sweet notes of Christmas chimes flung joyously from some distant church tower—Noel—Noel—Noel—Noel——

He listened intently, the familiar notes blotting out all consciousness of his surroundings — listened till old memories came flooding back — that shadowy Inverness drawing-room. The candles on the rosewood piano shining softly on his mother's silver hair—her sweet voice singing the old familiar words——

Moved by sudden impulse he went to his bag and took out a leather case. Opening it he looked long at the pictured face — the mother who would never again welcome him home! He sat very still with the picture in his hands, the old familiar chimes beating gently upon his senses. What a precious little pal of a mother she had been — fanning his ambition — but always fostering his shy idealism — weaving lovely dreams about his work in the new land. What would she say about that deal tomorrow? Her eyes seemed to look pleadingly into his, but half sadly, half impatiently he closed the case. No use trying to mix sentiment with business. Her ideals were impossible in an everyday world—she wouldn't have understood. Why shouldn't he accept? Why shouldn't he be happy? Queer, he didn't even know that girl's first name and yet he loved her. He knew places made for happiness—Rapallo, a cream villa with green shutters, shallow stone steps leading down through the roses and orange blossoms of the garden to the shore of the Mediterranean — or Fiesole—or rocky sun-bathed Sicily—when at last he slipped off the gay bathrobe red coals had burned to ash . . . Why shouldn't he be happy . . .

And then sleep spread the silver screen across which dream figures passed in quick succession. His mother and little Jean—the girl in the military coat who became by the magic of dreams his Madonna of the picture gallery—a lovely human Madonna with a baby in her arms—a girl in a blue dress who wore his violets and smiled into his eyes . . . on and on until at last the lights of morning flashed across the stage of a new day . . .

No time for dreaming now! That appointment was at ten! Confound that Chinaman, another button—then suddenly with razor poised half-way to his chin he realized that the face he saw in the mirror belonged to a slow, law-abiding Scotchman. In the clear light of day he knew that his glamorous plans of the night before were melodramatic and absurd. She was probably perfectly happy — domestic triangles couldn't exist in straight little Holly Street. Her nursing was a fad perhaps—careers—economic independence — women had queer ideas nowadays . . .

He realized too that his decision was made. Deep down beneath that film of dreams in the mysterious workshop which psychologists call the sub-conscious it had formed at last! Old forgotten memories — ideals — loyalties were welded together in its making. His mother—the old home in Inverness—college days—trails he'd followed in a glorious new land—new impressions and experiences too—old William —Confederation—the man with the red tie—Canada—all gathered up as material by that tireless force at work beneath the conscious layers of thought. David of course did not realize all this. He was not introspective. He only knew that for some inexplicable reason he had decided to turn down a gilt-edged proposition.

And when he met Henry S. Cottle, impressive representative of an impressive Wall Street firm, he did so—firmly. "Yes, the terms were satisfactory. No, nothing would shake his resolution. His mind was made up."

Mr. Cottle's firm coveted David's plant and David's knowledge of the timber areas of a great province. But Mr. Cottle recognized granite when he met it — superlative Scotch granite which he could neither blast nor tunnel.

Continued on page 60

Avoid pain by seeing your dentist in time

Don't let negligence keep you away from your dentist until pain drives you to him At least twice a year go to your dentist for thorough mouth inspection. He will help you avoid needless pain and trouble by keeping your teeth and gums healthy.

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Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract pyorrhea through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

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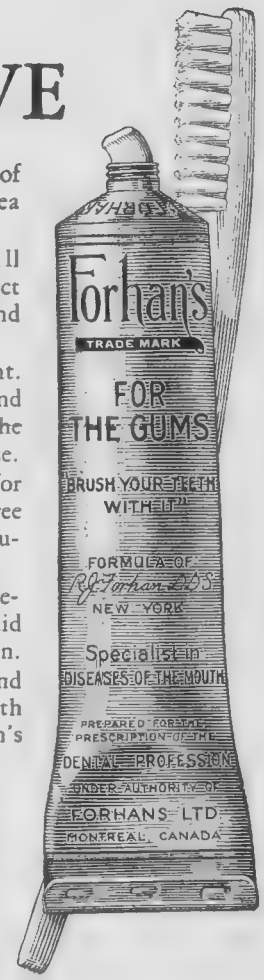

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FOR THE GUMS

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So he reluctantly accepted the inevitable. And in all the discussion no mention of the fundamental why. David knew that some mysterious force stronger than his conscious will had banished his idle dreams of stolen happiness, had stirred his loyalty and patriotism making him see that Canadian-owned industries were even more important to Canada than American capital — reviving his interest in his work. But he wasn't going to confess it to anyone. Awful rot if one tried to talk about it—half uncanny too—those chimes — his mother — getting him in spite of himself——! So he just said brusquely: "No, I'm not making any change. I've got good prospects where I am."

AT FIVE o'clock after Henry Cottle departed with his unsigned contract David felt the restlessness which seizes even the best poised after a crisis. "I'll start back tonight," he thought. "If I've been a sentimental fool turning down a good thing I'll get back to work and forget it. I've got to forget that girl, too . . . " But he knew in his heart that he never would forget. David Gordon was Highland Scotch and a bit of a fatalist. To him that black bag was no ordinary nursing kit. It was an instrument of fate. But he said to the clerk: "I'm checking out tonight if I can get a reservation—no thanks—I'll just go across to the station and attend to it myself."

And a few minutes later, turning away from the wicket with a ticket for Vancouver and a reservation for lower seven, car four forty-three, he came face-to-face with a brown-eyed girl in a military coat.

Stopping short they stared at one another. Then the girl laughed. "Why, what good luck... I saw the Macraes today—I was just wishing I could tell you about them."

The quick pound of David's pulse made no impression on his thick coat sleeve. He said in a fair imitation of his ordinary voice: "Couldn't I persuade you to come and have tea some place where we could talk comfortably?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry; I can't possibly. You see I'm still in uniform."

"Does the uniform really matter? His eyes searched her face, "or is it just because—well, just——"

"You mean is it because we aren't authentic acquaintances—no, that's not it. You see rules are rules. I can't possibly go out to tea in my uniform. And I'd love to, really. I've just been deserted——"

"Deserted?" he echoed vaguely.

"Yes — oh, only temporarily, of course," she laughed. "I've just been seeing my family off for Florida."

The dingy old station developed an odd brightness. After all what was the difference between tea and dinner—it was just an hour either way—surely he could have one hour—so David said eagerly: "If it's just the uniform couldn't you change into something else and come to dinner? Of course I know I should present references, but——"

"We should exchange them," she laughed, "but mine are at home. You know my name, don't you. I'm Nora Trent—Mrs. Trent, you know——"

"And I'm David Gordon. Where shall we dine? You would prefer a tea-room, wouldn't you? Be sure to choose a nice one; shall I call for you?"

"Yes, a tea-room would be nice," fibbed Nora Trent. She didn't as a matter of fact prefer a tea-room—not tonight. Queer pictorial food — hors d'oeuvres, planked steak—an orchestra temperamental enough for the Blue Danube waltz and jazzy enough for the latest fox-trot luring them out on a satin-smooth floor between courses—that was the sort of thing her gay

Let's Dance

Continued from page 59

just-out-of-school feeling demanded. But she gave him a discreet Bloor Street address and said: "No, don't call for me. I'll meet you there."

Twenty minutes later she opened the door of the Holly Street house. Dick's old gray hat on the hall seat had a queer abandoned look . . . dear old Dick . . . he needed his holiday . . . The sweet smell of freshly ironed, sun-dried linen penetrated the hall; she heard heavy footsteps in the kitchen. "I'm going out to dinner, Lena," she called, "but I don't expect to be late; take the evening off if you like."

Upstairs with pulses racing—then a sudden pause at the door of a blue-and-white room. A battered old Teddy bear lay face downward on the floor. With a sharp little pang she picked it up and laid it very tenderly on the low white bed — then turned away quickly——

In her room, slipping off her trim blue uniform she smiled at the memory of little Doris with seven new dolls proudly ranged across her pillow. Smiled again as she thought of the Christmas aftermath of crumbs in old Mrs. Murphy's bed—such rich, Rotarian crumbs! Then she closed her wardrobe door firmly upon her uniform and workaday thoughts.

A few vigorous strokes of the brush and her prettily-cut hair was shining. Dainty fresh lingerie—a soft litle tan frock—a touch of concentrated sunshine caught in the hearts of big amber beads. Then a swift head-to-toe survey in the mirror, a final benediction of powder for her straight little nose—her smart hat and beaver coat.

Just a qualm or two as she neared the tea-room. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself—the minute their backs are turned—a strange man too. No, don't be silly; you could have told him about the Macraes in two minutes at the station. You aren't a bit repentant either. You've been intending to do something reckless for ever so long and this began the night before last when he spoke to you on the car—David Gordon—it's a nice reassuring name, anyway—yes, there he is——"

And as they entered the familiar room, the glowing fire, the softly shaded lights seemed to sanction her illicit festivity.

"I was sure you were an out-of-doors person," Nora said, as the maid brought their soup.

"Aren't you, too?"

"Oh, yes indeed! Whenever I have the chance. Of course, visiting nursing isn't exactly an outdoor sport. I'm pretty busy at home, too, but I skate and ski sometimes and in the holidays we usually go north. My brother-in-law thinks . . . "

But David had dropped his serviette. He disliked the male branches of the Trent family tree intensely. He did not intend to let them cast a gloomy shadow over his one hour. When he appeared above decks, serviette in hand, he deftly changed the subject.

With the salad they talked of hockey, grand opera, Tom Thomson's pictures, the annoying prevalence of biological fiction, of dancing and of radios.

"Richard says that in time the radio . . ." began Nora. But David had turned to speak to the waitress—something important about more rolls. When he turned back to her again it was to ask a question about the method of insulin treatment.

An odd little smile danced in Nora's eyes, but she was earnest and enlightening about insulin for almost three minutes.

And with the dessert David did not tell her anything at all about her eyes or her lips or her hair. Not through the awkward medium of words. But sometimes when his eyes looked into hers Nora seemed to feel him saying them with a touch as delicately light as the soft swerve of a butterfly's wing.

"I'm glad we came here, she thought. "This is far nicer than the casual familiarity of dancing. I like him but I'm not ready to dance with him yet. Some day it might be nice to slip into his arms . . . But what nonsense am I dreaming? I can't ever do that. He's just amusing himself till train-time and in a few weeks I'll slip back into the same old round—Dick's socks — Lena's rheumatism — Peggy's poached eggs and spinach. I'm just playing Cinderella for a little while. I do hope Mary will be careful about Peggy's food and that she will remember where I packed her summer undies . . ."

DAVID GORDON knew that he was drifting. He had thrown his scruples overboard. But only temporarily he told himself with swift sophistry. The tide would turn at eleven when his train went out. This was just one shining hour snatched from time. So he said over the coffee: "There isn't time for a theatre, I'm afraid, but could I possibly persuade you to come to a movie for a little while?"

Nora hesitated just for a moment. Then she said: "Yes, I should like to go."

And a few minutes later in the vibrant warmth of a picture theatre with its heavy scents, its syncopated music, its rustlings and covert lovemaking, Nora watched a famous star while David Gordon found her clear profile far more interesting than the film.

"What a companion, what a comrade she would be!" And he saw her in his canoe on some lovely lake, or on horseback mounting a rocky trail with the sunset glow on her hair. They walked together in the fragrant twilight of a fir forest or through the dewy grass of a silent valley . . .

"You'll come out West some day, perhaps?" he asked in a carefully matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes, this summer, I think." She smiled at him, then stooped to recover her gloves which were slipping to the floor.

And suddenly, as she moved, he was thrillingly aware of her sweet physical nearness . . . had taken her hand in his . . .

Just for a moment she let it lie there. Then drew it away. But so gently that the withdrawal was not quite a rebuff, though she moved farther away from him.

And later in the taxi bound for Holly Street, beneath a ripple of conversational trivialities, their thoughts ran in deeper currents.

"I shouldn't have done that," David thought. "I wish I hadn't. I should have stuck it out and got away without doing that. She's been so frank and friendly. When all's said and done it's poaching, and I despise a poacher. It's

a mighty good thing I'm getting out tonight . . . "

And Nora, as the taxi turned into the familiar street was thinking: "I wish I hadn't let him do that. After all I can't bear him to think I'm that sort of a person. I believe he really likes me—he seems rather a serious person—I wish I had told him . . . " The taxi grazed the curb.

On the steps of her house he said hurriedly: "You've been awfully kind to a stranger. I'll never forget it. But I'm going to miss that train . . . good-bye . . . "

He was gone and she hadn't told him! With a quick pang she saw the taxi start. She would never see him again and she liked him! Why hadn't she told him . . . ?

Her key was in the lock, but just as she opened the door she heard a quick rush of feet up the steps and his voice, breathless and a little husky.

"I've got to tell you! You won't see me again, so it can't matter. I've just got to tell you that I've loved you from the time I saw you first on that car. If you had been free . . . if ever you should be free . . . "

The glare from a street lamp showed the quick flame of color in her face. "I am free," she said quietly. I knew you thought Dick was my husband—people often do—and I didn't care at first—I thought it was just a silly flirtation—and then——"

"But this Richard Trent—that grocer—today at the station—who is this Trent?"

She laughed a little shakily. "That's what I started to tell you ever so many times at dinner but you always changed the subject. You see my sister and I married brothers. My husband died seven years ago—we had just been married five weeks—I've lived with Dick and Mary ever since. So he's my brother-in-law, you see. I keep an eye on Peggy and him in my spare time."

"Who is Peggy?" David was frantically recasting his impressions.

"Peggy's my little niece. I've brought her up really—she's a darling. Mary is out a great deal—she sings—I'm the Martha of the family, you see . . . "

"Then some day perhaps—oh, Nora—you'll marry me, won't you?"

"I'm sure you are going to miss your train," she parried.

"I'm not going . . . wont you, Nora? I won't go until you promise you will!"

"But shouldn't we get acquainted first?" she said softly. "The Macraes only introduced us you know, and you're so nice and Scotch and I'm so Irish . . . but perhaps if you come tomorrow . . . "

"Tomorrow! Why, it's years until tomorrow! It's only eleven. Couldn't we go some place and dance? Then we'd get acquainted. Couldn't we, Nora?"

"Oh, let's! I'd love to . . . "

She slipped her hand into his and together they ran headlong down the steps and across the lawn to the taxi.

My Little Lad

By F. Eleanor Nichols

Little hands that seem around my heart to twine,
Wistful eyes that gaze so lovingly in mine,
Smiling lips that hold for me their welcome glad,
My little lad.

Yellow hair all tousled in his merry fun,
Saucy nose o'er which the rusty freckles run,
Feet that speed so eagerly to meet his dad,
My little lad.

Restless tongue whose questions never reach an end,
Loyal heart, believing me his wisest friend,
Dearest gift of love a father ever had,
My little lad.

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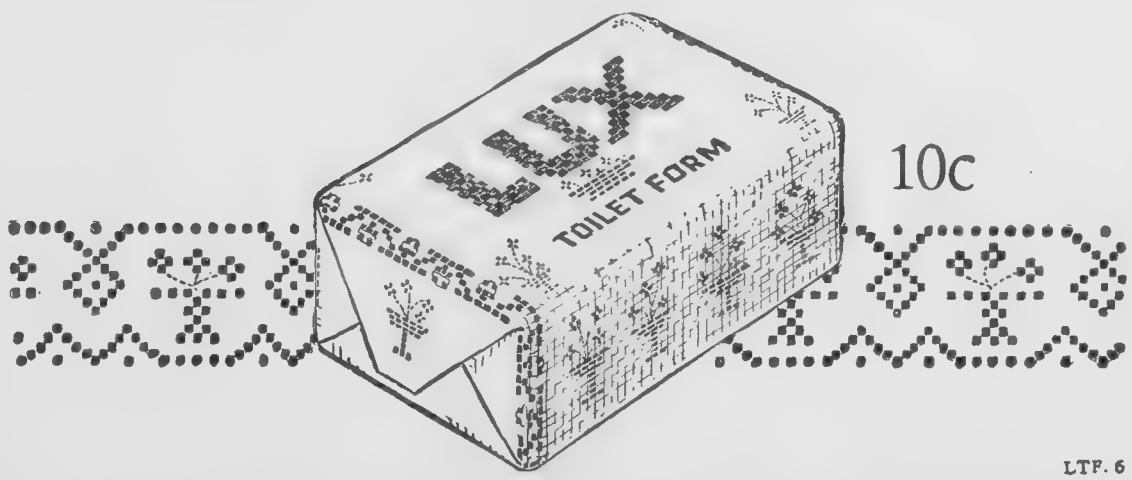

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Man.

Legal Information

Continued from page 37

authority to deal with the estate. The surrogate court will accept for safe keeping any will deposited with it for that purpose. The court within which the will may be filed for safe keeping is the surrogate court for the district in which the testator resides. No certified copy of a will can be obtained from the court before the death of the testator. After his death and probate of the will a certified copy of the will as proved may be obtained from the surrogate court on payment of their usual charges.

Edmonton, Alta.

Q.—I had a farm rented and last fall the lease expired. Under the lease I was to pay half the crop and the landlord was to pay half the threshing bill and half the twine. He did not pay me for part of the threshing bill so when I moved off this spring I took some of his seed grain with me, and now he threatens to sue me for it. Can I keep the grain?—D.L.

A.—Technically speaking you are not entitled to retain the seed grain. However, if you hold or sell sufficient of the seed to equal your account and the landlord objects and sues you for same you could then set up as a defence and counter claim the other account which you have against him for threshing and twine. This would be sufficient to answer his claim.

Moosomin, Sask.

Q.—I bought a farm on share of crop payments. I have always delivered the half share of the crop, but last year I was not able to pay the taxes. Can they foreclose my agreement?—A.H.

A.—Yes, the vendor may foreclose if you fail to pay the taxes when they are due. Probably he would have to pay the taxes first before he could commence the action. In the usual agreement you covenant to deliver half the crop and pay the taxes as well. If it should be that your vendor commences foreclosure proceedings against you you should remedy the default by paying the amount of the taxes which will then prevent foreclosure.

The Hall That is An Asset

Continued from page 29

informal hall, there is great cheerfulness in a small oval crocheted rug or a hooked rug in soft-hued yarns.

Any of these rugs may, of course, be used on the soft wood floor that has been painted in a carefully chosen color. Very smart, too, is the linoleum-covered hall, when some version of the tiled pattern is selected. Black and cream or buff, blue and buff, terra cotta and sand, blue and gray—these are but a few of the combinations to be had in large or small tiled effects. The linoleum should be carried right to the baseboard, snugly fitted and firmly cemented down. A casual little rug or two may always be used on it, just as one would use them on a floor of real tile or of polished wood.

If there is a landing on your staircase—with perchance a window on it to give still greater play to your skill in making the most of your resources—you have a special chance to add interest to your hall. No matter how big or small the landing, it will afford *something* in the way of opportunity. A picture—a clock—a flower bracket—a wee corner cabinet or bijou table with its bowl of flowers or cheerful goldfish—there is always some way to make the turn in the staircase interesting. If the window is low, perhaps there will be a chance to develop its effectiveness by clever curtaining.

In short—if one will give it some special study, there is a treatment for every hall that will make it mean something in the total scheme of your house; no matter what its natural advantages, the hall may be turned into an asset, if its possibilities are investigated and properly developed.

pain." She gave a little gasp and caught him to her heart.

At last when he saw that she was resolved, he yielded to her wishes.

The next night John Carroll went southward to the English settlements.

The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 11

EXCEPT for its concluding passages, which are concerned intimately with the fate of Heloise Gueret and John Carroll, the remainder of this narrative is a matter of history. But the part that John Carroll, the Englishman, was to take in the battle of Quebec is so important that any account of the military operations of General Wolfe is not complete without it. For one must look in the footnotes of history for the significant details of momentous events.

Early in June, making a long detour to the eastward to avoid the French settlements, Carroll came out upon the southern shore of the great river some miles below where the British fleet had come to anchor. The sight of the flag of England, fluttering from the mastheads of twenty-two ships of the line, gave him a thrill of pride in the great nation that had come to challenge the supremacy of the lilies of France. His flag it was, the flag of the colonies as well as of Great Britain, and under it he wished to fight openly, beneath the blue sky without fear or favor.

He had not spent two years in Quebec for nothing, and though he did not doubt the skill or courage of such men as Monsieur de Montcalm or the Chevalier de Levis, he had formed no high opinion of the officers of the militia or of the stability of the *habitants*. And as to their Indian allies, it remained to be seen how useful they would be, if battle was given, as Carroll hoped it would be, upon the Plains of Abraham.

From where he stood upon the shore the city of Quebec could not be seen beyond Point Levi, but he knew the impression that its position would make upon the officers and men of the fleet. From this distance the Citadel would seem more formidable than ever, the hardest nut that England had ever been called to crack. And yet John Carroll knew that it could be done. What he feared was that the English General might be prevailed upon by his officers to attack upon the Beauport shore, already entrenched and fortified all the way to the Falls of Montmorency. It was here that the assault was expected by Montcalm and Vaudreuil; and the British troops, should they attempt it, would meet with a warm reception. Indeed it seemed scarcely possible that any landing parties could pass the mud of the flats and reach the cliffs without tremendous loss.

To get aboard the vessel bearing the Commander-in-Chief was now Carroll's object. There were sounds of musketfire to the north, which indicated that a landing party was meeting opposition. And so he walked rapidly along the shore in that direction, coming at last upon a ship's cutter in charge of a coxwain and two marines.

"Damme if I believe the frog-eater knows there's a war on," said the coxswain. "We'll just take 'ee aboardship for luck, my man."

"Bless your tarry pigtail! That's precisely where I want to go," said Carroll in English. And after brief explanations he was rowed out to the *Neptune*, where he was led, after some parley with the officer of the deck, to Admiral Saunders, who listened to his story, and invited him to supper in the after-cabin while they awaited the return of the English General, who had been gone all day with General Monckton directing the investment of the heights of Point Levi, opposite the city.

But it was not until morning that Carroll saw the Commander-in-Chief. James Wolfe had been called the British Achilles, but the man Carroll met in the after-cabin of the *Neptune* had none of the aspects of a hero. His forehead and chin receded, his nose had an upward tilt, and his mouth gave no sign of resolution. It was only in his dark eyes that Carroll could read the characteristics that had already, at the age of thirty-three, made him famous. His red hair was tied in a queue, and on his thin shoulders and slender body was hung a scarlet frock coat, with a band of crepe upon the left sleeve, in mourning, as Carroll afterward learned, for his father, who had recently died.

The General's greeting was polite but weary. But when he spoke Carroll realized that this was a man of decisions.

"We have heard of you, Mr. Carroll," he said briskly. "You have done well. I rejoice that you have succeeded in escaping. You can be useful to me."

"Any service that I can render," said Carroll. "I have information of military importance. I sent some messages by Indian runner to Philadelphia, six months ago."

"It had not reached Louisburg before I left."

And then in response to Wolfe's questions, Carroll told him what he knew of the number of men under Montcalm, Vaudreuil and Levis, and of the plan of defence which anticipated an attack somewhere between Montmorency and the Saint Charles River, giving his reasons for advising against this course and suggesting the strategy of a feint in front while a landing was made at Anse-du-Foulon.

Before he had finished General Wolfe was plainly fatigued and the last suggestion of a landing of the larger part of his attacking force at the foot of the cliffs only brought a smile.

"You are not familiar with large military operations, Mr. Carroll. If you were you would see that such an attempt at this moment would be suicidal. Even if a few hundred, even a thousand men succeeded in reaching the crest they would find themselves between two fires, with a certainty of extermination." He walked to the stern-port and gazed out at the distant tents of the French on the Beauport shore.

"No, it will not do. Not now. I have other plans. We shall see how they work out. In the meanwhile I wish you to attach yourself to my staff at the Point of Orleans, the centre of my line."

Carroll was disappointed.

"I am at your orders, sir," he said. If you wish me on your staff I will stay, but I would prefer to be given a place with one of the Colonial battalions."

Wolfe's eyes flashed. "You'll find too few of them. New York and Nova Scotia have failed me. Instead of twelve thousand troops promised me, I have less than nine altogether to attack a fortified position manned by sixteen thousand Frenchmen."

"Yet figuring one Englishman to two Frenchmen," Carroll said with a laugh, "the odds are still upon your side, sir."

James Wolfe gave him one of his rare smiles. "So they are, sir. So they are. I hope that estimate of their value is not a mistaken one."

THAT his advice was not to be taken was evident to John Carroll in less than a week, for on the eighth of July several frigates and a bomb-ketch were worked around in front of the position of the Chevalier de Levis, and three thousand men were landed at L'Ange Gardien to the eastward of the gorge of Montmorency Falls, where they hoped to find a ford in the river by which they could take the Frenchmen in the rear. Montcalm permitted Wolfe to occupy the Heights of Montmorency, knowing that the Englishman had dangerously lengthened his line.

Meanwhile the ship *Sutherland* with a frigate and several small vessels, protected by a cannonade from the English batteries at Point Levi, had succeeded in passing under the guns of Quebec and reached the river above the town. This was an excellent move, making it necessary for Montcalm to send men from the Beauport line. Later more men were sent across Point Levi and embarked in flatboats, and more vessels on favoring winds passed up the river.

But the end of July was reached. More than half the summer was gone and Quebec seemed as far as ever from the grasp of the British. And then happened the thing that Carroll feared. Yielding to the advices of his generals, Wolfe decided upon the expedient of sending his landing parties through the mud of the Beauport flats. Carroll, who had been permitted to join a company of Royal Americans, landed from the boats with thirteen companies, Moncton's Brigade, and Fraser's Highlanders, while two thousand men from beyond Montmorency closed in from the east. In the mad rush the invaders captured a French redout, then charged up the steep slope toward the well fortified main body of the French. It was a desperate venture. At the height of the fighting a thunderstorm broke and the rain fell in torrents. And slipping and sliding on the slopes, their ammunition wet, amid a hail of bullets, the English retreated to the redout, while the Indians came down from the heights to scalp the fallen.

Carroll, wounded in the leg, scrambled as well as he could down the declivity, and was only saved from the fury of the savages by the valor of a Highland sergeant, who half dragged, half carried him through the mud to the boats. The result of this affair was a loss of over four hundred killed, wounded and missing. The retreat was made in good order, but the French upon the heights were waving their hats in glee.

JAMES WOLFE had now every reason to be despondent. After this failure the rumor was current that he intended to fortify the Isle aux Coudres and return home to England. But there was no pause in the activity of the army. The whole countryside before Montmorency was laid waste in the hope of beguiling Montcalm to come forth in the open and give battle, but without avail.

To make matters worse, Wolfe was seized with an access of the disease that had so long been torturing him. He lay in an upper room of a French farmhouse in the camp at Montmorency and the word was passed from regiment to regiment that he was dangerously ill. But from some source not apparent to his doctors he suddenly drew the strength to make new plans.

It was to this farmhouse at Montmorency, more of a hospital than a headquarters, that late in August John Carroll was summoned from the Island of Orleans, where he had been recovering from the wound to his leg. The sick-room was hot and scented with medicine, and it seemed to him that no man could look less a hero than the Commanding General. But as Carroll entered, a smile changed the weary features. After inquiring as to the injury of the visitor, he motioned to a chair and they were left alone.

"Perhaps by this time you have guessed why I have sent for you, Mr. Carroll."

"I hoped that it was to consider the

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HEWETSON
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The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 63

strategic possibilities of Anse-du-Foulon."

Wolfe nodded. "The time has come for desperate measures. There are conditions that favor your plan. You have climbed the cliffs at that point?"

"Yes sir, more than once. What one man can do, a thousand can."

"And three—four thousand?"

"By stealth, yes. The path at the top is guarded by a small redout. Its officer, Monsieur Vergor, is a man of indecisions. If you will give me twenty men I will guarantee to clear the way for your grenadiers."

"You speak confidently."

"Not too much so, sir."

"Don't you know that Bougainville has a large force of men guarding the cliffs?"

"But he cannot be everywhere at once. A feint above or below, and then——"

"Yes, yes," said Wolfe feverishly as he straightened in his bed. "With luck it might be done."

And then for half an hour more he plied Carroll with questions as to the character of the climb, as to the handholds afforded by rocks, trees and bushes and the nature of the ground over which Montcalm must march to oppose him. As the project grew in importance he seemed to become animated with a new spirit. At last he dismissed the visitor.

"Very well, you shall go. You are sure that your wound——"

"It has already healed, sir."

"But you limp badly."

"It will not be observed in the darkness."

Wolfe gave him his hand.

"That is the spirit of all the army and cannot be defeated. Go, sir, to Hardy's camp. I will communicate with you later."

THE vessels of Admiral Holmes, their decks gay with scarlet uniforms, sailed up the river to Cap Rouge to deceive the men of Bougainville, opening fire on the French forces as though in preparation for a landing. But no landing was made or even attempted. For several successive days the squadron of Holmes was allowed to drift up and down the river with the tides, keeping the perplexed Bougainville constantly on the move, his men constantly weary from their forced marches.

But on the twelfth of September the hour of action had arrived. With less than four thousand men in all, Wolfe had decided to brave the cliffs and give battle to fifteen thousand. True to his promise, he had given John Carroll a place in his own boat, which was to be the first to land. From the inception of the enterprise luck for the first time favored the English. Word had come through a French deserter that provision boats had been ordered to go down to Quebec that night. Luckily, Bougainville countermanded this order. Still more luckily, the French sentries had been told of the order, but not of the countermand. So that when the British boats drifted down, the men on the cliffs were easily deceived.

In the foremost cutter sat Wolfe, quoting Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," not knowing how prophetic were the lines that he spoke. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Carroll looked at his ugly profile.

"I would rather have written those lines," Wolfe said dreamily, "than take Quebec."

As they drifted nearer to the Anse-du-Foulon under the deep shadows of the cliffs the voice of a French sentry suddenly challenged from the thicket.

"*Qui vive!*"

"*France,*" replied Carroll.

"*A quel regiment?*"

"*De la reine,*" cried Carroll quickly, for a part of this regiment was known to be with Bougainville. "We are provision-boats. Don't make a noise. The English will hear us."

There was no sentry at Anse-du-Foulon, and in a moment the tide had swept them in to the rocks where Carroll and Heloise had embarked a few months before.

Without pausing and without sound Carroll and twenty-three other volunteers immediately began the climb, while one by one the boats behind them swung in to the landing place, discharging their passengers. The path was steep, but the men of Carroll's party reached the top without difficulty, pausing for a moment at the brink of the cliff so that they might gain a footing without alarming the guard. At a short distance were the tents of Captain Vergor's men. But no sentry and no sound.

It was afterward learned that the Frenchman had sent most of his men away to harvest their crops. The surprise was complete. With scarcely a shot fired, Vergor and two of his men were captured and the others fled. A wild hurrah from above reached the ears of General Wolfe, who at once gave the order for disembarkation.

And so they climbed, by twos and threes, clutching at roots and branches, their muskets strapped on their backs, like red ants swarming for food. To many of them all that awaited was death, but they joked and laughed as though on the way to a feast. With dawn men still climbed, while others still followed, but out on the Plains of Abraham in orderly array the battallions were forming. The batteries at Samos and Sillery were silenced by attack, and the most critical part of the exploit had been accomplished without mishap. In some way or another Wolfe had succeeded in hauling himself up the cliffs, and as day broke he formed his line of battle.

He was in a dangerous position, with Bougainville behind him and Montcalm with his army hurrying from his camp at Beauport, where he had been kept by threatening movements from the ships of Admiral Saunders. There was no enemy in sight, but James Wolfe and every man in his forces knew that their exploit meant victory or ruin.

Advancing slowly, their left flank protected by Brigadier Townshend's two battalions, the British climbed a slight rise of ground from which the walls of Quebec, scarcely a mile away, were now visible to them. They saw, too, the white uniforms of the French along the Buttes-e-Neveu, scarcely a quarter of a mile away. Carroll recognized them, the battalion of Guienne from their camp by the Saint Charles. And soon there came from the gates of Quebec bands of Indians and soldiers of La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussilon, Bearne, victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga, the mainstay of Montcalm's bewildered forces.

The British waited in their position, steadied by their officers with commands not to fire until the order, only lying down when the shooting of the Indians and Canadians began to be effective. It was not until ten o'clock that the French army began to advance. They came on rapidly, shouting and firing as they came. Wolfe waited until they were within forty paces, when the order was given to fire a volley, with terrible effect. Another volley, then a clattering of fire while the smoke cleared away. The ground was covered with dead and dying. The French line swayed, then broke. The British charged, Wolfe at the head of the Louisburg grenadiers. He was shot, but kept on going, encouraging his men. Another bullet struck him. A third pierced his breast, when he fell to the ground.

John Carroll, who happened to be near, rushed to him, asking if he would have a surgeon, but Wolfe refused aid.

"It's all over with me," he muttered.

Then a soldier set up a cry.

"They run; see how they run."

"Who run?" Wolfe asked.

"The enemy, sir. Egad, they're giving way everywhere!"

Wolfe straightened a moment, his hand to his bleeding breast. "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River to cut off their retreat from the bridge." It was a remarkable order, showing that even at the moment of death his military genius was triumphant.

John Carroll supported his shoulders, but he turned on his side murmuring, "Now God be praised, I will die in peace."

And so passed James Wolfe, the conqueror of Louisburg and of Quebec, unaware that his gallant adversary Montcalm was at this moment riding through the gate of Saint Louis, shot through the body, held upright in his saddle by two of his soldiers, to survive the victor by only a few hours.

Rambling Roses

AND so Quebec was not impregnable as Monsieur Bigot had so often boasted. And John Carroll was later to enter the city as one of the conquerors, fulfilling the ambition that had sent him upon his dangerous mission. He was of some service to General Townshend, who had succeeded to the command.

Of Bigot and Vaudreuil there was no sign, for they had fled with the army in confusion. With them, too, went Cadet Penisseault, De Pean, and all the rest of the harpies that had preyed upon New France, bringing about inevitably her ruin. But they were later to answer for their crimes in Paris, where the Bastille awaited them. And even Monsieur de Vaudreuil was to be at some pains to answer the questions that were to be asked of him. Of Angelique de Pean, Carroll could learn nothing. That bright, unhappy spirit had fled, perhaps, with the others, to suffer their misfortunes.

The fleet of Admiral Saunders sailed, the *Neptune* bearing the remains of the hero who had found the path to glory. The work of John Carroll was finished, and his thoughts were turning toward the chateau of Monsieur Ragueneau, and beyond it to the fair southern country he hoped to reach before the snow flew again.

THEY met on the trail from Anse-du-Foulon, in the forest by the great rock, ten miles from the Chateau Noyan. The news of the capitulation of Quebec had been brought to Monsieur Ragueneau, and Heloise, after an agonizing struggle with the demands of her conscience, appealed with tears to her host to bring her to Quebec at once, for she had dreamed that her lover was dead upon the Plains of Abraham.

Monsieur Ragueneau was kind. Here was a romance that appealed to his gentler instincts.

"Monsieur Carroll is not dead," Mademoiselle," he said. "The *Bon Dieu* is good to those who love. Monsieur Carroll is already upon the trail to Noyan."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is where I would be in his place, Mademoiselle."

But he humored her, taking a pack upon his shoulders and leading the way. Even before they reached the great rock he laid his fingers upon her arm in token of silence. Then he smiled.

"*Au revoir,* Mademoiselle," he said. "He comes. He is wounded in one leg, but not badly. You need me no more. Only the trees must be your witnesses."

She listened attentively, but could hear nothing.

"*Au revoir,* Mademoiselle," he said, bantering her. It is a pity that the ears of love are not so keen as those of old Louis Ragueneau."

And with a light laugh he vanished, his moccasined feet making no sound.

She stood poised, breathless, waiting, listening, half-indignant at her desertion by her host, yet wondering at his divination. John Carroll wounded? Only wounded. God had been good to her when she had sent her lover to his death.

Then above the sibilance of the leaves she heard him on the trail not far away. She ran forward, then halted, as a man in a red uniform came limping from behind a tree. But in a moment he had taken her in his arms.

"Heloise! *Bien aimee!*"

She looked up into his face to be sure that there had been no mistake. The haggard look was dispelled as he smiled.

"You were going to Quebec alone?"

"No, no. Monsieur Ragueneau has just left me. I could wait no longer, beloved. I dreamed that you were dead, that it was I who had killed you."

"I too have dreamed, Heloise—but of this."

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 49

"Those girls should have a chaperone," I heard a woman of searchlight mind sharply exclaim the other day.

And yet I know a woman who chaperoned some girls and slandered them cruelly. The reputation of the girls really suffered more under the eyes of an unsympathetic chaperone than if they had been trusted to their honor.

It is true in other generations girls did have chaperones, but today girls are trusted more to their honor. With self-responsibility comes self-possession and all other fine qualities of womanly attraction — courage, sacrifice, pride, righteousness, beauty of soul.

The modern girl thinks and acts quickly and is able to take care of herself.

If she finds herself in a bit of danger, her sense of honor, combined with self-possession and pride, will guide her to act wisely and save her from indiscreet situations.

It is true there is the other type of girl. There was a generation ago. There always has been. But I believe the average girl has a high sense of honor—enough to sense, like a young deer (please, Mr. Editor, do not change the spelling of that word), the presence of danger.

What is Education?

Any young woman may be educated. Five qualifications are necessary. These a girl may acquire if she never goes to college. Of course, a college course helps. There are, however, girls who have college diplomas who are not educated. The head of the Department of Economics stated in his last lecture of the year, while speaking on the subject of "Student Ideals," the following:

"Students should constantly test their progress in attaining these ideals which are—a trained mind, a healthy body, a strong personality, character, and subordinating one's self to the good of others. A mind is well trained provided it is stored with relevant ideas and equipped with the power to acquire more as they are needed. The second essential is the ability to grasp relations between things—the power to connect thoughts—the ability to act intelligently in an emergency.

"Get the habit of thinking constructively. When thinking becomes a habit, then hard study, clear-headed study becomes fun. Besides the ability to think, a mind must have the ability to act.

"The ideal student must be strong—he or she must possess a developed mind in a body strong enough to carry out the idea of that mind. Bodily vigor and brains without personality handicap one.

"By personality we understand that which gives a psychological power over others where there is no legal or physical power. It is possible for us to strengthen our personality and within some limits to make it over.

Strong character is an enduring value. Self-development may degenerate into mere selfishness.

So it would seem to me the really educated person is the one who places character first.

Home Again

Two more weeks and I shall be in Canada—the country that means more to me than any other ever can.

In Quest of the Truffle

By William Thompson

THE TRUFFLE is a specie of vegetable of the mushroom family, very savory and very fragrant. It has neither stem, leaves, flower, nor root. It is a mass indented with a multitude of cavities, each containing four spores bristling with points. Only recently have botanists been successful in germinating these spores. The choicest are the medium size, which are fleshy, tough, and very rich.

Truffles are found underground at a variable depth at the foot of certain oaks, so-called truffle oaks, and only in a lime soil. The young are grey without odor and without taste; when mature they become black with a delicate characteristic odor, and a delectable flavor. In France the most renowned are those of Perigord and Charente, but they also are found in Aveyron, in Dauphiny, in the Mediterranean region and in Italy. The truffles of Perigord are particularly esteemed.

During the months from September to January, according to the district, the truffles are gleaned. Being difficult to detect, the peasant hunts for them with the aid of a pig which has a very keen sense of smell. As the pig considers them very choice morsels, he grunts with satisfaction when locating them. Thus informed, the peasant, who stands near by, gives the porker a tap on the snout with a stick and hastens to gather the find. Sometimes a muzzle is used to prevent the pig from feasting on its discovery.

Truffles are used as seasonings in a number of different stews, and fowls are often stuffed with them. This vegetable, although of a compact and tough texture, is easy to digest. Perhaps in error, the truffle is regarded as a stimulant.

Doing Two Bits

"You seem pretty proud since you gave twenty-five cents to the Red Cross fund."

"Yassuh," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Talk about doin' yuh bit! I jes' done my two bits."

It is better to fail in the next attempt than to fold your hands after a great achievement.

Hunting for Truffle with the help of a sow

FREE
10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon

It's Film

That makes your teeth look "off color" and invites decay and gum troubles

(Run your tongue across your teeth and you'll feel it!)

Accept, please, this remarkable dental test which firms delicate gums and gives "off-color" teeth dazzling whiteness by removing the dingy film that clouds them

IN A few days you can work a transformation in your mouth this new way. Dazzling whiteness will supplant that "off-color" look of your teeth. Your gums will become firm and take on the healthy coral tint you envy.

FILM—the trouble maker

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off-color" look. It is the basis of tartar. Germs by millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. Regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull—your gums toneless.

New methods remove it. Your Gums become Firm

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it. Your gums become firm and of healthy coral color.

What you see when that film is removed — the dazzling whiteness of your teeth—will delight and amaze you.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method. A few days' use will prove its power beyond doubt.

Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

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Only one tube to a family 2161Can.

The Danger Months

Diarrhea *and* Intestinal Disorders

MOTHERS dread the hot summer months. It is then that babies are beset by danger from intestinal upsets.

Dr. Louis Fischer in his book "Infant Feeding in Health and Disease," states:

"When mucus continues to be present, and the stools continue to be thin, then milk, in every form (mother's as well) must be stopped. It is in this class of cases that even whey will not be tolerated. This form of diarrhea usually occurs in Summer, when milk has undergone fermentative changes due to the presence of bacteria. As a temporary substitute feeding, I advise the following:"

For Babies up to 3 Months

Nestlé's Milk Food - 1 Teaspoonful.
Rice Water - - 3 Ounces

Rub up the Nestlé's Milk Food powder with a little cold water, add the rice water and heat slowly till it comes to a boil. Do not add sugar or lime water. Feed every three hours.

For Babies 3 to 6 Months

Nestlé's Milk Food - 1½ Teaspoonfuls
Rice Water - - 5 Ounces.
Feed every three and one-half hours.

For Babies 6 to 9 Months

Nestlé's Milk Food - 2 Teaspoonfuls.
Rice Water - - 7 Ounces.
Feed every four hours.

For Invalids and Nursing Mothers

Nestlé's Milk Food is a satisfactory and sustaining food for invalids, convalescents and nursing mothers.

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A package of Nestlé's Milk Food ufficient for twelve feedings will be sent free upon request. Also our well known Mother Book, which tells how to feed your baby to make it strong and well and how to guard it against diseases.

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The Portfolio

Continued from page 10

pride in his voice, "to make a name for myself one of these days."

"But, Larry, of course it's all right," Flavia assured him, vaguely troubled by his words. "Mother will give her consent at once when she sees that we love each other. What else could she do?"

Larry shook his head. He did not want to worry her, but he thought differently. From what he had seen of Lady Marchant he judged her to be a worldly society woman whose ambitions for her daughter's future did not include a penniless artist such as he for a son-in-law.

He was right. Urged by Flavia, and in duty bound, he laid his suit before Lady Marchant, but the latter would hear of nothing between them. She told him that he was never to see her daughter again or attempt to correspond with her. She further reminded him that Flavia was still a minor, as well as a ward in Chancery since her father's death, and the law could punish him if he tried to marry her against the consent of her guardians. Larry went away heart-broken, angry and wretched, with a fixed determination to win and wed Flavia Marchant, in spite of all her mother might say to the contrary.

For Flavia the blow was nearly as heavy as to her lover.

She begged, pleaded, wept, and talked wildly of eloping or of killing herself. In the end, however, schooled from childhood to passive obedience, she at last gave way, and sobbed forth a promise never to see Thurwin again.

Her promise, however, she did not mean to keep, and when she learnt that they were to leave Venice next week, she decided that she must see Larry once more if only to say goodbye. They contrived a meeting one night when Lady Marchant went to dine with some friends, Flavia pleading a headache as an excuse for not going. She waited till her mother was safely out of the house, then slipped down to the Canal, where Larry awaited her in a gondola. Thus they spent their last night together, floating gently along the dark, still water between the dim old houses, wrapped about by the violet darkness. For the first time since they had confessed their love Flavia Marchant lay in Larry Thurwin's arms, and felt his kisses on her lips and heard his passionate love whispered in her ear.

"My flower," he called her. "My blossom, you will always wait for me, will you not? When I am rich I will come and claim you. Swear you will wait."

"I swear," she whispered back. "Oh, Larry, of course I'll wait—how can you doubt me?"

"I do not doubt you," he told her, "but you are so young, so very young. Oh! Flavia, if you should fail me, if your mother should force you to marry another."

"But she couldn't," she cried indignantly. "She may refuse to let me marry you now, but she can't stop me once I am of age."

In the darkness he held her close and kissed her again and again.

"Promise, promise you will wait, though you find the years long and the time drags heavily."

"I promise," she replied steadily.

THE Marchants left Venice a few days later, and Larry did not see her again until she wrote and told him she was going with friends for a trip through Italy and down the Mediterranean. So the following spring they met again in Rome, where they managed to see each other alone, and appease a little the hunger of their love. Thurwin found Flavia thin and pale. The strain was telling on her; she looked ill. He begged her to have courage. He told her that very soon his name would be famous. Dealers were beginning to offer him high prices for his pictures, which sold rapidly. He was at work upon a picture which he considered his masterpiece, and which he intended exhibiting in the Salon as soon as it was finished. On their last meeting he held her in his arms and begged her to wait just a little while longer.

"Just a little while, Flavia, unless you feel the strain too much for you and wish to give me up."

She had indignantly denied this, but Larry's heart was heavy within him. She was so young, and so easily swayed, he knew, by her mother's will. When they parted he gave her a black leather portfolio containing some sketches of the places they had been to together.

She never saw him again.

She returned to England and then the crash came. Marchant Abbey was hers no longer. One of the trustees had gambled with the estate and lost her fortune. They were penniless. Stunned by this new blow the girl made little resistance when Lord Travers appeared on the scene, rich, titled and very much in love. Lady Marchant foresaw a splendid marriage for her daughter and a speedy solution of their difficulties. At first the girl resisted weakly, but her mother quickly overruled her. Larry seemed so far away, their love so hopeless, the years of waiting so long. Her health was undermined by grief, misery and despair. She had no strength to withstand her mother's pleadings, commands, threats and sarcasms.

She and Lord Travers were married in the spring, just before the opening of the Salon. She wrote to Larry before her marriage and begged him to forgive her. He wrote one bitter letter in return, which reached her during the honeymoon. He told her that she had ruined his life by her faithlessness, reminding her that if she had waited but a little while longer, they could have been married, as all the critics were loud in his praise, and the coming exhibition would seal his fame. He blamed her, he said, because she had broken her promises, but he forgave her because he loved her still, and knew that it was not all her fault. He was sailing for America directly after the opening of the Salon. He wished her all happiness and bade her goodbye.

"I pray that you will forget me," he ended, "though I can never, never forget you, because I love you too much. We shall never meet again.

"Yours, with all love and forgiveness,
"Lawrence E. Thurwin."

That bitter, bitter letter hurt her dreadfully, and through all the long, slow years of her married life the pain of it burned dully in her soul. Her husband had been very much in love with her, and was proud of her great beauty, but when he discovered that she did not return his affection his passion cooled, and when she presented him with no heir his feelings towards her changed to cold indifference. He was never unkind to her, but he neglected her utterly. However, she did not care. She preferred his neglect to his love. She never forgot Larry Thurwin, though she never saw him again. His picture was a success; he was hailed as the most promising young artist of the day, but he disappeared completely from her world as though he had never been. Lord Travers died nine years after their marriage, and the balance of his estate went to his

nephew and heir, but he left Flavia a large enough income to support her in comfort, even luxury, for the rest of her life. . . .

The woman by the table stirred and lifted her head. The past, conjured up before her by the old portfolio with its sketches was gone once more, and she was again Lady Travers, a widow, beautiful and very, very lonely.

Tea was brought in later. The lamps were lit. How dark it had grown! She hadn't noticed that the time had flown so quickly. Some letters had come by the evening post. She examined them idly, her mind still far away.

One letter with an American postmark attracted her attention. She knew that hand, those well-formed characters. When last she had seen the writing she had cried so bitterly ten years ago. It could not be; it could not be! Why should this thing from the past come to torment her today? She tore open the letter with trembling hands, and hastily scanned its contents, her face suddenly gone white. She re-read it again, not daring to trust her eyes. Then she buried her face in her hands with a glad sobbing cry.

Larry had written her after ten years silence to say that he was coming to claim her at last. He had read of her husband's death in the papers and knew she was free.

"Now," he wrote, "there is nothing between us, my darling. I am poor no longer, but rich and well known, so I feel no scruples about asking you again, my dear, to marry me. If you still feel the same towards me after all these years, wire just one word, "yes," and I will be in England just as fast as I can travel. Flavia, Flavia, I pray, I beseech you not to fail me this time."

The room swung round her. Larry was coming back; he loved her still. For awhile she sat motionless, her mind in a turmoil, her heart throbbing with an emotion that almost suffocated her. The weary time of waiting was past, and her beloved was coming soon. She rose swiftly then to her feet and crossed to the writing table. There could be only one answer to that letter

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Adventurous Pioneers Crossed Tidal Waters in Open Boats and Settled Gulf Islands

Continued from page 22

hunter, traveller and author. It also bears the well-known lines, so appropriate in this setting:

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

The quiet grave of the late Canon Paddon, beloved pastor for the Gulf Islands for more than thirty years, lies in the little cemetery nearby. He was buried at his favorite hour of sunrise when dawn broke over the grey waters of the Pass.

Below the church in Whalers' Bay where the fishing schooners used to shelter from wind and tide, motor boats and pleasure yachts now swing at anchor. Fifty years ago the wild fowl sheltering there found nature undisturbed. Now they fly by to seek more lonely havens. The herds of deer are retiring into the interior of the larger islands.

What will another fifty years bring forth?

Not in Cold Storage

"No cod left, Mr. Brown?" asked the lady in "Punch," looking at the empty counter.

"Well, Mrs. Snipps," replied the fishmonger confidentially, "I'll oblige you. I always keep a bit up my sleeve for regular customers."

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IF you want to procure anything, or you desire to dispose of something, notify 67,000 people throughout the West of your wishes through the medium of an advertisement on the classified page in the Western Home Monthly.

The Greatest Thing in the World

Continued from page 24

without so much as the reward of a smile from Mrs. Langley.

Albert was looking at Eaton's catalogue.

"She hasn't talked a lot, not since the last baby died," he said. "Seems like her heart just broke then. Not many women come through as much as the missus, and lose all their babies. Seems like I never kin understand that."

"Why don't you adopt a baby?" said Mary Lee, suddenly. "Lots of people do."

"I never thought of that," said Albert, slowly. "I'm afraid she wouldn't like the idea very much. You wouldn't be able to tell what kind of a baby it was. Its parents might be criminals, or something."

"Oh, no," laughed Mary Lee. "Adopting babies is a matter of efficiency these days. They have them all ready for adoption, you know, in supervised homes, and you can practically get exactly the kind of baby you want. A boy or a girl, blue eyes, golden curls, dark eyes, brown hair, blondes, brunettes, little darlings, they are. And there is a medical health certificate and all information about the parents available, and you adopt the child legally, you know, so that no one can possibly ever take it away from you."

"How much does it cost?" asked Albert abruptly.

The thought that was growing in Mary Lee's mind took shape rapidly. "Would you really adopt a baby if I got one for you?" she asked. "I know a doctor who attends the babies in the Children's Home near our hospital, and he often places babies in good homes and they bring such happiness to homes where they are wanted."

"You mean that sometimes people don't want babies?"

Albert Langley spoke unbelievingly.

"Lots of people think they are just a nuisance," said Mary Lee, dipping the tea cups in soapy water and drying them deftly.

Albert was silent for a long long time.

At last he said, "Nurse, I think if the missus could hear the sound of a child's voice in this old house she would get better. The trouble with her just now is that she doesn't want to get better. She forgets about me. What would I do if anything happened to her?"

Mary Lee patted his hand and tried to smile through her tears.

"Suppose," she said gently, "suppose we just adopt a baby and make her get well."

ALBERT'S next trip to town was shrouded in mystery.

He carried many written directions and letters of introduction to officials at the Children's Home, and there were several muffled telephone conversations between the doctor and Mary Lee before the matter was entirely settled.

Then, one warm evening, just as the first cool breezes began to stir in the woods behind the old house, Mary Lee heard Albert's rickety old car coming cautiously into the yard.

She was sitting at the upstairs bedroom window, and Mrs. Langley, her face turned toward her was looking out across the fields that were heavy with the approaching harvest.

"Is Albert back?" she asked.

"I think I heard him. I'll run down and see," Mary Lee fibbed, excitedly and was down the stairs and out of the back door by the time the car stopped.

"I got it," Albert said, exultantly, indicating the bundle on the seat beside him.

And his eyes were shining as he handed the bundle awkwardly to Mary Lee.

"The little darling. Did you get a boy or a girl?"

Mary Lee's eyes were dancing as she unwrapped the baby, and gazed into dark puzzled eyes.

"It's a boy. I knew she would like a boy. And I didn't get one so small he couldn't smile at her," explained Albert. "I think, maybe, I'll go back and get a little girl, if the missus thinks she can manage two," he added, and Mary Lee thought she had never seen such wonder in any person's eyes as the man stooped over the wide-eyed baby and its little hand groped softly toward his face. "The darn little tyke," he said, chokily, "Do you suppose he knows me, already?"

"Of course, he knows you. You're his daddy now, you know. Who will carry him upstairs? Don't you want to?" Mary Lee knew that he did. But she longed to place the tiny bundle beside the woman in the bed upstairs. To see her face when she felt the baby fingers tightening round her own.

"Better tell her, don't you think?" hesitated Albert, and marched into the house holding the baby against his chest.

Mary Lee threw discretion to the winds.

In a most unprofessional manner she rushed into the sick-room and said, breathlessly:

"Mr. Langley brought a surprise for you. Shut your eyes and hold out your arms, and don't drop it!" Surprised into obedience Mrs. Langley complied.

And opened her eyes to find a baby against her arm, soft roseleaf flesh, like a caress, dark eyes that gazed unblinkingly into hers. Then the baby smiled, a lovely three cornered smile that unleashed a dimple in his chin.

"Looks like he knew you already, Mother," said Albert.

And Mary Lee's patient smiled at last, a radiant, all transfiguring smile.

She looked like the picture of a Madonna as her husband bent over her, and kissed her. Then he kissed the baby.

"I won't be needed here much longer," mused Mary Lee as she went slowly down the stairs.

But when she thought of the star-like eyes of the woman upstairs, of the happiness that flashed into her eyes when she looked at the baby on her arm, Mary Lee was glad.

And she is still glad, though years have intervened, when she remembers the baby that belonged to nobody, and was placed in arms that ached to hold it.

For the baby brought hope and happiness to the lonely couple in the old farm house, and made a woman who was tired of living, want to smile again.

The Bible

AS TO the Bible, there need be no alarm. Whatever changes the years may bring, human nature will remain essentially the same, and so long as it does the Bible will retain its place and its power. So long as men are men, and sin is sin, so long as the world has a conscience and a heart, so long as life has temptation, and sorrow and trial, so long will the world regard this book as *the* book, and call out for it in its hour of need.

A striking thing in connection with the power of the Bible is that we get at its message only in a translation. A translation usually robs a book of much of its virtue. There is something that cannot be quite translated into another language. In order to feel the real power of a book and taste its exquisite flavor, you have to learn the language of its author and read it as it was originally written. But nine-tenths of us only know the Bible in a translation; yet it has a power over us much the same as if it had been written in our own tongue. We in this country have certainly been peculiarly fortunate in our translation. Like the Bible itself, it is old, but those who are most conscious of the need of a revision will be the first to bear testimony to the extraordinary virtues of the old version. "The longer we have been engaged upon it," said the revisors themselves, "the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its rhythm." It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the influence this translation has had upon our country. It has shaped our language, it has colored our literature, it has molded our history, it has profoundly affected our whole character as a people. It has been the vehicle to this great race of all that is purest, and holiest and loveliest, the first lesson of childhood, the guide of mature life, the comforter in sickness and death.

Canada's National Birthday

Continued from page 9

the conditions of life were considerably more simple and primitive than for a long time they have been in Canada.

What, under these circumstances, should naturally have been the function of a National Authors' Association? First and foremost it should have been to put very far down in the list of things it held before the youth of Canada, the relation of literature to money making. And yet its leading spokesmen have talked of hardly anything else but markets, prices, royalties. It has acted almost exclusively as if the main business of the young writer was to study the demands of the vast, indiscriminating, lucrative novel and magazine-reading American public. As if the goal would be attained if the literary aspirant learnt the trick of writing the type of Short Story, or Short Short Story, that would likely get access to the columns of an American magazine or weekly with a swollen circulation.

I have listened to many of the pronouncements of the leading officers of this organization and I have not heard one in which the speaker warned the youth of the country that no literary success worth mentioning can be achieved without, for example, a painstaking apprenticeship with a view to the achievement of Style. The word Style has some unhappy connotations, but, in its true sense, it is almost everything in Literature. In its true sense it is the thing that makes writing — any writing — Literature. What is it that almost takes one's breath away when one reads Shakespeare's "looped and windowed raggedness" in the description of a beggar? Style—that is, the way of describing a thing, which put ordinarily would not make one lift an eyebrow. What is the magic of Shakespeare's "This my hand will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine," but the sheer witchery of style? What is there in

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things gone,"

but style? Of this style labor is the condition, vigilance the price. Leaving markets and royalties out of account the business of the Authors' Association was and is to proclaim such a gospel as this: A young Frenchman, with a background of culture and with a mastery of style comes to Canada; lives a year or so in a certain milieu in Quebec; lets the tenacity, the piety, the frontier spirit of an almost autochthonous race play on his faculties enriched by personal culture; utilizes the literary instrument he has acquired by labor, and the result is "Maria Chapdelaine," which is read round the world without the aid of Book Weeks or publicity experts.

THERE is a disposition in some quarters to think and to say that in general the relative absence in Canada of a vivid sense of nationality, and, in particular, the meagreness of our literature are due to our somewhat undefined national status—in a word, to our subordinated position as a part of the British Empire. This is arguable, but I do not believe there is much in it. I do not believe that Canadians have been estopped from producing literature by any conscious or unconscious inhibition due to our political relations.

Unquestionably we ought to think ourselves into clearness about this matter of an Imperial connection. The old idea of a mechanically centralized Empire is unquestionably gone. In domestic matters our autonomy must be complete. But most difficult considerations arise when we come to think of

Continued on page 71

BULLDOG
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This page gives valuable news concerning business investments, building developments, insurance and kindred subjects.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

SOMETHING TO DO ALL SUMMER

KEEP your diaries, one for farm boys and girls, beginning June 1st and lasting till August 25th, telling all the work done on the farm in that time. One for city boys and girls, telling what is happening in the garden day by day. Both tell what work is done, what pests come, what flowers and vegetables grow, what is done to keep them growing, etc. What happens to the weeds? Have you a frog? Do birds come?

Write neatly, don't be too descriptive, remember the poor editor has to read many diaries. STOP—LOOK—LISTEN all summer.

There will be a choice of prizes—either a rose for indoor growing or a Brownie camera, and for second prize, the choice of a Boy Scout knife or a box of letter paper. There will be gold buttons too.

SOMETHING RECEIVED

LETTERS from lots of people, lots of places. Such a letter box as Bobby Burke has! The first letter is from Irene Peacock, of 1256-6th Ave. South, Lethbridge, Alta. She is a Canadian girl of thirteen, who likes reading books and playing imaginative games, and she would like very much to have some girls of her own age and tastes write to her from different parts of Canada. I hope Irene that you will have several correspondents and make at least one good friend through the Cosy Corner.

Gerald Berry, of R.R. 1, Provost, Alta., lives eight miles from town, is ten years old, and likes the C.C.C.! Good boy, Gerald, we like your kind. Try some of the competitions and you will win a button I am sure. We do not give buttons in this club, they are earned, and if you are not successful in winning a first prize for your diary you may win a button, and they are very nice ones, aren't they boys and girls?

Betty Bond (what a nice name Betty) of 2445-14th Ave. W., Vancouver, B.C., wishes to join the C.C.C. Welcome Betty to our Corner! You earn a button just as Gerald does. If you have a picture to send us, the film will do very well, and we will be delighted to have it.

Viola Koskenheimo, of Alert Bay, B.C., has sent us in some little verses about the sea. I think it is splendid for boys and girls to be trying their hands at writing verses, but we cannot publish them unless they are really quite good, and if Viola reads more poetry by good writers and keeps on writing verse I am sure that one day very soon some of her verses will appear in the C.C.C., and it will be a proud day for her when she sees her name there at the foot of her own verses I am sure.

Some more Bird House drawings came in to us too late for the competition last month, I am sorry, for one of them was very good. It is drawn and described by Helen Dedosenco, of Arrowhead, B.C. Another Bird House that came a long way (on the other side of Canada) is from Isabel Jackson, of Lachute, Que.

Leila M. Quance, of Robson, B.C., an old friend of the C.C.C., sends us a delightful little story about a wren's nest, which you will all enjoy.

The Wren's House

"It was about Wednesday and only a few stockings were on the line from Monday's washing. They hung under the eaves of the open meathouse, under which the clothes line ran.

"Now, as it happened, mother saw a wren fly to the clothes line and pop down a black stocking under the roof, and we decided that a pair of wrens were going to build their nest there, and they did.

"Little by little the wrens brought straws and made a nest there; and as time passed father wren left his accustomed place on the clothes line, where he was wont to give vent to his juniors feelings, and spend his time gathering food. Then we knew that the stocking-cradle rocked wee birdies to sleep in every little breeze.

"The wrens lived there all summer and were not disturbed. They were very happy in their stocking house. If any member of the Cosy Corner wished, a stocking might be hung on their line and maybe a pair of wrens would take a notion to build in it."

BIRDS AND THEIR CONVERSATIONS

AREN'T they the funniest little fellows, these little feathered friends of ours, hopping and chirping and talking away? The other day I was lying on my back under a tree, very quiet. The river chuckled and gurgled away near me, and overhead in their green highways the birds went busily about their business. Here came a saucy yellow warbler. He cocked one bright eye at me. "Who are you?" he seemed to be asking. "Do you mean me any harm?" He evidently decided not, for he set up a most cheery whistling and twittering. A gray modest little cat bird, his cheeky tail perked up came next, and his talking was most mournful. I think he was discussing operations, for he sounded like it. A glorious oriole didn't think it was necessary to say a word at first, but after he had settled in the top of the highest tree he opened his bill and proceeded to scold and nag just the way some beautiful women do. Altogether I spent a most interesting afternoon and was so busy listening to the bird's chit-chat that I almost forgot my book. There are evidently other people who enjoy bird talk as much as Bobby Burke and here are some of them who have tried to put it down. Ruth Tindall, of Neepawa, has written about birds she has seen and heard, so entertainingly that I think she deserves the bird book, and certainly Harold Buchanan, of R.R. 2, Thornhill, deserves a gold button; but I think that Harold already has a bird book as he gives book reference numbers in his very interesting story. Joseph Brown, of Wolseley, Sask., wins a button too, and little Mary Crosbie, of Rossendale, Man. Carl Meier, of Rosenburg, also will have a fine gold button for his coat lapel. Good for you boys! We're glad to have you win.

Two good friends of the Corner, Irene Messinbird, of Gilbert Plains (who from her name ought to know all about birds), and Jean Pielou, of East Braintree P.O., have sent us splendid lists of birds. If Irene has not already got a button she shall have one for this list if she will write. We shall print Jean's story in the August number because it is so interesting and nicely written, but I think Jean is also wearing one of our gold buttons, so she will not need another, but if she sends it in we shall be glad to put a star on it.

"Dear Editor—We have taken the Western Home Monthly for quite a few years and I enjoy reading the Children's Cosy Corner very much. In this month's issue you asked us to write about all the birds we had seen. We have a big bluff all around our place, so of course we have lots of birds around and they certainly supply us with plenty of music in the spring. I'm sure I don't know what we would do without our little feathered friends. I guess the crops, the trees and the gardens would all be eaten up with worms, so you see of what value they are to us, and we should try to protect them. It is also a sure sign of spring when the birds come back.

"One morning I was surprised to hear a harsh 'caw caw,' and looking up I saw old Jim Crow flying by. Although we consider them as useless, I think they eat their share of the grubs, they also eat potato bugs, which none of the other birds will touch. They eat young birds and chickens too, and I think perhaps that is why we do not protect them. In the fall they gather in flocks and fly south.

"One morning about six o'clock, I woke up to hear Robin Redbreast singing 'cheerup cheerup.' I like to hear them singing as they just sound as if they are telling you to cheer up. They start to build their nests about the last of April. Their eggs are of a tortoise shell blue. Young robins are very ugly at first and when they start to get their feathers they look something like thrushes.

"My, how the blackbirds do sing these days. I think they sound as if they were singing o-ka-be, o-ka-be, and when they are nesting they sound as if they were singing check, check. The red-winged blackbirds are nearly always seen near a slough, and they build their nests in the small bushes that grow around the slough.

"I see two meadow larks nearly every morning when I go to school and they are nearly always in the same place. Sometimes you would think they were singing 'I thought I saw you a year ago,' and other times they sound as if they were singing 'purple ridge.' They build their nests in the long grass and they are very cleverly hidden and not easy to find.

"At the first sign of spring you see great flocks of ducks and geese go flying past. Their habits are very much like those of the tame ducks and geese. They build their nests in the long grass near a slough and when the mother duck leaves the nest she always covers the eggs over with grass. The poor ducks don't get much rest in the shooting season. They just get settled down in one place when along comes a hunter and they have to fly away and find another place. I don't think it would be so bad if they would just shoot two or three, but some of them just shoot for the fun of it, but I don't see where the fun comes in, do you?

"When the men are plowing great flocks of killdeer follow them about, screaming 'killdee, kildee.' I have never found a killdeer's nest so I do not know what it looks like.

"Yesterday I saw a swallow. It was trying to fly against the wind and was having quite a time. It would fly a distance and the wind would blow it back again. At last it flew down and lit on the page wire fence, so I thought I would see how near I could get to it. I got about two yards from it when it flew away. A swallow makes its nest in our stable every summer. The one it made last year is up there yet. I don't see how they can get the mud to stick to the side of the stable. You would think it would fall down, wouldn't you?

"I have four bird houses up. One I have up on purpose for the wrens, but I haven't seen any yet. A wren always builds down in our binder, in the box where they put the cord. There is usually a ball of binder twine left in it and the wrens build right down in the centre of the ball. I made three of the bird houses myself, and two of them are double ones. I was going to take one down because I thought the birds wouldn't build in it, but when I climbed up the tree I found the sparrow's had a nest in it, so I left it up. There are young sparrows in it now, for I saw the mother bird going in with worms. The other day Downy Woodpecker flew over and lit on the box. My how those sparrows did fly at Downy till he finally flew away.

"The other day I noticed some cowbirds among a flock of blackbirds. I think everybody despises them, they are such sneaks. They never make a nest of their own, for they are too lazy. They go around to other birds' nests and wait till the mother bird gets off, then they lay their eggs in the nest. The young cowbirds are stronger than the other little birds and are very greedy, so naturally they get all the feed and the other ones starve. Some of the birds are wise and leave the nest when the cowbirds lay in theirs. Quite a number of birds are killed this way and I think cowbirds should be destroyed, and I don't see that they are of any use, but they do a great deal of harm.

"Last night I saw a shrike or butcher bird. He was sitting up in a tree calling his mate, and at first I thought it was a kingbird. They usually build in thorn trees and are very cruel, for when they catch a beetle or mouse they stick them on the thorns.

"Another day I saw a brown thrasher, at least that's what I thought it was. I heard it singing and I went out to see what kind of a bird it was. I hunted for quite awhile and although it was singing all the time I couldn't detect the place from where the song was coming. I never saw the bird till it flew over to another bluff. It had a rusty colored back and quite a long tail. Its breast was kind of a white color streaked with black and it was about the size of a woodpecker.

"The same day I saw a song sparrow. It was sitting on a fence-post singing. It sang for quite awhile then it dived down in some long grass. After awhile it flew up on the post and began to sing again.

"I have also seen an oriole. All I saw was a flash of orange and it flew away to another bluff. They weave their nest on the end of a branch. The nest is about five or six inches deep and is made of grass. It just looks like a cradle as it swings on the branch. They must fasten them on pretty good, for if a big wind came up down would go babies, cradle and all.

"One day I saw all the hens and chickens running for the trees, and looking up I saw a hawk sailing around up in the

Dance of the Sunbeams

When morning is high o'er the hilltops,
On river and stream and lake,
Wherever a young breeze whispers,
The sun-clad dancers awake.

One after one upspringing,
They flash from their dim retreat.
Merry as running laughter
Is the news of their twinkling feet.

Over the floors of azure
Wherever the wind-flaws run,
Sparkling, leaping and racing,
Their antics scatter the sun.

As long as the water ripples
And weather is clear and glad,
Day after day they are dancing
Never a moment sad.

And when through the field of heaven
The wings of storm take flight,
At a touch of the flying shadows
They falter and slip from sight.

Until at the gray day's ending,
As the squadrons of cloud retire,
They pass in the triumph of sunset
With banners of crimson fire.

—Bliss Carman

(Isn't this a charming little poem written by our own Canadian poet, Dr. Bliss Carman? I am sure you will watch the dance of the sunbeams on lake, river and cloud after this with much more interest).

blue sky. It always makes me shiver when I hear them scream.

"Well, I guess this is about all the birds I have seen, and I think Editor you will be glad it is too.—Ruth Tindall, Age Fourteen, Neepawa, Man."

Canada's National Birthday

Continued from page 69

our external relations. How each constituent of the Empire or the Commonwealth can control its own foreign policy and yet the Empire or the Commonwealth as a whole maintain its unity is hard to see. But the difficulty of the problem is itself a challenge to the capacity of a race whose chief successes have been won in the field of politics and government. I agree that a centralized Empire is out of the question. Partnership must be the word of the future. But partnership is an affair of obligations as well as of rights. One grand difficulty lies in the enormous commitments of Great Britain throughout the world, and, in particular, in the vast dangers of her European connections. I do not like to see the spirit of Canadian Particularism grow at the expense of the practice of British comradeship. It will, of course, not do any harm for all classes of the governing elements of Great Britain to realize that the peoples of the Dominions will be chary about being involved in policies that are in any way provocative.

LET us consider deeply the question of the obligations as well as the rights to which we fall heir as a result of our growing importance in the imperial and international field. Let us freshen our national intelligence by practicing as well as preaching the gospel of freedom of thought and speech. Let us be careful not to entertain, with respect to non-British elements of population, the animosities that we affect to deplore on the part of the peoples of Europe. Let us show French Canadians and members of other non-English races that our ideal for Canada is a composite and eclectic nationality that shall include the best cultural elements of all. Let us examine frankly the effectiveness of our educational systems so that we may be sure that we are really succeeding in eliciting the ability of our people, and not simply throwing into the eyes of all the dust of a supposedly universally diffused culture. Let us resolve on the First of July, 1926, to do these and analogous things, and there is no reason why Canada should not become intellectually and spiritually the nation that the best of her citizens would like to see her become.

The Flame of Courage

Continued from page 64

She held him away from her, looking at him from top to toe.

"You are wounded, John Car-roll—"

He laughed.

"Did you not say, Heloise, that I must save your honor by catching the bullets of your people? I caught but one, alas! in the leg."

"Forgive me. I have suffered night and day since you have been gone."

He embraced her gently.

"There is to be no more suffering for you and me, Heloise."

"No, beloved. For me there is no France, no England, just a love that has triumphed over all things. I am yours forever and ever."

"Amen," said John Carroll devoutly. And then, after the plighting of their troth, John Carroll took up his pack. "Come," he said gaily, "our trail leads southward."

THE END

Take a Kodak with you

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

Sinclair Lewis Presents the first instalment of "MANTRAP" in the August number of The Western Home Monthly. It is a thrilling and gripping story of the Northwest.

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

The Big New Impetus in the West

Men and money are making Western Canada go ahead.—Canadian Finance.

Judging from the Symptoms

When we were young, the Charleston would have been diagnosed as hives.—Neepawa Press.

Philosophy from the "Soo"

Life is funny. By the time you get today's problems figured out, it is tomorrow.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Quite So

The problem about Red Lake gold is how to get some of it.—Winnipeg Free Press Evening Bulletin.

A Question, Indeed

"Men who get things done shave daily," says an advertisement. How about King George and Santa Claus?—Brandon Sun.

Consider the Efficient Hen!

"You can't sit quiet and produce results," says an efficiency expert. But the hen does pretty well at it!—Nelson News.

The Rashness of Mussolini

Mussolini is trying to dictate what women in Italy shall wear. Some men never learn anything, even when they are married.—Lethbridge Herald.

One More Suggestion to Farmers

The porcupine developed long quills to protect it from its enemies. Why can't the farmer develop ear-laps to protect him against advice?—Moose Jaw Times.

Neither Have We

Right Hon. Reginald McKenna says too much gold is being produced. Have you seen it lying around idle anywhere in these parts?—Fort William Times-Journal.

Importance of a Good Forgettery

A good memory is better when it knows what things ought to be forgotten. And the best memory is the one that goes right ahead and forgets them.—Dayton News.

Not Their Fault

Reading about pioneers out here we notice that many of them were born in Ontario. But we can't see why that should be thrown up at them.—Wolseley News.

Rainy River Pies and Doughnuts

Housewives do not yet know a perfect treat if they have not used bear fat in making up pastry and doughnuts. Half and half is a good combination. It is a shortening of shortening. Use too much and the pastry will not hold together. For those who can get over the idea they are eating bear meat, salted bear ham is excellent.—Fort Francis Times.

What John Burns Said of Chicago

Chicago is menaced by a reign of terror, according to the state prosecutor. It is thirty years ago or more since John Burns described that city as a pocket edition of hell; and when criticized for this description revised it to read, that hell was a pocket edition of Chicago. It doesn't seem to have changed much in the interval, unless perhaps for the worse.—Boston Transcript.

Canada's Trade Growth

Canada's foreign trade of last year exceeded $2,000,000,000. The foreign trade of the United States did not reach that magnitude until the year 1900. The United States at that time had a population of 76,000,000 as against Canada's 9,500,000. The way the trade of Canada is growing is without precedent in the history of any country, and it is time Canadians showed appreciation of the fact.—Toronto Star.

An "Important Advance" for Mankind

A couple of generations ago tight-lacing was the fashion for women; fainting was also fashionable, and it was undoubtedly due to the tight-lacing. Doctors exhausted themselves year after year proclaiming the disastrous consequences of tight-lacing and at last that fashion passed. So likewise passed bustles and crinoline and hoops. Let us hope they will never return —especially the fashion of tight-lacing, by which the deformity known as the celebrated "hour-glass" waist was produced. As a matter of fact, the shortening of women's skirts, for which the introduction of the bicycle a quarter of a century or so ago is to be thanked, deserves to rank as one of the most important advances in human history. It has had far-reaching results immensely beneficial and advantageous to women—and so to humanity—in many ways.—London Times.

Brief, and to the Point

Here is the kind of after-dinner speech worth trying on your audience: "Now, Honey, I'll help you with the dishes."—Winnipeg Tribune.

A Considered Opinion

After giving the matter some attention, we are prepared to say that the Charleston looks to us like the frog's legs.—Nanaimo Herald.

They had Ample Scope

The thought has occurred to us that the horseflies in the Ark must have had a grand time with a horse apiece.—Duluth Herald.

The Colorful Present

Still, in the Good Old Days the bloom of youth wasn't a deep cerise one year and a light orange the next.—Detroit News.

Prayer and Street Traffic

Praying on the streets is not a sign of insanity in California, her courts hold. But it is dangerous in traffic.—Chicago Tribune.

Men Sometimes Do So, Too

A magazine writer says that women are not reflective. But how often a woman standing in front of a shop window has stopped in order to reflect!—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

A Land We're Not Keen to Visit

Russia seems to be about the only nation in the world not making a bid for the tourist trade. Only 1,644 visitors were admitted to the country in 1925.—Bassano Mail.

One Way of Looking At It

Henry Ford believes in prohibition. Naturally. How would the average citizen buy Ford cars if he spent his small change for beer on Saturday night?—Kansas City Star.

You Never Can Tell

One of the beauties of the great rock and water country east of Winnipeg is that you never know where a gold mine may be getting ready to blossom.—Selkirk Record.

Naturally It Would Annoy Her

Another way to make a woman of twenty-nine raving mad is to ask her if she remembers when Winnipeg was only nineteen shacks and a corner store.—The Pas Herald.

Sea Beaches for Prairie Dwellers

When the road to Port Nelson is finished, there will be within reach of nearly everybody in the Canadian middle West a summer holiday on the sea-shore.—Saskatoon Star.

Twinkling Rainbow Hosiery Tints

Here, if you please, are the names of the new shades for 1926 silk hose: Moonlight, shadow, atmosphere, piping rock, sunburn and champagne. We feel sure that they could be made into a poem by some synthetic process.—Niagara Falls Review.

The Idea!

The West is getting a little fed up on the performances of some fellows down East, who have never eaten a muskrat or who couldn't tell a buffalo from a gopher, sitting around and telling us how this part of the country should be run.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

An Irish Innovation

Most people will approve of the Free State government's action in offering what amounts to a premium on marriage to certain employees. An examination was held in December to fill a hundred vacancies in the Irish civil service, and men applicants were informed that they would have to accept the same scale of pay as women unless or until they married. The Free State government's action provides two interesting innovations: official recognition of equal pay for both sexes, and increased renumeration for the married man.—London Spectator.

Contributing to the Speed Age

The telephone has become a tool as natural to habit as face-to-face conversation, a social factor and a business facility the most intimately important in daily life of all modern devices except, perhaps, the automobile. These two inventions seem typical of this age of speed. They have contributed most to quick intercourse in any given locality, have brought city and country together and increased a millionfold the personal contacts of the population. Few enrichments of life have had such far-reaching results as the contrivance of Alexander Bell to make the absent present.—New York Herald Tribune.

One of Pulpwood's Many Uses

Your grandfather, when he was a boy, would have thought it silly to ask how many pairs of silk stockings can be made from a cord of pulpwood.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Was Diogenes Honest Himself?

Diogenes was the Ancient Greek who went around with a lantern looking for an honest man. If he did that now, he would be arrested for not having a red tail-light.—Fargo Tribune.

But, Then, an Apple a Day—etc.

Two news items state, first, that there are too many doctors in New Zealand, and, secondly, that there is a record apple crop. How true it is that the wind is always tempered to the shorn lamb!—Punch.

The Editor Has the Last Word

A woman who is 109 years old lost her power of speech the other day. However, she is understood to have finished what she wanted to say.—Halifax Herald.

From Arkansas, Perhaps

No doubt a circus visits Borneo sometimes. Did you ever stop to consider where the wild man in the side show would be announced in Borneo as coming from?—Arkansas Gazette.

Of Course

There's been a new association formed to combat the crime wave and we suppose the first thing they'll do will be to pass a law making it unlawful to commit crimes.—New York World.

But It Can Run North to Scotland

A motor car capable of doing 200 to 230 miles an hour is being completed in England. If it runs east or west for three-quarters of an hour its occupants will be drowned.—Ottawa Citizen.

Sixteen-ounce Texas Hailstones

There has just been a severe hailstorm in Texas, with ice stones weighing 16 ounces. People must expect that sort of thing if they will persist in staying on to brave the rigors of the stormy south.—Calgary Herald.

Fords for Eskimos

The Eskimos in the north are becoming modernized. Now they are to have houses built by white men, equipped with the last bit of hardware. We imagine Henry Ford is lurking just around the corner.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Where Will It End?

It is now reported that a new explosive bomb has been invented that could blow an entire standing army of soldiers into the North Sea. What we are praying for now is a new explosive bomb that would blow an entire army of bomb inventors into the River Styx.—Calcutta Englishman.

Parents and Children

Ewing Herbert, editor of the Hiawatha World, thinks he has the truth about children, that "they are bad because their parents are too good to them.' The truth about children is that they are bad because their parents are self-indulgent, lazy, ignorant; lying and capricious. When children grow up in that atmosphere it makes no difference how they are punished or neglected, the children are ruined. Men and women who can't handle themselves can't handle children.—Emporia Gazette.

Dissecting Fame

The reputations of men prominent in public life are now subject to post-mortem tests that tend to mar the glamour of their fame when at the height of their careers. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet. Modern high pressure biographers and life-long "confidants" are now busy revealing the "inside" history of the characteristics and motives of distinguished personages whose service records were viewed with admiration and respect. Instead of "leaving foot-prints on the sands of time," the moral appears to be "watch your step" for the character analyst will get you if you don't watch out.—Vancouver Province.

The Power Behind the Law

A law—statute—is presumed to be the formal statement of crystalized public opinion, desire or sentiment. Whether it simply recognizes long-established custom, tradition or habit, or authoritatively formalizes new conditions, the reason for its being is presumed to be the same—an expression of a well-defined public opinion. The power behind the law—any statute law—is measured by the extent and earnestness of this same public opinion. In effect the law assumes to express the will of a majority of the people in a community, a state, or a nation. Insofar as it does this clearly it may be said to be effective.—Los Angeles Times.

IDEALS OF BEAUTY

Physical Perfection

That Schoolgirl Complexion

If you wish to gain them, follow nature's laws—and, above all, this natural rule in skin care which has proved its effectiveness to the world

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

3237 C
Made in Canada

Retail Price 10c

RIGHT living, right diet and proper exercise are the factors leading experts urge for physical perfection. For skin perfection these experts urge natural ways in skin care.

Thus, on expert advice, the artificial beauty methods of yesterday have largely been discarded.

Foremost beauty authorities have found *beauty* insurance starts with proper cleansing of the skin. They urge the soothing lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive as the safe, natural way in skin care. Most of the pretty skins you see today are due to it.

Use Palmolive according to the simple rule here given. Note the difference a single week will make. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

Start today with this simple care—
Note how your skin improves

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

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